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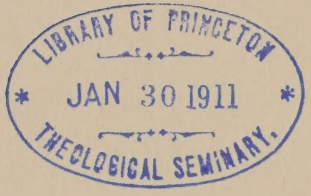

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Beauvais.

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Beauvais.

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OF THE

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(*Continued.*)

THE MATURE GOTHIC.
(*Continued.*)

Chartres.

Notre-Dame of Chartres differs from many other Cathedrals in that it is not primarily a Bishop's church, but rather a vast shrine of great antiquity.

The origins of this Sanctuary are said to be pagan and carry us back to the legendary worship of the Celtic tribes. In the centre of Gaul, the home of the Canutes, among deep and primeval forests, long-robed priests celebrated their secret rites; and at certain times of the year, the warriors of the nation assembled with them to offer terrible and solemn sacrifices to a mysterious deity.

The early Christian missionaries, Saints of the milder peoples of the East, were sent to these tribes of fierce soldiers and priests; and slowly penetrating with faith and prayer further and further into the dark groves, the Temples of an inimical hierarchy, some of these early disciples came upon a grotto and saw in its depths an Altar which bore a familiar statue, a Virgin holding a Child on her knees.

At first, the pilgrim Christians were lost in wonder. Sent forth by Saint Peter himself, they knew that they were the first to bring the Gospel into central Gaul, and they quickly recognised the Altar as Druidic. They may have thought that wandering Jews of earlier times had

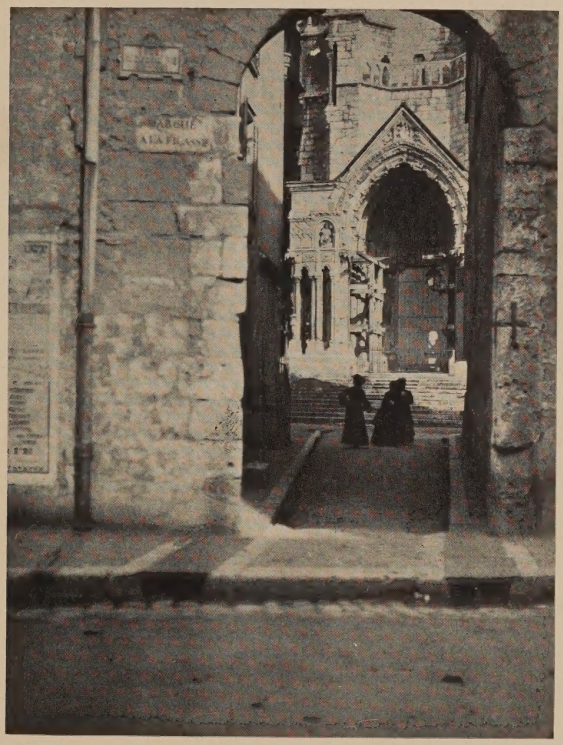
brought to the knowledge of the Celtic peoples the oracular prophecy of Isaiah, or that, with other primitive folk, the Celts had preserved a tradition of the advent of a Virgin Mother, and that this Virgin had been prophetically venerated even before the Incarnation. Whether these suppositions were true or not, missionaries, finding a belief in harmony with their own, were content to preserve the shrine; they transformed it to Christian uses, and ecclesiastical history relates that, before her death, an Altar had been dedicated in Chartres to the Mother of Christ.

"The first Apostles of the Canutes," continues the history, "had no difficulty in bringing to the feet of the Son those who already honoured the Mother. Neophytes soon filled the subterranean grotto, . . . and their number grew so great that the Roman prefect, Quirinus," who was a devoted pagan, "became alarmed and ordered his soldiers to go to the meeting-place of the new believers and kill them, and, after this terrible command had been obeyed, the bodies were thrown into a well which existed near their Altar."

'The blood of martyrs always became the seed' of a new and stronger church, Christians gathered again about the statue, and this venerable place of prayer is now the celebrated crypt of Chartres.

During century after century the shrine was respected; but with 1793 and the French Revolution, all barriers of decency were swept away, it was profaned, dances took place in the nave of the Cathedral, an

orchestra played in its pulpit, and as a climax to this horrid Saturnalia, the Druidical Virgin was contemptuously dragged from her Chapel and burned before the Royal Portal. It is related that all the persons who



A GLIMPSE OF "NOTRE-DAME OF CHARTRES."

assisted in this act of sacrilege lost their minds. However this may be, the fact remains that after this the crypt was closed, and it was not until fifty years ago that a new statue was placed on the subterranean

Altar and that the crypt was again opened to the pilgrim multitudes.

Notre-Dame of Chartres has another ancient claim to the title of shrine. It encloses a "tunic" or "veil" of the Virgin. This silk garment, carefully wrapped in precious stuffs, was offered by the Imperator Constantine Porphyrogenetus and the Empress Irene to Charlemagne; and, in 876, Charles the Bald, considering Chartres "the centre of the worship of veneration and love offered to Mary in . . . the West," gave it into the care of the Cathedral. Scarcely had it arrived, says the history of the city, when its protecting power was demonstrated. Raised above the ramparts as a standard, the mere sight of it dazzled Rollo and the besieging Normans, put them to flight, and converted them to Christianity. Later, in its chest of cedar and gold, it was placed before the High Altar, it was represented in the coat-of-arms of the Chapter, and every devout pilgrim, prince, or peasant, desired to pass beneath the holy relic and to procure a medal on which its likeness was engraved. Knights who wore the symbol believed that they became invincible, and the laws of the Tourney forbade a combatant who wore this protecting token to enter the lists until he had loyally informed his opponent of his signal advantage.

The miracles attributed to our Lady of Chartres and to her veil fill numerous pages of history. Many years after the defeat of Rollo, she obliged another Norman prince, Edward III, to retreat, and, later still, the

Huguenot Condé, who wished to "feed his horse at the High Altar" of the Cathedral, was forced to make terms with the Faithful.

As thank offerings for the victories of Mons-en-Puelle and Cassel, Philip the Fair and Philip of Valois presented to her their best battle horses and hung their armour on the pillars of the church; and all the Christian monarchs of France except Louis XVI are believed to have worshipped at her feet. Clovis received religious instruction from the Chartrain Bishop Solenne; bearing a pilgrim's staff, the good King John walked humbly to her shrine; and an historian claims that Louis XI, that most famous cajoler of Saints, divided his time between our Lady of Chartres, our Lady of Paris, and the governing of his kingdom. The miserable assassin, Henry III, came to Chartres at least eighteen times, and Louis XIV, whose birth was sometimes attributed to the intercession of the Virgin, often prayed in her subterranean grotto.

Kings and Queens of other nations, Popes, Prelates, and Abbots, the noble and the humble of many lands have knelt here; and, in the XVII century, Indians of America, unable to cross the seas, sent gifts of shells and begged that the Chapter would present these offerings to their Gracious Lady.

As was natural, the mediæval festivals of the town of Chartres were celebrated with all the pomp which their fame demanded; throughout the year, a long candle, called "the tower of wax" or the "tower of the

city," burned for the town; and, in spite of the desolation wrought by '93, the ceremonials of the last hundred years have been both solemn and magnificent. At one time the Bishop, in the name of Pope Pius IX, placed a crown on the wooden head of the great Mother; in 1857, after an impressive service of public atonement for the destruction of the ancient statue, Our Lady Underground was again triumphantly enthroned in the crypt; and, sixteen years later, fifty thousand pilgrims knelt before her.

Nor has the Virgin's "tunic" ceased to demonstrate its authenticity and power. In 1793, when the bold Revolutionists wished to destroy the shrine, they feared to touch its contents and called upon two priests to remove the veils. After the political crisis had passed, the holy objects were again placed in the church; and during the epidemic of 1832, the victims of the cholera were placed in the streets, the reliquary was carried before them, and it is recorded that all were cured except the two persons who had previously ridiculed this act of piety.

But the "tunic" and the Druidical Virgin are not the only noted relics which the huge Cathedral-shrine contained. In the upper church, near the North transept, is still found Our Lady of the Pillar. This "Black Virgin," of a far less venerable tradition than the crypt and the veil, was placed on one of the pillars of the rood-screen at the beginning of the XVI century, and from this position it dominated the whole nave.

The capitular processions halted here in respect; Kings and princes hung votive offerings on the surrounding pillars; and, during times of peril, choir-boys holding lighted torches stood before this Virgin and sang the Salve Regina in behalf of the people.

Ten lamps now burn before her during the day and the night; at the close of each school-day, troops of children come to kiss her column, worshippers approach and place lighted candles on the surrounding candelabra, and from early morning until the evening, priests watch and pray near by.

The first Cathedral which rose above the subterranean Chapel of Our Lady was destroyed; and during the troublous and warlike days of early Christianity, a second, a third, and a fourth edifice were in turn rapidly built and more rapidly reduced to ruins. In 1145, the zeal for religious construction had become so fervent that men, women, and even children are said to have harnessed themselves to waggons, and, singing many hymns, to have joyously dragged heavy stones to the site of the church; and an association of men, who naïvely called themselves "The Inn-Keepers of the Good God," built one whole tower and the base of another.

In 1194, a terrible fire destroyed a large portion of the city and attacked the Cathedral. Fearing for the safety of the sacred "tunic," some of the clergy rushed into the church and were closed in by the enveloping flames. For two days, the people, in an agony of

suspense, watched the burning building, and on the third morning when the liquid lead had begun to cool and the charred beams had ceased to fall, the iron door of the Martyrium opened and the brave priests brought out the relic which they had saved.

Much of the upper church lay smoking in ruins, but

"HOUSES ALONG THE RIVER IN THE TOWN OF CHARTRES."

the enthusiastic people, overjoyed that their precious relic was saved, began the great work once again; and, in 1260, the dedication of the present Cathedral of Notre-Dame of Chartres, the fifth or sixth edifice to bear the name, took place with magnificent pomp in the presence of the good King, Saint Louis. Writing before that glorious day, when the building was still

far from completion, Guillaume le Breton triumphantly exclaimed, "Entirely re-built with blocks of stone and covered by a vaulting which might be compared to the shell of a tortoise, the Cathedral of Chartres need not fear fire from this time to the Last Judgment and it will save from eternal fire many Christians who by their gifts have contributed to its reconstruction."

The crypt which extends beneath this church is the vastest in all France. Its transepts extend North and South, galleries start beneath the Western towers and form, as it were, lateral naves and an ambulatory, and many chapels open on the curve of the aisles. Under the choir of the Cathedral lies the Martyrium, whose heavy columns sustain the Sanctuary. Here also is the holy well in which the bodies of the early Chartrain martyrs were thrown, and traces of very ancient frescoes are found, as well as the conventional patterns, simulated architecture, and religious representations of the less interesting modern brush.

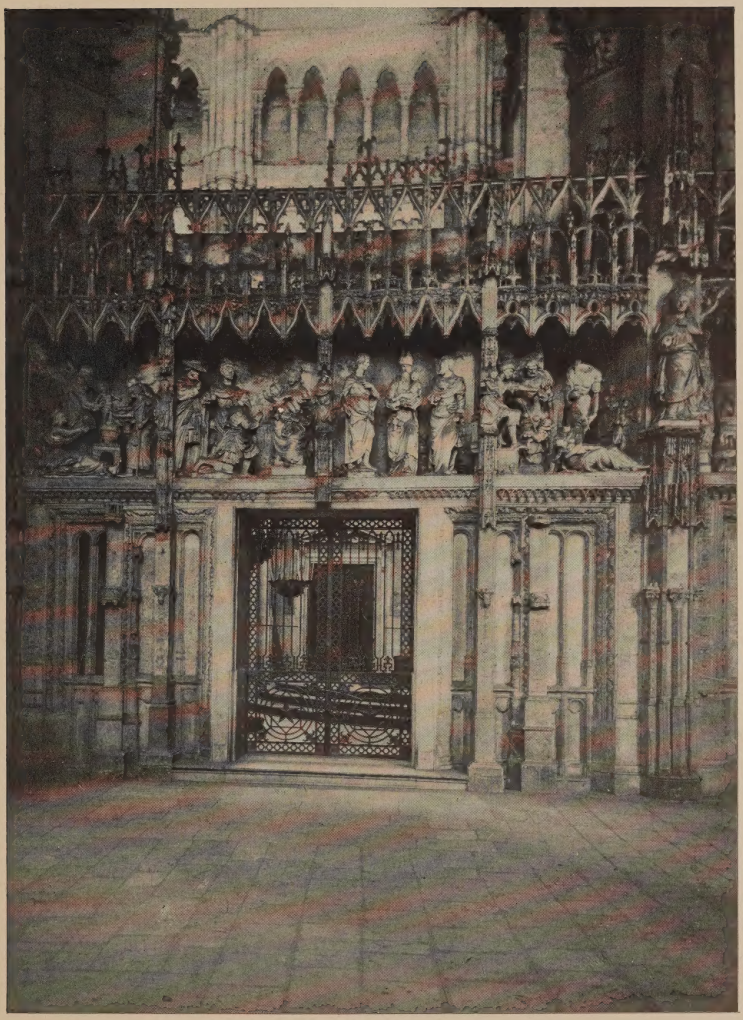
The construction, which is of many periods, shows the heavy rubble masonry of the Romans, remains of the work of the IX and X and perhaps of earlier centuries, the ambulatory and chapels which Bishop Fulbert built between 1020 and 1024, and finally the enlarged windows and minor changes of modern days.

Different periods have also brought the crypt to the most diverse uses. In the XII century it was a shrine of such wonderful fame that sick persons begged to be allowed to spend days underground, and devoted Sisters

lived there in order to care for these pious invalids. In 1850, the holy depths resounded with the echoes of barrel-makers who worked there at their noisy trade; and now Altars have again been placed in the chapels, burning lamps swing continually before Our Lady Underground, and the solemn and religious silence is broken only by the discreet step of worshippers, the low voice of an officiating priest, or the cadenced hymns of pilgrims and children.

The galleries have an extent of nearly seven hundred feet,—the crypt is indeed vast. Built in large part as a strong foundation for an upper church, it shows this original purpose; and its practical character, unlike that of Saint-Eutrope of Saintes, is not concealed by the careful and beautiful arrangement of columns and ornaments. It has the plainness of a catacomb and resembles the vaulted construction of these ancient places of burial; and its style is massive, useful, and matter-of-fact. To claim that it is "the greatest" as well as the most vast of French crypts, seems, from an architectural standpoint, a misleading and foolish statement. It is the mystery of the underground and the venerable memories enshrined there that lend dignity to its low and heavy walls; it is the atmosphere of silence, so conducive to meditation, the deep shadows of the aisles, and the quiet of the isolated shrine itself which create the religious charm of this subterranean church.

The magnificent simplicity which originally charac-



"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THESE DETAILS IS THE CHOIR-SCREEN."—CHARTRES.

terised the church that was constructed over the crypt has been more or less seriously disturbed by the decorations of following centuries.

The most renowned of these decorations is the choir-screen. Forty groups of statuary protected by a carved baldaquin rest on a low wall, and this wall, which separates the choir from the ambulatory, contains a few, hidden chapels and rooms for the night-watch of the Cathedral, and is comparatively plain as the bases of sculpture should be. The baldaquin, on the contrary, is ornamented with amazing delicacy and luxury of arabesques, little columns, and arches; and on the pier which separates each scene from its neighbour, a large or a small figure stands beneath a daïs, and Lilliputian folk, animals, and a very cosmopolitan representation of the human race, Nero, Daniel, Moses, Goliath, and Hercules, are presented to the astonished eye.

These works are only the accessories, the setting, as it were, for the long series of historical scenes which illustrate the Gospel and the Life of the Virgin. Some of these scenes are said to have been carved by John and Philip of Chartres, the great artists of Brou; but, as the screen was begun in 1514 and finished in the XVIII century, many other hands must have aided in its completion. It was inevitable that the degree of talent should vary,—the expressions and the poses of the "Baptism of Christ" and His "Temptation" are much more artificial than the scene of the "Woman

taken in Adultery," and these figures, in turn, have less individuality than those of the "Adoration" and the "Presentation" and, with equal dramatic interest, have far less dramatic force than the personages of the "Circumcision" and the "Murder of the Innocents." Yet, considering that the long period which this construction occupied marks a progressive decadence in ecclesiastical art, the harmony, the sustained interest, and the unity of its representation of the Biblical drama are remarkable.

In his "Dictionary of Mediæval Architecture," Berty declares that this is "the most magnificent enclosure in existence." The claim is open to the charge of exaggeration. For if, as a whole, the screen of Chartres is finer than that of Notre-Dame of Paris, none of its Saints have the touching simplicity and grace of the Mary Magdalene who kneels before the risen Christ in the metropolitan church. If its scenes are cut in simpler and bolder relief than those of Amiens, the general effect is not more harmonious; and in pure beauty and symmetry of form and charm of art, this screen of Chartres, splendid as it is, is inferior to that of Sainte-Cécile of Albi.

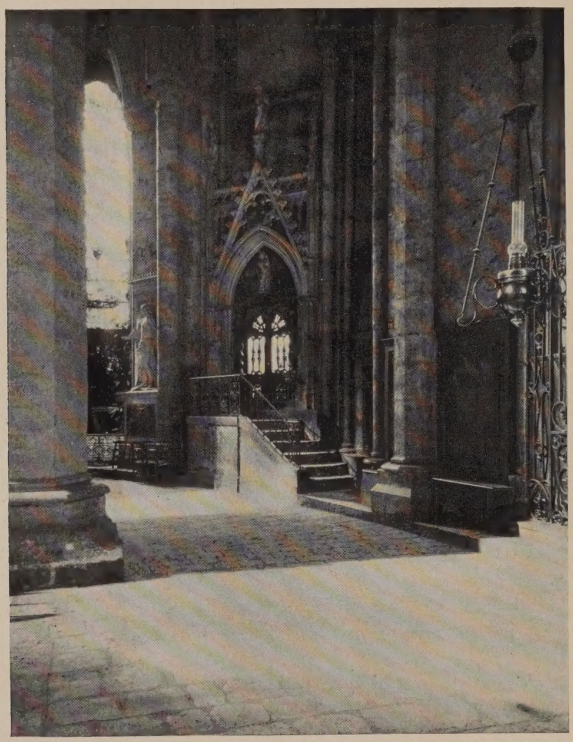
It is, however, both a legitimate and "magnificent" decoration of the Cathedral, and it conceals the "fatal adornment of the choir" from the happy worshippers in the ambulatory. No words can exaggerate the inappropriateness of these gifts, the result of "the piously barbarous liberality of the Chapter of the XVIII

century. The stately simplicity of Gothic pillars columns, arches, and capitals," writes the learned Abbé Clerval, "has disappeared beneath a vulgar luxury of gilding, stucco, and marble." Even the Assumption which crowns the High Altar is pretty and irreligious; and six mediocre bas-reliefs, stiff curtains of plaster hanging between the pillars, heavy, black gates, and marbles of different tints, destroying the noble perspectives of the Sanctuary, are unworthy of description; and they have accomplished the architectural belittlement of a choir whose majestic size is only exceeded by that of Laon. In order to appropriately light this "fatal restoration," the generous Canons removed eight stained-glass windows of the best period of the art and replaced them with clear, white panes.

The Labyrinth at Chartres is as quaint, as old, and as modest as the choir is blatant; and this mysterious symbol is here round and is called a "Way of the Cross."

The Vendôme Chapel, the only construction built between the nave buttresses of the Cathedral, was added to its Northern side by Louis de Bourbon as a thank-offering to Our Lady of Chartres who had delivered him from captivity. The Chapel of Saint-Piat, a more important structure, was originally a separate building which consisted of a Capitulary Hall, a small, round tower in which the Archives were kept, and another, similar tower, the prison-house of the Chapter. The Chapel that now extends above the Hall was not part of the original plan and belongs to a later type of

ecclesiastical architecture. Although inferior to that of the Cathedral, its stained glass of the XIV and XV centuries is luminous and beautiful, and it is a small and graceful Gothic room. With the lower Hall and



"A CHARMING, LITTLE, GOTHIC PORTAL OF THE CHOIR."—CHARTRES.

the towers it forms a rectangular edifice, and a bold staircase descends from the upper Chapel to a charming little Gothic portal in the choir. As no human body, not even that of a nun or the most sainted prelate,

has ever been buried beneath the pavement of the holy Cathedral-shrine, it is said that part of the Chapel of Saint-Piat is to be converted into an episcopal tomb. It is also not improbable that the high wall which partly hides the little building may be removed and that it will appear in all its congruity—or incongruity. Harmonious in some of its details, quaint in others, its pretty portal and the perspective of its stairway do not destroy the consonance of the choir, but, as the Abbé Clerval truly writes, it serves only "as a more or less happy appendix" to the apse.

The whole interior of the Cathedral has the most conventional of plans, and its Latin cross was originally formed by a nave and two single side-aisles, vast transepts, a choir, and a double ambulatory with apsidal chapels. Nearly all its furniture is heavy and ugly; and, by an irony of fate, the organ-loft, which is an exception to this rule, is so placed that it hides two large windows of the clerestory and breaks most crudely upon the impressive lines of the nave.

Fortunately the choir is so spacious that many minor defects in the taste of its furnishings are swallowed in its immensity; with the exception of the central nave, its aisles are not oppressively encumbered, and its plan may be studied without petty distractions.

As there are seven Sacraments, seven mortal sins, seven Words from the Cross, the seven sorrows and the seven joys of the Blessed Virgin Mary, so in commemoration of this mystic number of Mediævalism there

are seven chapels about the apse; and, as at Bourges, these chapels are alcoves, small, shadowy corners where, before the Altar of some patron Saint, a few persons can kneel in private devotion. These alcoves and the single chapel of the nave are the only sequestered portions of the interior, the great remainder is planned with broad lines and large perspectives.

Its style is as simple as the conventionality of the plan. Three well-proportioned stories, tall arches, a triforium, and a clerestory, lead to the vaultings of the nave, choir, and transepts, and the most satisfying unity exists between the forms of all the aisles. Sixteen heavy columns, alternately round and octagonal, surround the Sanctuary; four giant, clustered pillars sustain the crossing; and the columns of the nave, like those of the choir, are magnificent and massive. All the ornamentation conforms with the simplicity of the greater forms. The capitals have no flowers, nor fruits, nor animals, but are carved with many varieties of large, spreading leaves; the little columns and arches of the triforium are even more plainly cut, and the huge twin windows of the clerestory surmounted by the roses have a concordant dignity. The lines of the interior are comparatively few, and clearly and beautifully defined, and they lead the eye upward to a roof which is more magnificent in breadth than any other vaulting in France. On entering, the first Napoleon exclaimed, "How ill at ease an atheist would feel in this place!" and this expression epitomises

"ITS HARMONIES ARE BIG, ITS VAULT IS COLOSSAL."—CHARTRES.

the impression which the church imposes,—of the grave import of its rites and the solemn Majesty of the God Whose worship inspired its construction.

In the evolution of the Gothic, Chartres stands midway, as it were, between Notre-Dame of Paris and the Cathedral of Amiens. The severity of the conception of the one has given place to a more benign architectural dignity, but the style has not yet lost massiveness. Its harmonies are big, its vault is colossal, and immensity of dimensions and depth of perspectives give this interior a majesty which is all-pervasive and awe-inspiring.

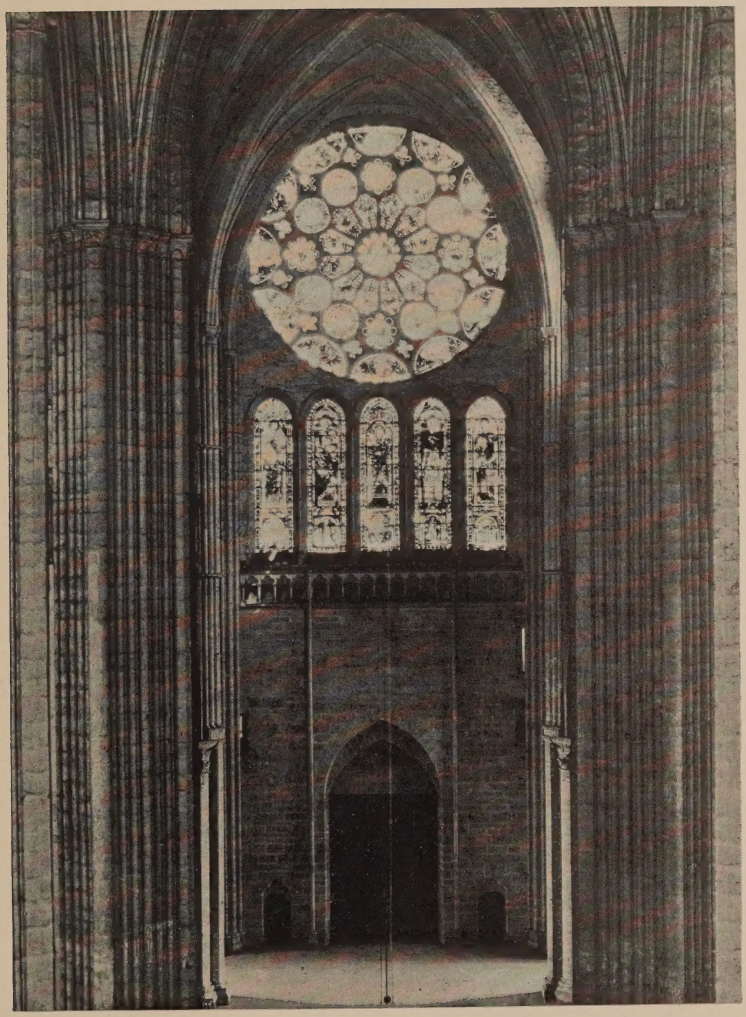
Here there is no wan and pallid light of grey windows, and no flood of glaring, dazzling sunshine pours through white glass, for among the exceeding glories of the Cathedral are the windows whose mellow and mysterious tones soften the massive lines and the hard colour of its stone. "Consider," writes Monsieur de Lasteyrie, in his "History of Painting on Glass," "the pious obscurity which reigns at the threshold of the temple, an obscurity which gradually lightens as the centre of the crossing is approached till, at length, bright and brilliant rays falling from the height of the clerestory illuminate the Sanctuary." There are three large roses and more than a hundred windows in the Cathedral, which were the gifts of Saint Louis, Saint Ferdinand, Blanche of Castile, Cardinals, Bishops, Canons, and Guilds of goldsmiths, barbers, shoemakers, tanners, carpenters, masons, stone-cutters,—the noble and humble who,

worshipping here, found help and inspiration and wished to make thank-offerings.

Some authors, disagreeing with de Lasteyrie, think that these gifts are disposed with regard to the donator's caprice or the glass-maker's ignorance rather than to any symbolic modification of lights. However this may be, Viollet-le-Duc writes that "all the windows of this edifice are of the greatest magnificence, and all date from 'that grand epoch,' the XIII century, except . . . the three windows of the Western portal which were replaced with the bays and were part of the church of the XII century."

This vast and splendid panorama of glass expresses the dominant theological thought of its epoch, and as the same subject is represented both without and within the Cathedral, the contrast between its illustration in the windows and its sculpturing on the different portals and porches is most interesting.

The choir glass tells of the Glorification of the Blessed Virgin Mary as Mother of God and as Patroness of the church; the Western windows proclaim the majesty of Jesus Christ, Judge of the living and the dead. In the Southern windows, Jesus is Doctor; in those of the North side, the Virgin appears as the Refuge of Sinners. The round window of the transept bears in twelve blue medallions numberless fleurs-de-lys and is called the "Rose of France" because it was given by Saint Louis and his mother. The five long windows which stand beneath it contain huge



"THE STAINED-GLASS WHOSE . . . MYSTERIOUS TONES SOFTEN ITS MASSIVE LINES."—CHARTRES.

figures of holy personages; and the lancets of the opposite transept, containing the Evangelists mounted on the backs of Prophets, symbolise rather awkwardly the New Dispensation reposing on the Authority of the Old Law. Sixty-eight immense lancets in the nave, which hold the figures of the Prophets and Apostles, a few scenes and many Saints, continue the sacred history, and "the Cathedral of Chartres offers to the glass-maker one of the most perfect models of inconography and colour which can be studied. If, in the execution of details, the art advanced much further, there exists nothing more complete, nothing more admirable, in the way of decoration and effective arrangement,—Chartres is a type and a perfect type."

Of the many people whose memory is evoked by the history of the Cathedral none is more interesting than that of Henry IV, one of the most individual of the keen, strong characters of the France of his day, politically feared and hated, personally loved, a contradiction even to his friends, an annoying will-o'-the-wisp to his enemies. The course of his life made him only the more enigmatical; and, in a time when one part of the French people was ready to die for their notion of theology and all the other to fight and suffer for their fetich of orthodoxy, a man who could live in the midst of these passions and remain unaffected by either, was an anomaly,—that strange human being, a Catholic King who could sign an Edict of Nantes.

It is true that the Edict bestowed benefits on the

whole nation, that by it Huguenots were bound to observe Catholic festivals and to pay tithes, that property which had once been ecclesiastical was returned to the Church, and that Mass was re-established in about two hundred and fifty towns and villages and more than two thousand country parishes, all the places from which it had been abolished. But it also licensed four Protestant Academies of science and theology, it permitted the Reformed Synods and the printing of Protestant books in certain cities, and a comparatively free exercise of Protestant worship. It admitted the Huguenots to offices of state, national schools, hospitals, and charities, and established Courts, "Mi-party Chambers," in which Catholic and Huguenot judges met to adjudicate the causes of the two religions, and, as a guarantee for the observance of the law, certain fortified towns were given to the Huguenots.

This Edict, granting inestimable privileges of immunity to one party and a substantial restitution to the other, was acceptable to and comprehensible by neither. To the Catholic mind, Henry was trying to serve God and Mammon; from the Protestant standpoint, he was given over to Mammon. The presence of many a charred and ruined church and the very fact that the Mass had been excluded from hundreds and hundreds of parishes attest the passionate bigotry of the minority, and for "Catholic France to accept as legitimate any other but the Roman Faith was . . .

an act of spiritual treason." The virtue of tolerance was as far from the general French mind, heterodox or orthodox, as its pendant vice of indifference; and even the Pope, Clement VIII, called the Edict "the most accursed ordinance ever made."

The only person who despised the spirit of persecution was the King himself; and he had long planned his Edict, not only as a measure of justice and fidelity to devoted friends, but from a real hatred of intolerance. "'Forgive and forget' was Henry's motto after his conversion, and apparently he forgave enemies and forgot friends with equal celerity. But in the depths of his heart were memories of the poverty and fatigue bravely endured in his service . . . by Huguenots who, in the gibe of the Catholic nobles, 'were accustomed to live like tortoises sewn into their armour' and bore the extremity of toil and privation, thinking the prospect of a pitched battle an ample reward."

The final enactment of the decree was, on all sides a political and social compromise. Henry had temporised. He "stood between a triumphant and tyrannical majority and a minority . . . whom it was impossible to crush and difficult to intimidate." The majority, which was the League, learned good manners with difficulty. As the King entered Paris, Brissac, the complacent Governor remarked to L'Huiller, "It is necessary to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." "Render—not sell," replied the honest Catholic

Provost gruffly. "Henry's tact," says the historian, "forbade him to hear the remark."

Turning to the Huguenots, the King entreated them, as they sardonically watched the more or less ungraceful submission of their enemies, the Leaguers, to be patient, docile, and loyal. Seeing nothing but his theoretical good-will between them and the horrors of certain persecution, Duplessis Mornay respectfully and significantly said, "We have no objection to the fatted calf being killed for the returning prodigals, but we must protest against . . . being sacrificed ourselves to form part of the feast."

From these hesitating partisans, Henry, with his devoted Sully, turned to the treasury,—it was empty. He then turned to the royal army; and the great minister, writing his reminiscences, makes this depressing description, "It is difficult to conceive that, in a nation which from its first establishment has been engaged in war and has indeed pursued no other trade than that of arms, no care should hitherto have been taken to form and methodise the army." Whatever related to the soldiery of France was offensive and disgusting. The foot soldiers were enlisted by violence and made to march by a cudgel; their pay was unjustly withheld; they heard of nothing but prison and had nothing before their eyes but a gibbet; and this treatment drove them to all methods of desertion, which was prevented only by the Protestants who kept them in their camps like men besieged.

This sorry royal army, distinct from feudal levies, had been established by Charles VII in 1430. The best and most faithful fighters were still found among men who, raised on their lords' domains, followed him to war. But, being what it was, the inefficiency and the frequent desertions of the royal troops were not surprising, nor was it unnatural that men, treated like animals, should inflict all manner of atrocities on cities and villages and behave in the hour of success no better than uncaged beasts.

Henry IV saw that "the public"—and royalty—"could never be well served till the troops were put into another state." But he had no time to consolidate this force. Spain was strong, Savoy was not weak, and with France's enemies on one side and the half treacherous Leaguers on the other, he signed the Edict which assured him the renewal of Huguenot fidelity and the service of its army of strong free-booters.

That which had gained the nominal fidelity of the Catholics, his conversion, had been no less vexatious a problem than his famous decree. "The best part of Henry's life had been spent in bravely maintaining a cause to which he was profoundly indifferent. . . . He had repeatedly refused all invitations to forsake his mother's creed, but as a matter of honour rather than of conscience. 'No gentleman,' he said, 'can change his religion with the knife at his throat.'"

Yet weary months of fighting had not brought him to Paris, and he turned to his friends for advice.

Gabrielle d'Estrées, his lovely mistress, was a Catholic and she wished to marry him; "du Perron, son of a Huguenot doctor and later Bishop of Evereux and a Cardinal, was a witty and learned priest eager to conduct the King along the pleasant path he had himself trodden; and beneath these clamorous voices Henry heard the cry of the country yearning for peace, and recognised that there were yet three junior Bourbons of the House of Condé who were ready to give a Catholic King to France and with whom his own Catholic followers, the Third Party, were intriguing. He turned to d'Aubigné and that Huguenot passionately implored his master to resist 'the tempter' in the same breath in which he was compelled to admit that the way of virtue was long and hard. He turned to the Protestant Sully who, scoffing at the notion that salvation belonged either to Rome or Geneva, advised the King to take the easier course.

"Those," continues McDowell, "who assert that," in his approaching change of faith, "Henry laid his convictions on the high altar of his country's welfare and those who declare he sold them to receive a kingdom are equally in error;—he could neither sell nor sacrifice that which he did not possess. His 'conversion' was never in any sense a religious question; to Henry, in fact, there was no religious question. For the first time," at the death of his cousin, the King, "he found himself fighting for an object that commanded his sympathies. . . . To the tips of his fingers he was

a Frenchman and a royalist; France and the crown were the magical words which transformed 'the clever light cavalry captain,' as Napoleon called him, into a great general and a great statesman" and finally decided his change of religion. "The Pope . . . would have nothing to say to this illustrious convert; —but the man who had led the Reformed without caring a jot for the Reformation had no difficulty in becoming a Roman Catholic in spite of the Pope."

In 1591, after a long siege, he had taken Chartres by assault and decided to make it the capital of his government, a step on the royal way. As he entered the gates, the magistrates hastened to meet him and "acknowledge that the city was subject to the King by divine and human law." As the apologetic speech grew in length, Henry in haste urged his horse onward, muttering, "Aye, aye, 't is mine also by the cannon's law."

In 1593 the King took Dreux, and being even more anxious to succeed, decided to recant; and on the twenty-fifth of July he abjured his faith for the third time, and received "conditional absolution." "Many of the besieged Parisians," writes McDowell, "availing themselves of a short truce, came out and witnessed the spectacle of a repentant heretic being solemnly received into the Church of Rome in deliberate and open defiance of that Church's head."

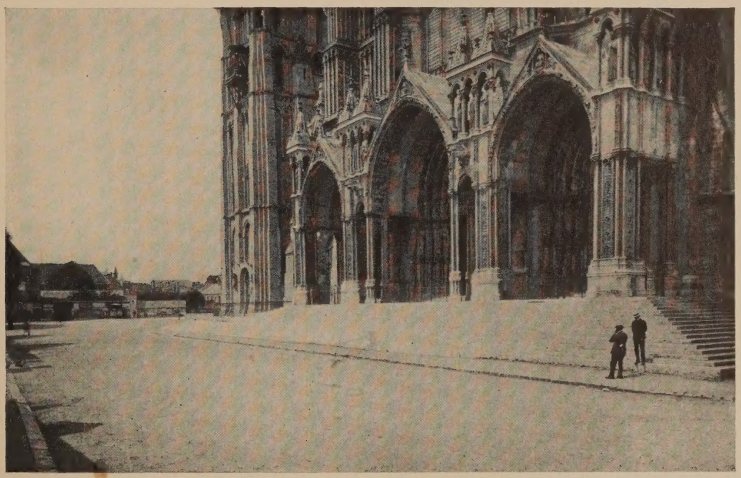
The Pope's anger against the Bishops of France who had granted "conditional absolution" had two foun-

dations,—the first, that any absolution for heresy was reserved to the Holy Father alone by the decrees of the Council of Trent and the Bull "In Cœnâ Domini"; and the second, the unfilial reply of the Bishops that, by the famous liberties of the Gallican Church, they were not bound by the constitutions of the Pope unless they had been received by the sovereign courts of the realm, that the decrees of Trent had not been so received, and that this sufficed for the French people.

With small care for the internal dissensions which he had sown in his new Church, Henry now desired to be crowned, and Nicholas de Thon, Bishop of Chartres, consented to perform the ceremony. But the Holy Ampulla was at Reims; and Reims being in the hands of the League, it was impossible to get the indispensable and miraculous Oil. Then it was remembered that the Monastery of Marmoutier possessed a share of the chrism. The people of the neighbouring city of Tours induced the monks to "lend" their sacred vial; and at length, with magnificent pomp and ceremony, amid the blaze of a thousand lights, Henry entered the great Cathedral and was anointed and crowned King of France.

The dim interior of the church as it is to-day suggests musings, and these meditative ramblings lead far afield. The exterior, with its thousands of statues, also tells many a tale. Considering these walls architecturally, Viollet-le-Duc writes that the "dispositions of the remaining portions of the old edifice," burned

in 1194, "did not leave entire liberty to the constructors of the XIII century. They preserved the two Western towers . . . and they did not wish to lose the three beautiful portals which gave access to the nave. . . . These doors with the fine statues, the tympana, vaultings, and windows which surmount them, replaced on



"PORCHES WERE ADDED TO THE . . . ENTRANCES OF THE TRANSEPTS."—CHARTRES.

a line with the two towers, were crowned by a rose opening beneath the vault of the central nave.

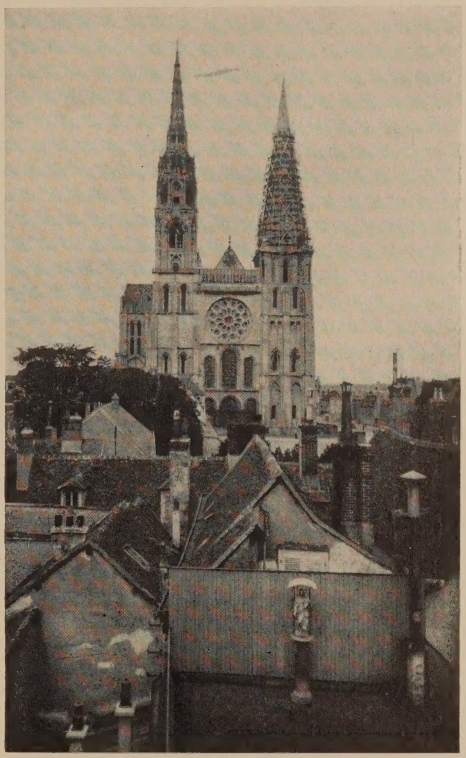
"The re-construction . . . was conducted with incredible rapidity, nowhere was the eagerness of the people, the nobility, and the sovereigns to finish the work more pronounced, and the edifice therefore presents a noted homogeneity of style. From 1240 to 1250, porches were added to the two entrances of the

transepts; the Northern sacristy, near the choir, was built at the end of the XIII century; and towards the middle of the XIV century, the two-storied Chapel of Saint-Piat was constructed behind the apse.

"The nave is short in comparison with the choir; and it was probably to give it two added bays that the old porch of the façade was demolished and the portals placed on a line with the exterior wall of the towers. Wishing to preserve the crypt" which lies at one extremity of the church, and the two beautiful Western towers which rise at the other end, "it was not possible to give additional length to the church. At the four angles of the transept, four towers were begun; they remained unfinished, as well as the central spire which, probably, should rise above the large pillars of the crossing. Two other towers were commenced over the last two bays of the outer wall of the choir preceding the apsidal chapels; but these also remained unfinished, reaching only to the height of the upper cornice of the choir. Thus nine towers should have surmounted the great Cathedral; . . . and this monument, completely finished, with its nine spires surpassing each other until the tip of the central arrow was reached, would have produced a prodigious effect."

Above the portals of the façade, the three lancets which rise symmetrically, and the upper and magnificent rose of the XIII century, the construction grows less important. There is a little balcony, and a gable of the XIV century whose arched niche contains a bas-

relief of the Virgin with the Holy Child and of two kneeling Angels who bear candlesticks, and at the peak, there is a statue of "Christ blessing the City and the World." The "Royal Gallery," which has been placed against the base of the gable, looks like an afterthought, and the sixteen statues that fill its niches have been restored as Kings of France and may once have been Kings of Judah.



"THE FAÇADE IS FLAT, NUDE, AND IMMENSE."—CHARTRES.

As a whole, the façade is flat, nude, and immense. Majestic in its austere proportions, it has power without grace. The portals are at once its most ornamental and most foreign part; they are carved with all the detail, the care, and the archaïsm of the XII century, and no church North of Bourges possesses more opulent examples

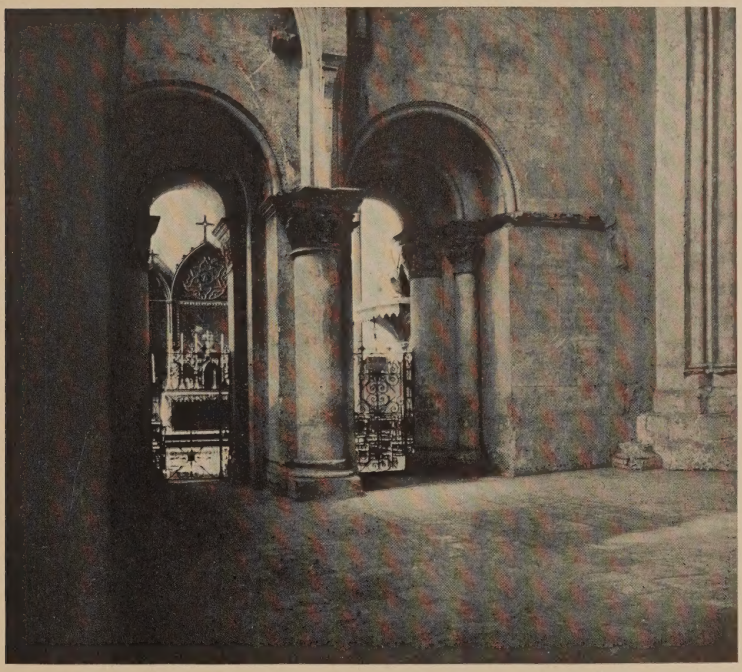
of the art of this ancient period. In spite of the simplicity of their single, yellow tone, they suggest the exotic East, and the question of their particular "school" and year has been much discussed. Many dates between 1135 and 1176 have been assigned to them. Seemingly even more stiffly Byzantine than Saint-Trophime of Arles, the outline of these portals, unlike that famous Southern door, are perfectly original and conventional, but their sculptures have infinite variety and luxury. The colossal statues differ in dimensions, in daïs, in bases, and in styles, the little columns are marvellously cut, the capitals portray sacred scenes, and almost every surface is deeply carven.

The subject is that of nearly all greater doors of the XII century, the Glorification of Christ; and here it is demonstrated by the prophetic Old Testament, by His earthly Life in the Gospels, and finally, in the central tympanum, by His Sovereignty as Judge. Many figures contribute to the progress of this history of triumph and the idea is developed with majestic unity. Two hundred dramatic subjects stand beneath the daïs of the capitals alone. The names of the larger figures are unknown; and they have sometimes been called rulers of Judah and sometimes ancestors of Christ according to Saint Matthew. They are swathed in embroidered tissues and veilings, delicately carved in stone, some wear exquisitely chiselled crowns, and there is much fineness in the sumptuous details of their

"THEIR SCULPTURES HAVE INFINITE . . . LUXURY."—CHARTRES.

adornment and the long points of their strange shoes. Thin, almost emaciated figures, individual in expression, but stiff in position, it has been quaintly and poetically said that they represent "spiritualised bodies."

With these religious subjects, there are also symbols



IN "THE NARTHEX."—CHARTRES.

of temporal affairs and temporal learning. The vaulting of the left porch represents the twelve months of the year, and as sufficient space remained for the signs of the Zodiac, they also were carved. The right bay contains the Liberal Arts, a very interesting contrast

to that of Laon. The devotee, a man with pen, ink, knife, sponge, and ruler, sits before a desk. Pythagoras studies music, Ptolemy, astronomy, and Cicero masters rhetoric. The pilasters of the central porch are also ornamented with figures, two persons supposed to be its donors, a musician, an armourer, a dog before a kettle, and little statues of other folk. When, as formerly, the great figures and much of the carving were covered with gold and colours, the barbarous, sumptuous, and somewhat Oriental splendour of these portals must have been striking, and it is not surprising that they inspired Saint Anne's door in Notre-Dame of Paris and some of the sculptures of the Cathedrals of Sens, Senlis, and Laon.

The foundation stories of the towers, which rise above the two chapels of the narthex, are not unlike; and as long as they flank the walls of the façade, the resemblance of style continues with its heavily marked buttresses and its deep windows, and its large and simple forms.

At a little balcony near the Gallery of Kings, the "New Tower" begins to take on individuality. The loftier of the two, and re-built after a fire in the early XVI century, it has all the luxuriant grace of the Gothic of its period, and it is surmounted by an exquisite octagonal spire.

The "Old Tower" bears the quaint, mediæval devices of the "Watchful Ass," the "truie qui file," and the Angel of the sun-dial, and above its plainer stages of

"THE ANGEL OF THE SUN-DIAL."—CHARTRES.

the XII century rises the contemporaneous, scale-covered spire. The proportions of this graceful cone are very fine; and Viollet-le-Duc writes that "the simplicity of the whole, the well-adjusted relationship of the different parts, and its charming silhouette make a . . . creation which builders would do well to study," and that "it is certainly the most beautiful monument of this kind which we possess in France."

The lateral walls are in severe consonance with the façade. Their sturdy flying-buttresses are large and have little of Gothic delicacy, and the straight buttresses and massive walls rise in the huge and fine simplicity of "a strong fortress of our God."

The transepts, on the contrary, are handsome and measuredly decorated. They have large roses and the trunks of flanking towers with slender, gaping lancets, and the first story of the wall is adorned with three portals and a triple porch.

Far from having the usual minor importance of lateral entrance-ways, either of these wonderful porches would grace the broad Western façade of a Cathedral. In the length and breadth of Gothic art, they have no prototype and no replicas; and if one captious criticism were permissible, it would be that, in spite of their beautiful and virile strength, they form too sudden a contrast with the austere style of the near-by walls of the nave and apse.

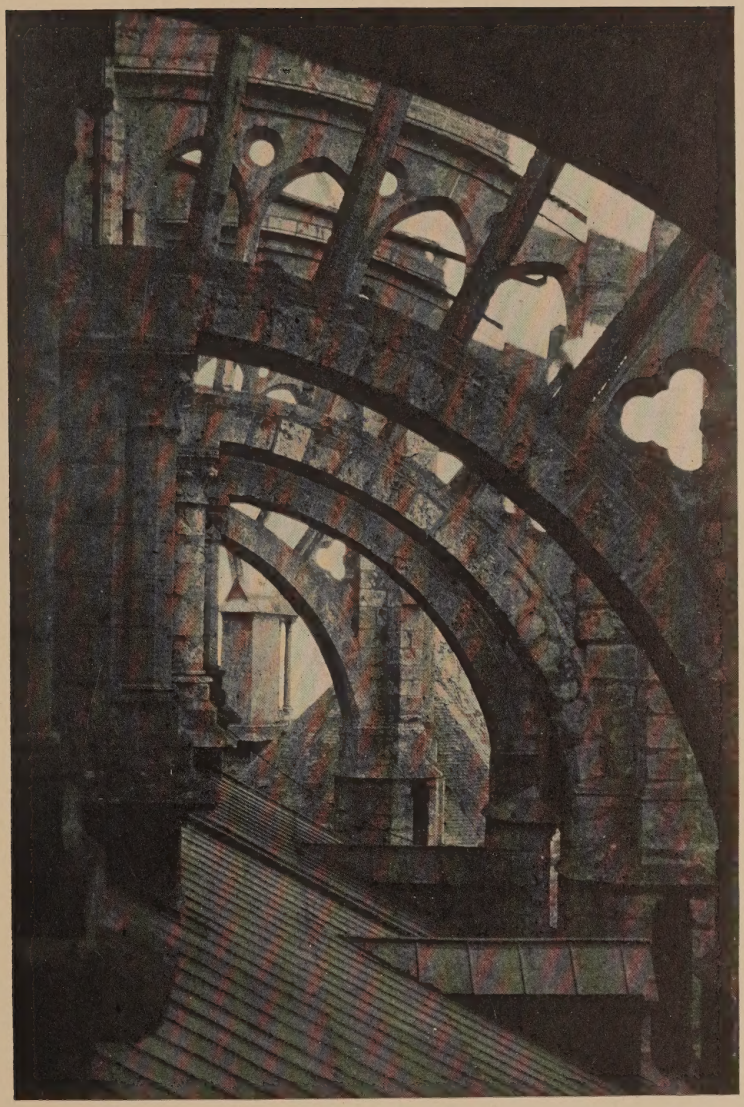
Commenced in the early XIII century and finished within a hundred years, they are both harmonious

and homogeneous in every form, and although the large figures which adorn them have not all the sculptural qualities nor the finished intellectuality of the art of Amiens, they have lost much of the stiffness which characterises the Western doors.

"The North transept is richer in details, more complete in sculptural scheme, perhaps more original in composition; and when, in the beginning, these two porches were painted and gilded, the spectacle must have been marvellous." Each porch has three portals within three deep bays which are surmounted by pinnacles. Between these bays there are arches, and arches open on the broad flight of steps, and the little, outer columns also rise to support small, decorative bays.

First the doors were built; the porches were an after-thought.

The Northern porch is dedicated to the history of the Old Testament and to the Virgin Mary, and illustrates her life from the moment when she lay in the arms of Saint Anne, which is pictured on the dividing pier of the central door, until, as shown in the tympanum, she died and was carried to heaven and crowned by her Son. Large statues portray the hierarchy from Melchisedec to Saint Peter and Jesus Christ, the Eternal Priest; and the earthly ancestors of the Virgin, the Prophets as her spiritual ancestors, and other Biblical characters and scenes cover the walls and arches and stand on the bases of the columns. There



"THEIR STURDY FLYING-BUTTRESSES."—CHARTRES.

are nearly seven hundred figures in this remarkable porch.

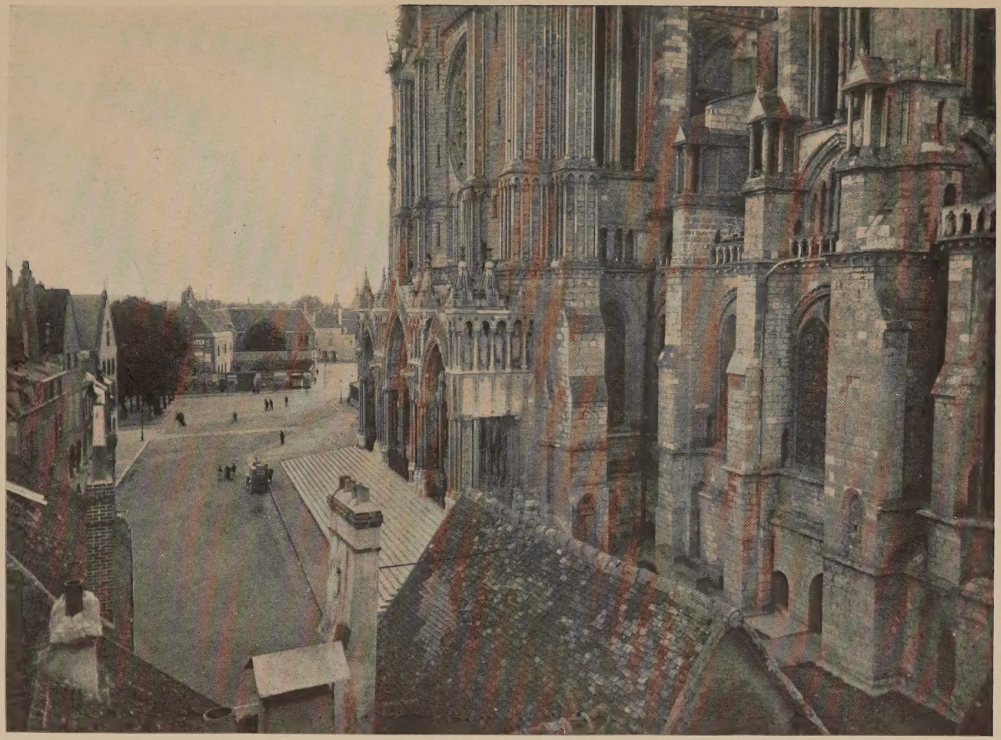
More than seven hundred fill that of the South transept, and here many French Saints have been most interestingly carved; but the principal object of its sculptors was to give the Cathedral another picture of the Glorification of the Son; and, in the central bay which contains a magnificent Last Judgment, Christ is enthroned. Accompanied by His Mother and Saint John, he is surrounded by the escort of His Apostles, by Martyrs, by Virgins, the nine choirs of Angels, the twenty-four Elders, the Prophets, and the Virtues.

The lives of these Biblical characters, of the royal personages, the French Saints, and the Saints of other lands, would form an immense biographical encyclopædia; to know them all, weeks and even months would not be too long; and when, in Huysman's "Cathedral," Durtal goes slowly and meditatively from one statue to another, the monotony of fine description is reached. The patience and faith of the men who, in a comparatively short space of time, thoughtfully carved this multitude of scenes and figures must have been great, if not greater than their talent, for no statue is "a type" only; and if many lack finished elegance of execution, each has force, character, and individuality.

But if, in the study of these works, modern interest is not sufficiently alive to go with Durtal from column to column, many will be keenly interested in the general

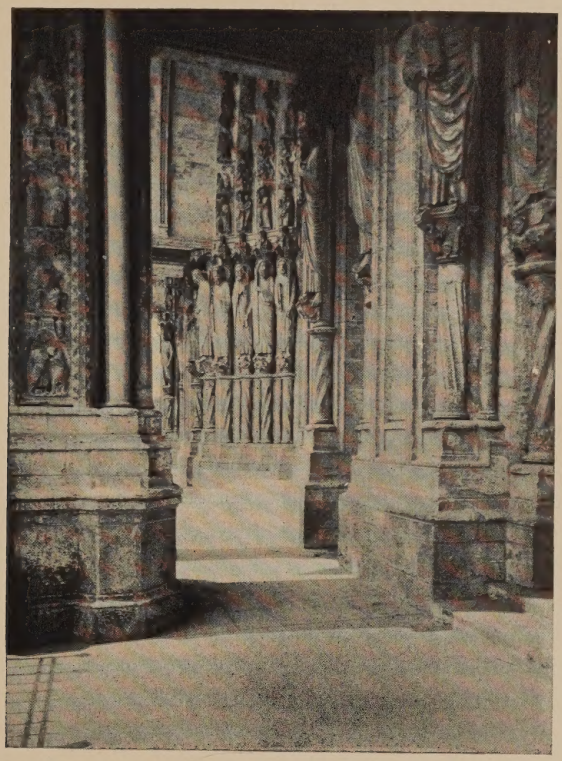
comparison of the art of the transepts with that of the Royal Portals and the Western wall. Different Cathedrals present these diverse contrasts; but, even in the short distance between one Bishop's city and the next, memory becomes fainter and the distinction is not so sharply felt. Here, the "Tree" of the Northern porch, taking root in old Jesse's feet, has its prototype in a Western window; here are two groups of the signs of the Zodiac, two representations of the months of the year and of many scenes from the lives of Christ and of His Mother, and the statues of the same Saint or Apostle are often duplicated. Nowhere is there a more exhaustive iconography, more lessons and pictures in stone; and in this vast extent, this richness, and multiplicity of sculpture, in beautiful and virile power, in fine delicacy and exquisite distinction of profile, the later doors offer "one of the finest specimens of French architecture of the middle of the XIII century, a complete harmony which is rare, . . . and they were evidently conceived by artists of the first order."

In his "Gaston de Latour," Walter Pater makes a daring and sweeping characterisation of the Cathedral. "Dependent," he writes, "on its structural completeness, on its wealth of well-preserved ornament, on its unity in variety, perhaps in some indefinable operation of genius beyond, but concurrently with all these, Chartres has still the gift of an unique power of impressing. In comparison, the other famous churches



"THE TRANSEPTS ARE BEAUTIFULLY AND MEASUREDLY DECORATED."—CHARTRES.

of France, at Amiens, Reims, or Beauvais, may seem but formal and to a large extent reproducible effects of mere architectural rule on a gigantic scale."



"THE GREAT FIGURES . . . HAVE NOT THE . . . FINISHED INTELLECTUALITY OF THE ART OF AMIENS."—CHARTRES.

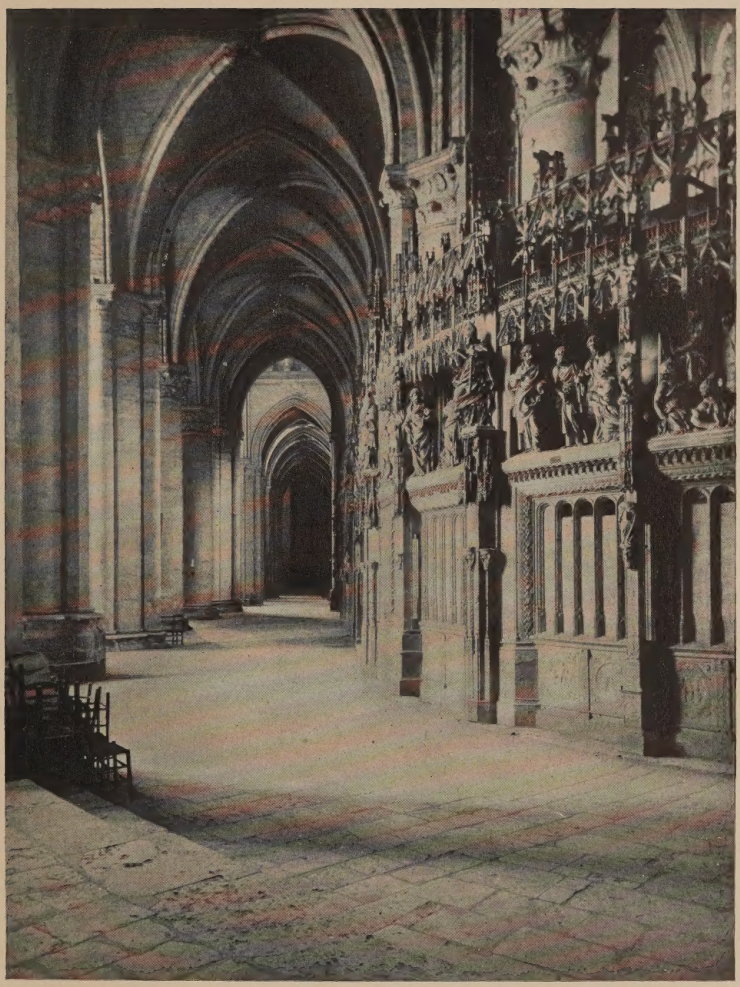
It would be extremely difficult to give a really authoritative decision between the contrasting merits of five or perhaps ten of the greatest French Cathedrals; certainly some judgments are the decrees of individual

taste, and it is probable that, to many, the Cathedrals of Amiens and Reims and the tremendous choir of Beauvais would not suffer by comparison with Notre-Dame of Chartres.

Chartres is none the less an original and noble edifice. On the crest of a low hill whose sides are covered with houses, it dominates the whole town; and from the river, from the roadways, and even from some of the streets, its slender spires may be seen and its great silhouette appears in large and beautiful majesty.

In closer detail, its porches, its statuary, the rich choir enclosure, the magnificent glass, the difference between its towers, and the strange little chapel of Saint-Piat might make it seem a more gigantic Rouen, a museum of ecclesiastical architecture, but that, as little shadows are dissipated by a bright light, so all differences become merged in the grandeur of its size. In cold—perhaps futile—comparison, it has not the faultless unity of Reims and it is without the surpassing inspiration of Beauvais, but it has its own splendour which no critical contrast can impair, and it is one of the most impressive among French Cathedrals.

Soissons. Behind the blank walls which hide from prying eyes so much of the charm of French life, Soissons has delightful homes and very pretty gardens; but in its streets, it appears to have reached the climax of civic dull-



THE AISLE OF THIS "ORIGINAL AND NOBLE EDIFICE."—CHARTRES.

ness and barren monotony. When the summer sun shines, there is a suggestion of the new-made "metropolis" of a Colony, and when it rains, a pall of melancholy falls over the town. Even the little river, which lends a touch of the picturesque to many a commonplace scene, flows calmly. As soon as it enters Soissons, it is confined between dreary banks; the city seems to have permanently assumed a dusty, yellowish tone, and, in spite of its fine churches, it has a hopelessly uninteresting aspect.

Yet history would be impoverished if the important scenes which have taken place within this city were omitted. In the third century, it was the birthplace of Crispin and Crispinian, the Patron Saints of the shoemaker, Saints popular during the Middle Ages; as capital of Frankish Gaul, the celebrated incident of Clovis and the Vase took place here; from early times, the city was renowned for its sieges; it also became the seat of a powerful Bishopric and was the meeting-place of more than one religious Synod.

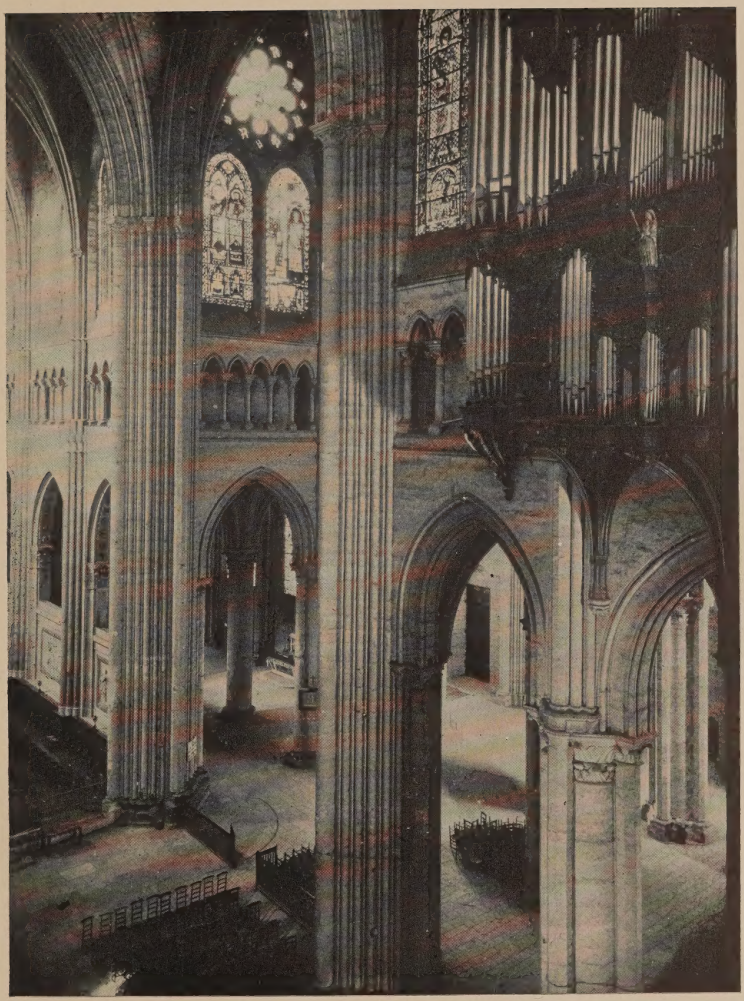
The present Cathedral was not yet built when Abelard was summoned before the Council of 1121. For some time his fame had been growing; and Alberic and Litolf, the theologians of Laon whom he worsted in debate, and the monks of Saint-Denis, whom he rebuked, had been hot in his pursuit. At one time he had lived in community with these monks; but, scorning their lack of proper discipline, he had withdrawn to a private retreat where he was soon

surrounded by groups of devoted pupils. Here his enemies hoped to find opportunity for retaliation, and they waited and watched intently. Orthodoxy, that strange, elusory will-o'-the-wisp of religion, was then more vital than all the virtues. To reason, to question reverently, or to experiment scientifically, were mental processes whose possible hideousness could not be exaggerated.

Abelard and his scholars had no desire to injure the Church nor to leave it, but they discussed its great mysteries with bold candour; and, at length, the discussion bore fruit in the master's production of a treatise on the "Trinity in Unity." The monks were now jubilant. For this was no mere "hearsay" testimony, but an incriminating, enduring witness of blasphemy and unbelief. Rumour immediately began to cry, "Abelard has said, 'There are three Gods,'" and the people who could not read were ready to believe his enemies and to stone him.

Summoned to Soissons, Abelard obeyed. The Council met, but at first he was not openly attacked. As the end of the session approached, Godfrey, the wise Bishop of Chartres, appealed for justice and a fair presentation of the case; for, even with the help of heaven and orthodoxy, none of his many opponents seemed anxious to pit themselves against the man who was so obviously inspired of a devil.

Neither Rudolph, Archbishop of Reims, nor the Legate of the Pope, who presided at the Council, had



"ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE AMONG ALL FRENCH CATHEDRALS."—CHARTRES.

devoted themselves to the study of the hair-splitting refinements of theology. Simple, summary belief was sufficient for them, and they did not care to hear that which seemed to their mind the infinitely lengthy and unnecessary prolixity of a nascent scholasticism. Action, if at times somewhat drastic, was simpler than wordy argument, and no argument could invalidate the infallible proposition that orthodoxy was necessary to salvation and therefore must be maintained.

Although they were without the strong aid of a Holy Office, which at that time had not been instituted, the Legate and the Archbishop became convinced that, in the interest of true religion, Abelard should be disciplined, that he had shown inordinate and rebellious pride in daring to philosophise on theology without the express sanction of the Pope; and they ordered that his own hand should destroy that which his own hand had written, and that he should then retire to a monastery for meditation and regenerating penance.

A fire was made in the open square and Abelard, submissive in form, but weeping bitterly, advanced and threw his famous treatise into the flames; and, as it burned, he stood and repeated distinctly the Athanasian Creed. He then went to the Abbey of Saint-Médard of Soissons, "a sort of general penitentiary" of the period. The worthy Superior sometimes admonished him, and sometimes, in accordance with the accepted mediæval ideal, flagellated him; and Abelard suffered exquisite mental torture for, like Galileo, he

was disciplined but unconvinced. The duration of his penance was mercifully short and he left Soissons,—but only to prepare himself by further reasoning and study for his final humiliation at Sens.

About fifty years after this fateful Council, the Bishop of Soissons, Nivelon de Chérisy, began an important re-construction of his Cathedral. Vague rumours of extensive and unnecessary demolitions have survived; but, for our days, the importance of the architectural labours of 1176 lies in the heritage which remains, the beautiful South transept.

The edifice built at this period, writes Viollet-le-Duc, "was certainly conceived after a plan whose dispositions recall those of the Cathedral of Noyon." Finished a little later than the Sanctuary of Notre-Dame of Paris as Maurice de Sully left it in 1196, the South transept of Soissons is also more slender; and "as at Noyon . . . it is round, and flanked on the East by a vast, two-storied chapel like those of the transepts of Laon." Each of the chapels is circular and of exquisite form. The higher room, which is in a sad state of dust and neglect, has a tiny ambulatory and the ribs of its vaulting sweep gracefully upward toward one central key. The lower story, with its slender columns and capitals and the gracious vaulting of its narrow walks, has charming perspectives. The broad gallery of the second stage, which is also vaulted, is spacious and dignified. Above this second stage, there is the triforium whose diminutive arcades and columns

"THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH TRANSEPT."—SOISSONS.

alone suggest an architectural relationship with the neighbouring nave; and, still higher, the clerestory rises in fine proportion. In its rounded shape, this

"THE HIGHER CHAPEL, WHICH IS IN A SAD STATE OF DUSTY NEGLECT, HAS A TINY AMBULATORY."
—SOISSONS.

transept betokens a Romanesque origin, and its construction bears many traces of the older style.

But, in the interior, the older forms, particularly

those of the lower windows, are partially obscured by the shadows of the aisle and its pointed arches and slender columns; and the whole transept appears Gothic, the lightest and most delicate Gothic in the whole Cathedral. Here, it is much finer than the transepts of Noyon. In spite of the dull, white glass in its windows, it is not glaring; in spite of its great contrast with the rest of the building, it does not disturb the church's long perspectives; and, in itself, it is so beautiful, so rare, that not for an instant can its strange survival in the midst of later architectural developments be resented or regretted.

Unless one has friends whose windows overlook the Cathedral's Southern wall, it is almost impossible to get a complete view of the exterior of this transept. Gardens, trees, and houses cluster closely about it, and the path which leads around its wall is so narrow that any detailed study of the higher portions is almost a physical impossibility.

It is, however, an interesting construction of strong and simple lines. The first story shows a series of sturdy, Romanesque windows; in the second, the arches are slightly pointed; and in the highest stage the windows are entirely Gothic and grouped after the manner of Saint-Remi of Reims. Each story is slightly more receding than the one which carries it; the lower parts of the transept have straight, plain piles which end in clumsy pinnacles and support equally clumsy flying-buttresses; above the highest windows,

"WITH ITS POINTED ARCHES AND SLENDER COLUMNS . . . THE TRANSEPT SEEMS GOTHIC, THE LIGHTEST AND MOST DELICATE GOTHIC OF THE WHOLE CATHEDRAL."—SOISSONS.

a rich arabesque is sustained by fantastic heads; and a quaint, heavy roof covers the little building. It is the exterior of this almost semicircular transept which is most strongly reminiscent of Noyon, and here the early style becomes most clearly apparent. It is not without a massive symmetry, but it has no grace; it is dignified, but not noble or majestic; and it suffers from the inevitable hesitation of the transitional, which was haunted by imperfect memories of past style and had as yet no perfect realisation of that which was to come.

The period of transition had almost passed and the new choir had been begun when a Council again met in Soissons.

To France, and perhaps to the sovereigns of Europe, this "Synod" was more important than that of 1121, for it summoned to its presence no less a person than the King of France. Political history represents Philip Augustus as cold, astute, intelligent, shrewd, a cajoler of destiny; but in religious and social chronicles, he appears more complex, more contradictory,—in a word, more human.

His difficulties, vexatious and pitiable, had begun ten years before, when he had decided to take unto himself a second wife. In accordance with the hazardous practice of mediæval monarchs, he asked not so much for a congenial personality, nor even a good and pure ancestry, as for beauty and a dowry of money and political rights.

The King had heard much of "the long, bright

hair" of Ingelberga, the Danish Princess; and that, as a descendant of Canute, she possessed claims to the English throne. Denmark and France were so widely separated that many veracious details were unobtainable; but the personal charm seemed great, and even were the pretensions as shadowy and vaporous as the wraith of Canute himself, they might at least be made unpleasantly spectral to France's enemy and Philip Augustus' rival, the combative Cœur-de-Lion.

Moved by these reasons, Philip asked for the hand of the Princess; he was accepted; in 1194 she and her train set out for France, and, in the Cathedral at Amiens, Ingelberga and her royal wooer were married and she was crowned Queen. These binding ceremonies had scarcely taken place when Philip realised that he had made a terrible mistake; for his wife was awkward, and ignorant of his language, and teutonically and temperamentally incomprehensible. He began to feel for her the most nauseating and unconquerable aversion, and finally he declared, in all solemnity, that he was "bewitched." Political considerations and thoughts of the discomfiture of the hated Richard alike fled before the daily vision of the detestable Ingelberga. Philip pled with her to return to Denmark; and when she refused, he left her and began in hot haste to procure a dissolution of their marriage.

In those days, civil methods of divorce were unknown. A wedding ceremony which was not a Sacrament was inconceivable; and marriage, being a Sacrament, was

a matter for ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Even then, the only means of escape from the tie was proof of its invalidity. "The Church," however, writes Dean Milman, "had so extended the prohibited degrees of wedlock that it was not difficult, by ascending and descending the different lines, to bring any two royal persons within some relationship. A genealogy was soon framed by which Philip and his Queen were brought within the prohibited degrees," and the clergy "of France pronounced the avoidance of the marriage."

But among the Queen's difficult traits was one on which the King had not reckoned,—determination. When the verdict of the ecclesiastical Court was explained to her, she knew scarcely enough French to reply; but she declined to leave the country, and brokenly exclaimed, "Rome! Rome!" Philip, warned, placed her for safe-keeping in the Convent of Beaurepaire; he used every means to intercept her communications with the Pope; he married again; but Ingelberga, who was deeply pious, prayed,—and waited.

In the slow course of time, her plaint reached the papal Court; but such a problem, involving, as has been truly claimed, "the most ambitious, able, and unscrupulous man who had wielded the sceptre of France," was "singularly difficult," and Pope Celestine II's solution consisted in bequeathing it to his successor. During this lull in the storm, Philip's new marriage brought him the most perfect happiness. It is true, his hand had been refused by three ladies of the French

nobility; but, in the fourth, he had found everything his heart could desire, the antithesis of Ingelberga. For Agnès, daughter of the Duke of Meran, was beautiful, charming, graceful, accomplished, and witty, and she loved the King.

Ingelberga did not love him, but she still pled,—and waited. Several years passed. In 1198, Innocent III had ascended the papal throne and, with his usual prompt and drastic decision, almost immediately notified Philip that the famine, which was then desolating France, was a divine visitation caused by the irregularities in the royal household. In the same year, this message was followed by the visit of a Legate who was the bearer of several admonitions. Philip assented dutifully to a peace with England and the preaching of a new Crusade; but at the mention of Ingelberga he grew contemptuous, and, at the idea of a separation from Agnès, he became coldly rebellious.

He had dallied strategically with foreign powers and he probably considered himself above his country's laws, but he was now to learn what it meant to be a child—even a royal child—of Holy Mother Church. The Pope's orders to his Legate were peremptory. In December, 1199, a Council was convened at Dijon which was composed of three Archbishops, nearly a score of Bishops, and many reverend Abbots. The King consented to send envoys, who appealed, argued, reasoned, protested,—beating the King's will against the stone wall of ecclesiastical obedience. When they

ceased, the prelates could only counsel obedience and reiterate the commands of the Pope. Both Bishops and envoys had been instructed by their superiors, —and neither side could yield.

After a week of fruitless effort, the inevitable took place. An evening session of the Council was decreed. At midnight the prelates assembled; each one mournfully took a lighted candle and, with awful solemnity, the "Miserere" and the Prayers for the Dead were sung. Then, in sad and measured procession, each relic was figuratively entombed and the great Crucifix was shrouded in crape. The people, huddled together in the church, sobbed and wailed. Finally, before their horror-stricken eyes, the Sacred Host was consumed, the comfort of the Visible Presence was withdrawn, and the Cardinal, garbed in mourning vestments, arose and, in the name of Innocent III, placed France under the Ban.

It is now almost impossible to picture the unutterable disorder and anguish which fell upon the whole country. "Oh how horrible, how pitiable a spectacle it was!" exclaims one who had seen an Interdict. ". . . The doors of the church were watched and Christians driven away from them like dogs. All divine offices ceased, the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Lord was not offered, and there was no gathering of people at festivals. The bodies of the dead were not admitted to Christian burial, their stench affected the air, and their loathsome sight appalled the living,—

only Extreme Unction and infant Baptism were allowed, and deep sadness was over all the realm." Philip Augustus, writes Milman, now "gave way to paroxysms of fury, expelled many clerics who dared to obey the Pope and seized their property. His officers broke into the Palace of the Bishop of Senlis, carried off his horses, carriages, vestments, and plate. Ingelberga was dragged from her Cloister and imprisoned in the strong Castle of Étampes."

Still she waited.

Some of the clergy carried out to the letter the horrible prescriptions of the Ban; others, like the Bishops of Paris, Amiens, Senlis, and Soissons, endeavoured to soften the heart of the Pope; and the Archbishop of Reims with Monsignori of Noyon, Beauvais, and Orléans, compassionately realising that the guiltless were suffering for the crimes of others, were dilatory in necessary rigour and severity. But Innocent III was firm.

In the King's ears, the dreadful hour of doom now began to sound and he sent a personal appeal to the angered Pontiff. "He will abide by Our decree," the Pope is said to have exclaimed to the discomfited envoy. "Go back and tell Philip Augustus that when he shall put away his concubine and receive his lawful wife, reinstate and give satisfaction to the Bishops whom he has expelled, then We will raise the Interdict and examine into the relationship."

This reply, as terrible as a condemnation, broke the

spirit of the beautiful Agnès, but Philip was only the more infuriated. "I will turn Mahometan," he cried bitterly, "happy, happy Saladin who has no Pope!"

But Innocent was conquering the King. The country was distressingly disturbed, religious life was almost extinct, the people were in despair, and Agnès, most miserable.

Yet Philip could not give her up. At bay, he turned to his Parliament, and both he and the Queen appeared before it. The nobles admired her gentleness and beauty; but they could not forget the unburied dead, the unpublished banns, the closed churches, the misery of the many. They "sat mute, and not a sword flashed from its scabbard."

"What shall be done?" asked Philip simply.

The answer was unfaltering,—"Obey the Pope!"

With "passionate protestations and bitter weeping," the King sent Agnès into Brittany; and the papal Legates, who came in response to his humble appeal, brought to him at his Castle of Saint-Léger the patient, quiet, and immovable Ingelberga.

At first Philip refused to see her and railed at the necessity of a public reconciliation. But he was alone and broken, and finally the Legate led him to her apartments. Looking at her fixedly, as if he thought she must be some evil spirit, the King slowly said,

"It is the Pope who forces me to this."

"His Holiness does but justice," was the even reply of the Dane.

The interview was sufficient, if not friendly, and the Interdict was immediately raised. Innocent sent his blessing, bells rang again, the churches were opened, and happy throngs filled the confessionals and pressed about the altars.

Separated from Agnès, avoiding Ingelberga, his kingdom distraught by seven months of the Ban, his two little children declared illegitimate, Philip Augustus had suffered only a part of his chastisement. With the sting of humiliation in his heart, he was constrained to come to Soissons to hear, from the Legates, the further will of the Pope.

With the usual scrupulous care of the Middle Ages for the puerilities of scholastic minutiæ, the Council was convened six months, six days, and six hours after the promulgation of the papal decree; and, on March the second, 1201, the little city was agog with excitement. Ingelberga had entered in royal state and retired to the Convent of Notre-Dame; from another road, the King and his court had ridden in; the Archbishop of far-away Lund and the envoy of the King of Denmark had also come to attend the Council, and the guest chambers of the Monasteries were rapidly filling with Abbots, Bishops, and priests.

The Cardinal Octavian opened the Council with impressive pomp. One by one, ten Bishops and Abbots arose and argued with subtle and lengthy eloquence the validity of Ingelberga's marriage; as many lawyers pleaded its nullity. Hour after hour of trying debate

passed, until the endurance of the Archbishop of Lund was exhausted. A warm partisan of his Princess, he became angered, and rising in the Assembly he cried, "We arraign you, King of France, for perjury and breach of oath; we have no trust in the Lord Cardinal Octavian, your kinsman, and we appeal to our Holy Father, the Pope." The stately routine of the Synod was suspended and for a time consternation reigned supreme. Priest after priest went to the Archbishop and entreated him to wait. But he declared that he had witnessed only too much and crying again, "We appeal to the Pope," he swept from the Council.

Then an unknown priest of unassuming bearing requested an audience; and pleaded so valiantly and so convincingly for Queen Agnès that, much against its will, the whole assembly sat moved and dumbfounded,—the mysterious priest withdrew—and was not again to be found. Then ten Bishops and Abbots were obliged to reply, and the ten learned lawyers to rise and speak again in rebuttal. For two long weeks, argument was followed by further argument, and the great ecclesiastics, who had been daily dragged about this vicious circle of eloquence, became exhausted and worn.

The end came suddenly and strangely. One morning, the King entered the Council and tersely declared that he would receive Ingelberga. He offered no reasons nor did he give the reverend Fathers an opportunity to catechise him. Perhaps he had heard that

Agnès, wearying of her long watches on the ramparts of a Breton castle, was slowly dying; perhaps he longed to obtain the Church's prayers for her departing soul and hoped that, in the end, the Pope would at least recognise the legitimacy of their children. Whatever the cause, he had yielded. Ingelberga, who seems to have had more pride of rank than of person, at once mounted behind him, and they "rode off through the wondering streets" without even bidding the Cardinals farewell.

For a fortnight, the good people of Soissons had been running to their windows and peering from their doors, but they had seen nothing so curious as this sight of their King and Queen flying past the city gate; and they rubbed their eyes and looked again after the clattering horse and his ill-assorted riders. The prelates also rubbed their eyes; and the lawyers found nothing to say,—"the Council of Soissons was at an end."

During its session, the new choir of the Cathedral, which is said to have been begun in 1199, was still in process of construction. Those of the prelates who were enthusiastic builders must have been curiously interested in its especial development of Gothic form, but it is probable that they learned more from the architect's plans than from the small beginnings of the actual structure; for, as we read on the commemorative stone now in a chapel of the South ambulatory, it was not until eleven years later, in 1212, that "the Chapter

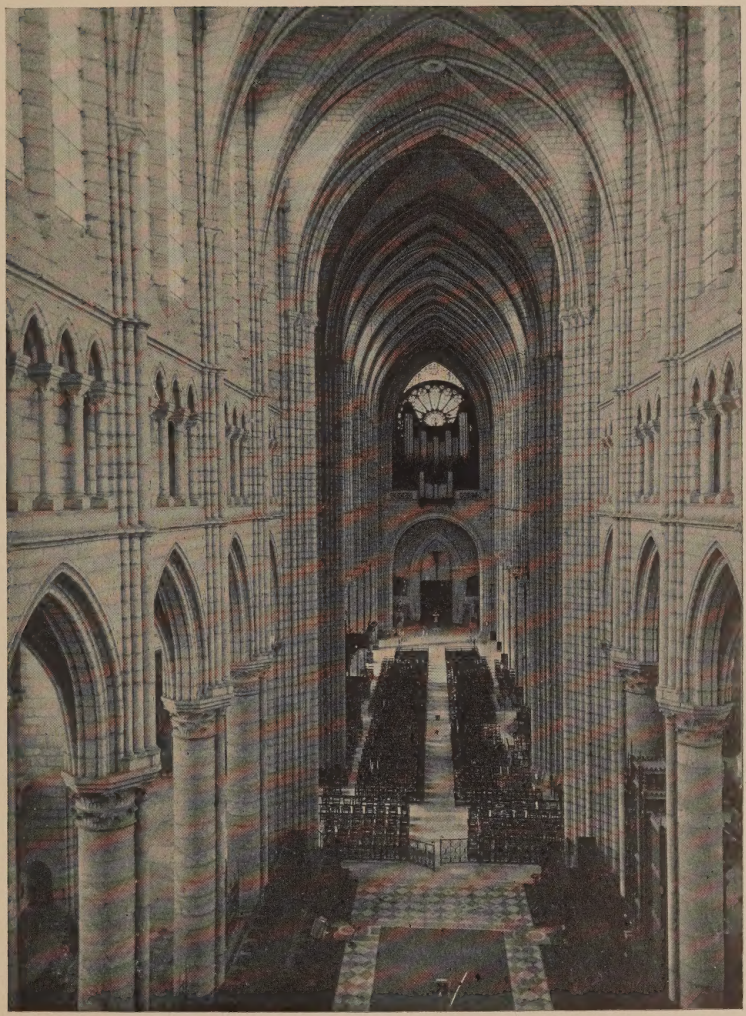
of Canons took possession of the choir which the workmen had just delivered over to them."

In the XIII century, the art of stained-glass had reached such perfection in France that, had they been finished, the harmonious old "paisley" effects of the windows of the absidal chapels would not have greatly astonished the visiting Bishops. The rich blue of the glass of the Lady Chapel, the reds and greenish blues of the Southern chapels, and the mosaic-like combination of heavy tones which enrich those of the North walk, exist as beautifully in other churches. It was over the plan of the choir that these architecturally-minded dignitaries must have lingered. For the apse was planned not only with five triangular chapels of the hemicycle; joining them and extending to the opening of the ambulatory it had, on either side, a succession of rectangular chapels. Those about the hemicycle were shallow, and the rectangular ones, lighted by small windows, had only the depth of their buttresses; but their tall, slender form was a new conception, the ambulatory on which they opened was unwontedly lofty, the rounded pillars, faced by a little column, had lost, through their increased height and more delicate strength, the heavy massiveness of their kind; and, both in its interior and in the outer walls with their flying buttresses and large windows, the choir was, Viollet-le-Duc writes, "a modification . . . of the Cathedrals of its epoch," another step in the development of the Gothic style.

As everywhere during this period of architectural enthusiasm, the work of building progressed rapidly. The wealth and power of ecclesiastical Soissons was conspicuous and its Bishop exercised that curious medley of worldly and churchly prerogatives common to mediæval times. By nature of his office, he was vested with "rights," with the cares of episcopal administration and public instruction. A part of Soissons called the "Petite Cité" was his exclusive domain; in it he lived with the large Chapter of Canons and the body of the lower clergy; and here were the Cathedral, the Palace, the Cloister, the school, canonical dwellings, and the walls and towers of a veritable fortress.

With the advance of modern times, this interesting agglomeration of buildings has almost entirely disappeared. In a Court of the episcopal Palace, a few stones of the ancient Roman walls which served the mediæval Bishops may still be seen, an old tower adds a quaint aspect to the present-day rectory, and along the Place du Cloître, there are a few remains of the old constructions. Against the church's wall there are, also, the blind arches of the Cloister that has been destroyed, and a portion of its walk and the Capitulary Chamber have been united to make a chapel. But these fragments, although suggestive, give no idea of the feudal past. They are comparatively small, isolated, and obscure. The "Petite Cité" is gone. Artistically and archæologically only its Cathedral remains.

Except the towers and the wall of the North transept,



"EXQUISITE HARMONY EXISTS IN THE PERSPECTIVES OF THE NAVE AND THE CHOIR."—SOISSONS.

the edifice was finished towards the middle of the XIII century; and the architects were so faithful to the initial plan that exquisite harmony exists in the nave and choir. Like the choir, the nave has high, slender pillars. Each pillar has its tiny column, and above the abacus of the capital, a cluster of five smaller columns rises to receive the ribs of the vaulting. Considered in itself, the triforium has a conventional, monotonous uniformity of line, but its dimensions are well-proportioned; the clerestory has also concordant forms; and, in the great general plan, these architectural virtues are more essential than any specific beauty of detail and much more desirable than any sporadic and inconsistently charming outburst of ornamentation.

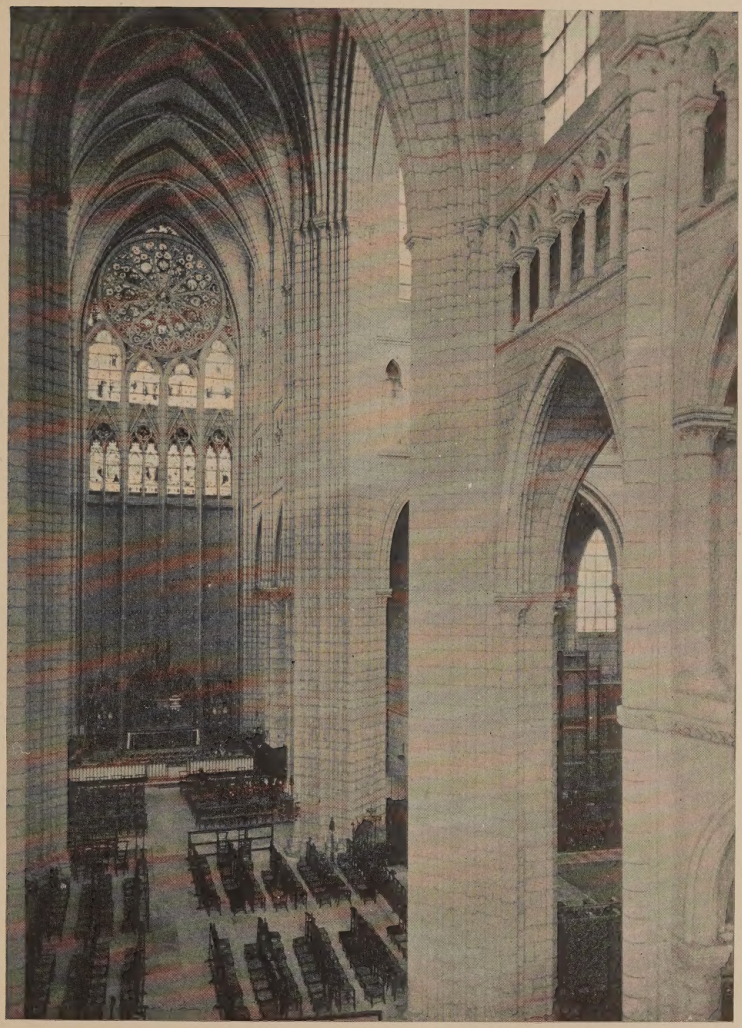
Unfortunately, the windows of the clerestory are filled with grey, patterned glass of the XIII century. Very decorative and well executed in design, this glass does not diffuse the soft, dim light which a Gothic church demands; and the nave of Soissons, penetrated by high, white, and sometimes almost glaring tones, is deprived of half the distinction of its very sober and elegant style.

In its aisles, the Cathedral shows a pronounced development of Gothic device. At Laon, Noyon, Senlis, and Paris, these lateral naves are low and dark and bear broad upper galleries. At Soissons the problem of the higher vaulting has been solved, the gallery has been transformed into the narrow triforium, and, although more stately plans have been realised, the

side aisle has left its low estate and is both dignified and well formed.

After the completion of the nave, the work progressed more slowly; and, with lack of money and enthusiasm, the Cathedral seemed to fall on artistically evil days. The façade-wall, built after conventional models, is without particular distinction. Its three portals are surmounted by a broad terrace, and a higher story of three windows corresponds to the divisions created by the doors. Each window differs from its neighbour. Those of the right and left sides are tall and pointed; that of the centre, beneath an immense arch, is a large and handsome rose. Above this stage, an unfinished gallery of light, elegant

"A VERY PRETTY GOTHIC DOOR."—SOISSONS.



"FOR MORE THAN HALF ITS HEIGHT, THE NARROW WALL . . . SEEMS TO SERVE MERELY AS THE . . . BASE OF UPPER STORIES WHICH ARE ALMOST SHEER GLASS."—SOISSONS.

arcades extends to the base of the uncompleted tower.

At the close of the XIII or the opening of the XIV century, architecture once more gave to the Cathedral in the new North transept a work worthy of its early plan. The small portal is a good, Gothic door; the sharp, peaked arches, the traceried windows of its tympanum, its tall, elongated lines and slender grace are charming. In a Cathedral of great portals it would be merely pretty, but it is the most artistic entrance which Soissons can now boast.

The arm of the crossing to which this little door gives entrance has a nave and two aisles. For more than half its height, the narrow wall which closes the end of the transept has such plain, straight lines and so little ornamentation that it seems to serve merely as the useful base of upper stories which are almost sheer glass; and here, four large and brilliant Gothic windows, with decorated stone gables, stand beneath four others which are built in supporting fashion about the more sombre rose. This transept approaches a closer unity with the main body of the Cathedral than the earlier one of 1175, yet it has not the pure and delicate style of the nave. It does not presage decadence; but that rare architectural simplicity, that poise, so well exemplified in the nave, is replaced by a tendency towards freedom of decorative expression. It is more richly ornamented with traceries and colours and is more

exuberantly splendid than any other large portion of the church.

The South tower was barely finished when the work of completion commenced to drag and the siege of 1414 began. Even the scaffolding was sold for the benefit of the King's treasury,—and the important constructive period of the Cathedral of Soissons came to an end.

Two chapels on either side of the nave, which were not in the church's plan, were added during the XIV and XV centuries; the "Adoration" of the new-born Jesus, a beautiful painting said to be the work of Rubens, was acquired; a little, ornamented passageway from the South transept was built; and, in the XVIII century, the façade portals, which had been denuded of their statues and ornaments, were re-cut and repaired to their detriment; and the architectural history of Saint-Gervais-et-Saint-Protais became a mere record of "accommodations" and repairs.

If it is difficult to see the outer walls of the South transept, it is almost equally difficult, when one is near by, to obtain any general perspective of the main body of the exterior. Peering over chimneys, around trees, and above high fences, gives but a series of tantalising glimpses; and by an irony of fate, the only part which can be comfortably viewed from tower to foundation is the barren façade. This is so unfinished and so mutilated by its ill-contrived repairs that it gives a discouraging impression of inferior and imitative

Gothic. The deep portals are well proportioned; but they have empty, blank tympana, and, instead of statues, thin columns with meagre capitals; the tower, with its Saints and Bishops, has good lines; and as part of a more ornamented structure, the gallery at its base would be very gracious, but it is not consistent with

"A TANTALISING GLIMPSE."—SOISSONS.

the other commonplace stages of the wall; and, in spite of apologists, the façade as a whole is bare and ugly.

It is from the distant tower of the ruined Abbey of Saint-Médard, on the site of Abelard's prison, high above the fences and roofs, that the admirable lines of the exterior appear. The flying-buttresses are not

large, the artistic moderation of the interior has here developed into severity, and the contours of the nave and the apse are high, consistent, and dignified.

It is claimed that Soissons is "the first of the Cathedrals of the second rank," and from Saint-Médard this assertion begins to seem reasonable.

On close analysis, the claim is entirely justified, for the Northern transept has a lovely radiancy, the construction of the South transept is finely original, and the nave excels all details. In spite of its grey windows and high lights, in spite of black cement between its stones which gives a peculiarly elusive, Byzantine suggestion, it is beautifully, coldly pure. It has no quality which shocks, none which compels a breathless admiration; it has, rather, a classic repose, a sense of good taste and happy measure, an instinctive withdrawal from all that is exaggerated and overdone,—the spirit of calm perfection which pervaded the art of Greece. With enthusiasm which is, perhaps, but slightly extravagant, Mr. Fergusson writes, "Nothing can surpass the justness of the proportions of the central and side aisles, both in themselves and to one another; and though the edifice is not large, and principally of that age—the latter half of the XIII century—in which the effect depends so much on painted glass, now destroyed or disarranged, Soissons still deserves a place in the first rank of French Cathedrals."

There are those who do not think that Saint-Gervais-et-Saint-Protais deserves this exalted praise, but they

"IT HAS . . . THE SENSE OF GOOD TASTE AND HAPPY MEASURE, AN INSTINCTIVE WITHDRAWAL FROM ALL THAT IS EXAGGERATED AND OVERDONE,—A SPIRIT OF CALM PERFECTION."—SOISSONS.

can heartily agree with the English critic when he further writes that it "is one of the most pleasing of French churches."

Reims

"The metropolis of the second Belgia of the Romans, Reims, was also the capital of the primitive France of the Merovingians." Here, in a great Council of the Church, Innocent II excommunicated Henry V of Germany; Saint Bernard came here; on the threshold of a primitive Cathedral, at the spot now marked by a black slab in the nave of Notre-Dame, Saint-Nicaise, martyr of the V century, heroically gave up his life for his people; and the history of Reims is replete with stirring scenes of both the secular and the ecclesiastical past.

It is not, however, any of these isolated and, as it were, sporadic events which the present Cathedral suggests, but rather a succession of occurrences which mark important epochs in French annals, for it is the place in which the Kings received their crowns, and it has been well called the "Cathedral of Coronations."

Hincmar, the mighty Archbishop of the IX century, gives us the oldest of many accounts of the miraculous event which seemed to make Reims, "by appointment of heaven, a royal city."

About four hundred years before his day, relates the prelate, a predecessor, Saint-Remi, was baptising a number of Frankish converts and suddenly "found that

there was no more Chrism, and that, because of the crowds of people, it was impossible to send . . . for any. Then the holy prelate, weeping and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, began to pray in silence; and behold! a dove, whiter than snow, brought in his beak a little Ampulla full of Holy Oil, which gave forth a marvellous odour and filled those who were present with its inexpressible suavity.

"The . . . pontiff took the little Ampulla, the dove disappeared, and Saint-Remi poured some of this Chrism into the baptismal font. The monarch who had witnessed this signal wonder, renouncing the pomps and works of Satan, asked to be baptised. Like another Constantine, he advanced towards the holy piscina," and became a Christian and a Christian King.

Descriptions of the Phial, whose miraculous appearance so vitally moved the fierce, pagan Clovis, tell that its mediæval standard was "a golden dove whose beak was coral and whose feet were red, . . . fastened to a flat, round piece of carved and enamelled gold set in stones. . . . The Reliquary had also . . . a golden needle with which . . . the Holy Oil was extracted, . . . a paten, . . . and a silver chain by which it was sometimes hung about the neck of the Grand Prior" who was responsible for its safety.

During the Revolution, when the Cathedral was used as a store-house and three hundred thousand pounds of iron were removed from its roofs for the making of

republican cannon, and when Saint-Remi, the shrine of the Ampulla, was pillaged, a member of the Convention named Rhull seized the Holy Phial and, with true melodramatic bravado, broke it on the steps of a statue to Louis XV. In an account of this act of vandalism, Rhull himself stated that the Ampulla had formerly contained "a red liquor dried and stuck to the glass of the bottle," that he had broken it because it was "a shameful relic created by the perifidious deception of the priesthood in order the better to serve the ambitious design of the throne. The people," continued the fiery Revolutionist, "will never again see the insidious farce of the coronation of a lucky brigand . . . The Ampulla no longer exists; this holy bauble of fools, . . . dangerous in the hands of the satellites of despotism, has disappeared."

A courageous priest and a vestry-man of Saint-Remi dared to scrape a bit of the dried liquor from the base of the statue; and, by this means, a few drops have been preserved,—but since Charles X, no King has been crowned in the Cathedral of Reims.

In the Middle Ages, the value attached to the Holy Relic was unmeasured. Louis XI believed so implicitly that a drop of its Oil would preserve him from death that he made many efforts to induce the guardian monks to send it to him, and its political significance was so great that a royal heir would undergo any possible hardship in order to reach it at Reims.

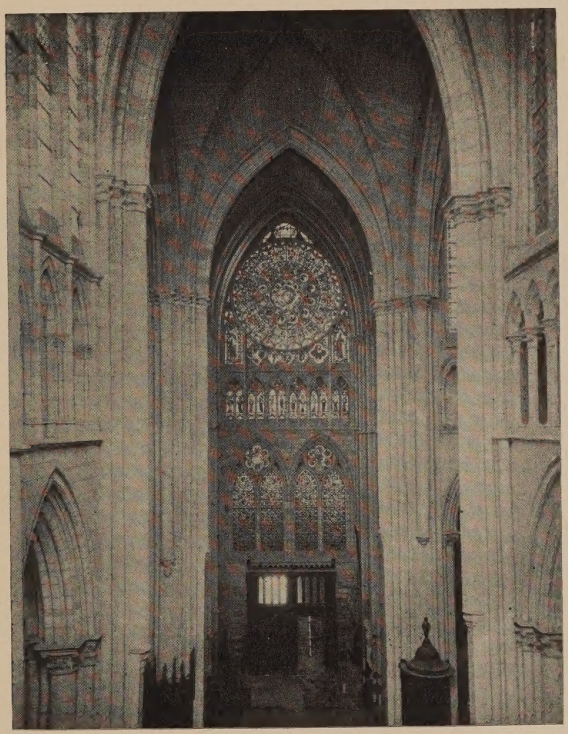
The care for the preservation of the Relic was as

jealous as its sanctity demanded; and to convey it from the church to the Cathedral on the Day of Coronation, always a festival or a Sunday, was a ceremony of grave import. Bearers carried the Cross and candles; four Chevaliers, who were hostages for the safeguarding of the Ampulla, carried the daïs; four monks clothed in albs accompanied it; and beneath its canopy, the Abbot, in cope of cloth of gold, bearing the Relic with its silver chain about his neck, rode a superb horse; and, followed by other monks of the monastery and by numbers of priests, the procession traversed the city from one church to the other.

That the presence of the Holy Ampulla made Reims the city of coronations was early recognised; and, in order to affirm this right, Archbishop Gervais in 1059, taking the pastoral staff of Saint-Remi and standing in his Cathedral before the new King, Philip I, declared that, "to him and to his successors alone and inviolably appertained the power of anointing and crowning the sovereigns of France."

"This unction received by a monarch," writes a reverend author of the last century, "rendered his person sacred, it invested him with a power that was almost divine and which turbulent passions could not disturb. The anointed King was raised to a sort of priesthood; he was, in the temporal order, the vicar of God, as the Bishop and the priest, marked with Holy Oil, are, in the spiritual order, the ministers of Jesus Christ."

Anecdotes innumerable mark the passage of the new-crowned Kings, from Clovis to Charles VII who stood with Joan of Arc, from Henry III, whose crown fell from his ill-fated head twice during the ceremonial,



A "TRANSEPT" OF THE CATHEDRAL.—REIMS.

to the modern Bourbon, Charles X; and the order of ceremonies differed according to times and exigencies, —sometimes five hundred musicians played in the retro-choir; sometimes Archbishops gave tapestries

to the Cathedral in honour of the day; and, after 1574, the new monarchs took oath on a book, called the "Gospels in Syriac and Greek," which had been given by the Cardinal Lorraine and is now in the Library of Reims. Sometimes the lower panels of the clerestory were taken out and the people, standing on the outer, stone gallery, were allowed to peer in upon the magnificence of the nave; and there were other greater and lesser differences in the pompous details, but the scene was always solemn and imposing.

The left transept was occupied by the Papal Nuncio, the Ambassadors, and foreign princes gay in bright uniforms, armour, and Orders; the princesses and the ladies of the Court sat on the right; the aisles were thronged by those who were "privileged to assist" at the spectacle, and multitudes of the Faithful crowded about the church's portals.

But the ceremonial cannot be said to have actually begun with the Mass of the Coronation. "The night before his consecration," writes an old authority, "the King, like a young Chevalier about to be knighted, watched in vigil and in prayer.

"The next morning, the Bishop-Duke of Laon and the Bishop-Count of Beauvais went to seek him. Clothed in their pontifical robes and wearing reliquaries about their necks, and preceded by the Chapter, the musicians, and the choristers of the Cathedral, they went to the door of the royal apartments.

"The clerk knocked with his rod.

"'For whom do you ask?' inquired the Grand Chamberlain, without opening.

"'We ask for the King.'

"'The King sleeps.'

"Then the lay clerk began to knock again, and the same question met the same reply.

"The clerk then rapped a third time and the Bishops said, 'We seek for him whom God has given us for King.'

"The doors were opened; and the prelates advanced towards the monarch, who was lying on his bed of state.

"They . . . presented him with Holy Water, recited a prayer, and the King rose and was led processionally to the door of the Cathedral. . . .

"At the end of Primes, the consecrating prelate, accompanied by several other Archbishops, by a numerous clergy, and by Canons of Notre-Dame, . . . came to the threshold of the church to seek the monarch and the Queen, his wife, and recited a prayer, asking heaven to give to the royal couple the graces which they would need to govern their people wisely and according to the will of God.

"Then the procession, composed of the six ecclesiastical and six lay Peers of the kingdom who were dressed in the feudal ermine, mitred Bishops and Abbots, and the seventy-four Canons of the Metropolitan-church, in copes of cloth of gold, re-entered the Cathedral intoning the prayer, . . . 'Domine, salvum fac regum!' . . .

"The choir was magnificently ornamented. Two thrones had been built for the King and Queen; seats . . . on one side of the Altar were arranged for the visiting Archbishops and Bishops. Those on the other side belonged to the lay peers of the kingdom."

Very soon the Abbot, the monks of Saint-Remi, and the clergy who had accompanied them, reached the Cathedral; and the Holy Ampulla was received by the Archbishop and placed on the Altar. "The lords who were hostages sat in the first high stalls on the Gospel side of the Altar; their squires, in the four low stalls beneath them; the Prior, who still wore his cope and stole, had a place of honour on the steps of the Altar at the Epistle side; and the Treasurer stood by his side.

"These things having occurred, the Archbishop robed himself for the Mass in the pallium and the most noble vestments, and with deacons and sub-deacons . . . came to the Altar. . . .

"Mounting its . . . steps, he asked the King if he would promise before God to respect the rights of Bishops and of churches.

"'I promise it,' replied the monarch, placing his hand on the Holy Gospels; and this reply was followed by the Te Deum. . . .

"The Archbishops and Bishops then approached the King seated on his throne, and begged him to rise and promise to his people peace, justice, and clemency.

"The King arose and said in a solemn voice:

"'In the name of Christ, I promise three things to the Christian folk, my subjects,—

"'I will make constant efforts that they may live in the midst of true and lasting peace.

"'I will forbid rapine and iniquity.

"'I will decree that mercy and justice shall be observed in the rendering of judgment.'"

In later centuries, the sovereign also added:—

"I swear to endeavour, according to my power and in good faith, to keep all heretics denounced by the Church out of the whole extent of my kingdom."

"And all the people replied: 'Amen.'

"The King, the Queen, and all the clergy prostrated themselves in the choir and the pontiff and his assistants repeated the Litany of the Saints.

"Then all arose, and the Archbishop again questioned the monarch, . . .

"'Will you observe the Catholic Faith which has been transmitted to you by holy tradition, and join good works to faith?'

"'I will,' replied the prince.

"'Will you be the guardian, the protector of churches and of the ministers of God?'

"'I will.'

"'Will you govern and defend, according to the justice of your fathers, the kingdom which God has given you?'

"'I will, and by God's grace, I will make myself the joy and consolation of all.'

" . . . The people received with enthusiasm this solemn promise, and the rafters of the basilica re-echoed with cries of 'Fiat! Fiat!'

"These preliminaries ended, these solemn promises ratified, the Metropolitan proceeded to the consecration and to the coronation.

"The royal crown, Charlemagne's sword in its scabbard, the golden spurs, the sceptre, also of gold, the mace of justice mounted in an ivory hand, boots, and silken sandals embroidered in golden lilies, the tunic, . . . and the cloak were placed upon the Altar. All these precious objects had been brought for the ceremony by 'the Abbot of Saint-Denis in France' who alone had the right to keep them.

"The King came to the Altar, . . . dressed only in a silken tunic. The Grand Chamberlain put on the boots, which the Abbot of Saint-Denis tied; the Duke of Burgundy, peer of France, attached the golden spurs"; and other Knights had the privilege of giving the other garments. But "only the Archbishop could present to the King the unsheathed sword of Charlemagne; and the new monarch, as a mark of homage, placed it on the Altar. He then took it again from the hand of the Archbishop and gave it to the Seneschal of France, who carried it before his sovereign until . . . he returned to the Palace."

Among the invocations of the collect of consecration, there were several which must have been most ungrateful to the ears of the powerful vassal who was King of

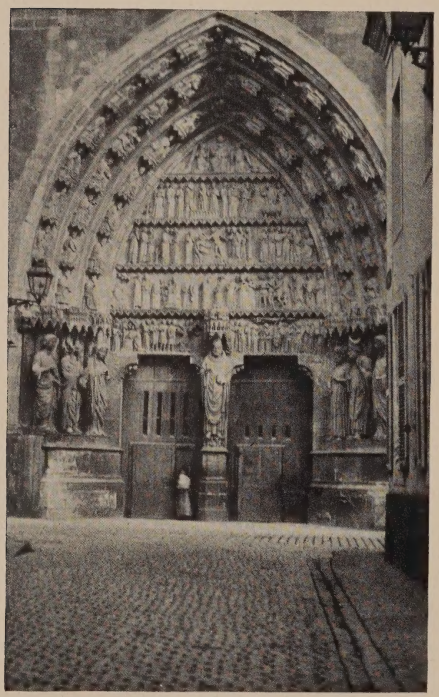
England as well as Duke of Normandy. But from the time of Louis VIII, who had been invited by the English Barons to replace John Lackland, until the coronation of Louis XVI, this prayer was solemnly intoned, "Lord, grant that the sovereign may preserve his rights over the kingdoms of the Saxons, Mercians, and Northumbrians, . . . and that he may lead them again to the faith promised long ago."

"As the words prescribed by the liturgy were sung, as God was petitioned for the dew of heaven and fertility of the earth, an unending abundance of grain, wine, and oil, and all sorts of fruits, 'in order that the people who live in this reign may enjoy constant health,' the Holy Chrism was brought on a paten by the Bishop of Soissons. The Archbishop of Reims opened the . . . Ampulla, extracted with a golden needle a little of the 'heaven-sent' Oil, mixed it very carefully with the Chrism, which was prepared to anoint the King, 'which King alone is resplendent above all other Kings in the world through the glorious privilege of being consecrated by Oil from heaven.'

"After the Archbishop had anointed the postulant for the eighth time, . . . he placed the crown upon the royal head; and every nobleman, both lay and ecclesiastic, touched . . . the crown, . . . and . . . the Archbishop led the King to the throne. . . . which was at the entrance of the choir . . . The prelate and the peers of the kingdom then kissed the sovereign; and

the cry of 'Long live the King' echoed beneath the vault of Notre-Dame."

Such, with more multitudinous detail, was "the august ceremony," the first which was celebrated in the present Cathedral of Reims.



"THE PORTAL OF THE TRANSEPT."—REIMS.

A church which enjoyed this most signal of French honours naturally increased in prestige and emoluments. Of its clergy, five became Popes and more than fifty were made Cardinals. For the spiritual and civil administration of the Cathedral itself, many officers were necessary,—from the Archbishop and the Canons to the Treasurer who was "Lord of the church and parvise"; and from the Provost, who received the revenues, presided in the Chapter, and was "the surveillant of conduct," to the "Ringers" who, two by two, remained in the church day and night, ate behind the High Altar, guarded its riches, and kept

lighted candles before the Blessed Sacrament and the statues of the Saints.

The enclosure of the archiepiscopal precinct contained many important buildings,—a little Cloister near the Cathedral, the Court of the Chapter, the Large Cloister, a Library, and a hospital, the Palace of the prelate, many smaller houses, and finally Notre-Dame itself.

It is not possible that architects called into the midst of all these splendours were unimpressed by the temporal and spiritual power of their employers. It is not possible that these builders forgot they were to construct the Cathedral of kingly coronations or that they should have been insensible to the subtle influences of the suggestion. They created a plan which has been sometimes called "too rich," "too sumptuous," but in all its sumptuousness there seems to be no weakness, none of the decadence inherent in the Flamboyant;—the masters gave it richness with majesty, "a permanent," suitable, and dignified "decoration awaiting the . . . greatest ceremonial."

On the paper of the Paschal candle of Reims, these words may be read, "The sixth of May, 1211, the day of the Feast of Saint John before the Latin Gate, the church . . . was burned by an unexpected fire; and, on the same day, one year later, this church was rebuilt by Alberic, Archbishop of happy memory, who laid the first stone."

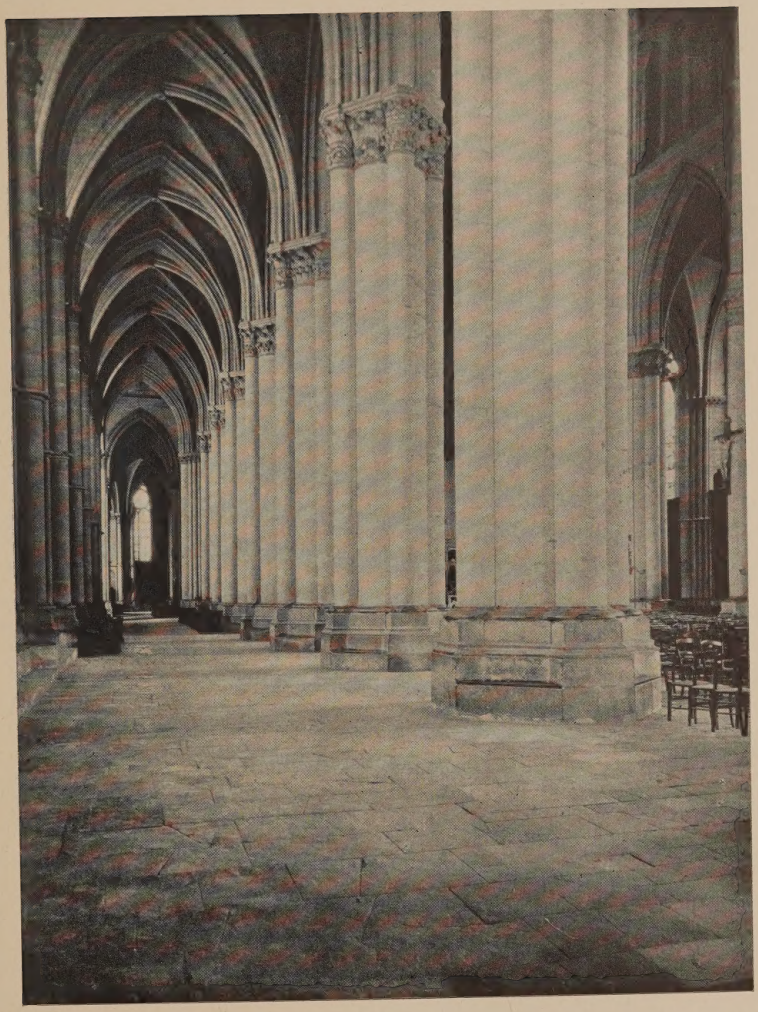
"Where can sufficient resources be found for so gigantic a work?" the people asked the prelate.

"Commence," said the courageous Archbishop, "and God and men will aid us."

It was the early era of mature Gothic. Soissons was in the building; Laon with its bold towers, Chartres, and the Paris of Philip Augustus were antecedent or nearly contemporaneous. The Cathedral was begun; —in two hundred and twenty-nine years its noble plan was brought to a fuller degree of completion than has been vouchsafed to many mediæval edifices; but, in 1481, a fire swept away six tall and beautiful towers which will probably never be re-built.

At first it seemed as if no structure was destined to be erected with more care and skill. In the apse and the transepts, rock was placed where frost was feared, stone was selected with a critical eye, and magnificently fine and heavy blocks were used even at lofty heights. As the work progressed, the architects grew less scrupulous; and, after the fire of 1481, enthusiasm had so waned that defective stone was accepted and little except repairs was accomplished.

The form of Notre-Dame is that of the Latin Cross, —with shallow transepts that stand very near the choir, large, deep chapels about the single walk of the ambulatory, and a long, slender, stately nave and its side-aisles. Much of the mediæval ornament has disappeared. The Labyrinth was removed because children and idlers played around it; and the rood-screen was destroyed because the XVIII century did not consider it, as had the XIV, an essential part of the church. The



"A LONG, SLENDER, STATELY . . . AISLE."—REIMS.

more modern furniture is not characterised by any intrinsic merit; as far as size permits, it disturbs the dignity of the Cathedral's architectural unity, and the Altar, placed near the middle of the nave in 1740, is a real blemish.

The reminder of a very admirable mediæval manner

"AMONG THE SUBJECTS WHICH ARE MOST THOUGHTFULLY PORTRAYED IS THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN."—REIMS.

of churchly decoration exists in the tapestries which still embellish part of the walls. At their coronation, Kings left gifts of these hangings, prelates also were generous donors; and when it is recollected that, in 1650, "three thousand five hundred pounds Tours currency" were paid for the mere "restoration" of

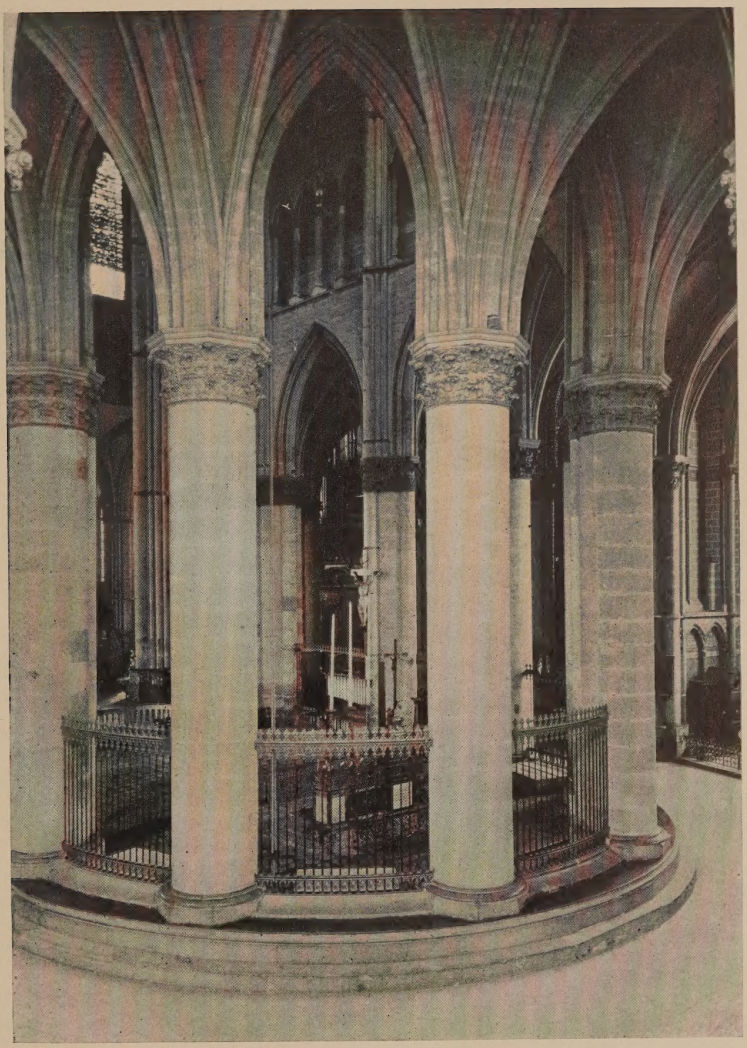
the ten scenes representing "the life of the strong King Clovis," the magnificence of the Cathedral's original collection may be imagined. Those tapestries which remain have not only the merit of archæological value, they have a quaint psychological suggestiveness, and, even to the descendants of the old Remois, their inscriptions, analogies, and conceits are strangely curious.

Among the subjects which are most thoughtfully portrayed is the Death of the Virgin. The funerals of Sara and of Miriam form smaller, symbolic pictures, pendants, as it were, to the principal theme; and the poetic legend reads:

"Sara, wife of Abraham, without ceasing
Was at her death mourned by the people.
The death of Miriam, sister of Aaron and Moses,
By the children of Israel was wept.
Also Mary, much honoured Virgin,
Mother of God, at her death,
By the Apostles was lamented
And also by Christians."

A dedication by the donor, Archbishop Robert de Lenoncourt, is also woven into the cloth:

"Honouring God and His Mother Mary
In the year one thousand five hundred added to thirty,
Within gave this tapestry
The prelate who kneeling is present.
Pray Jesus and the Queen of Heaven
That, after death, among the Blessed,
His soul may be taken, refulgent,
Worthy of gaining eternal Paradise."



"ABOUT THE HEMICYCLE OF THE CHOIR."—REIMS.

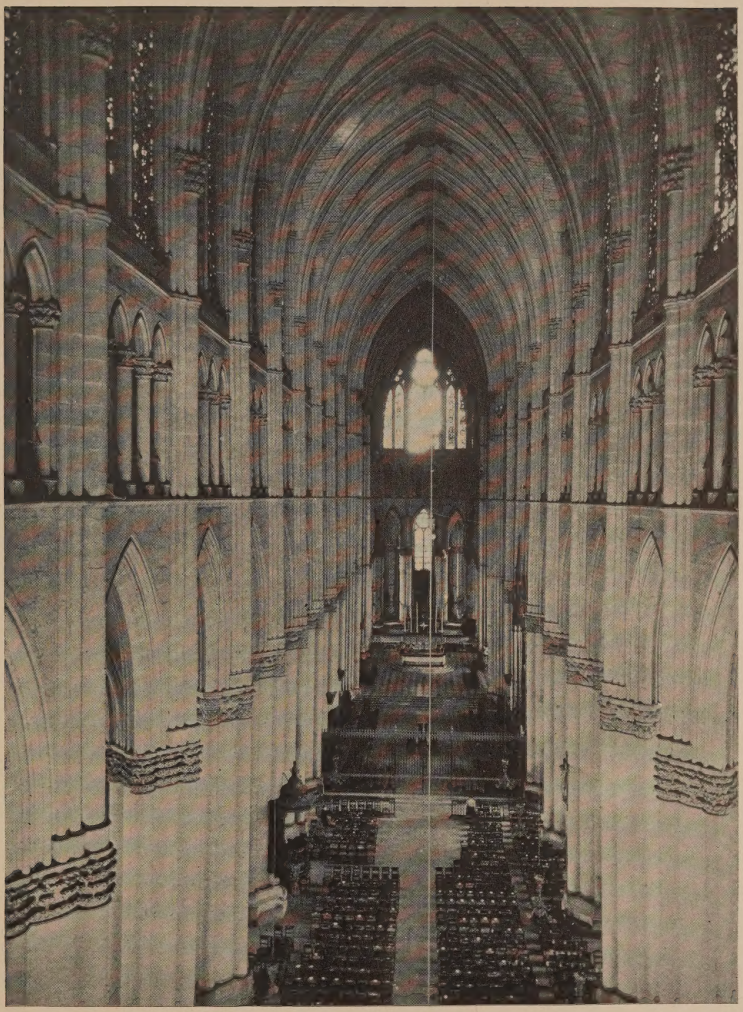
Another and more essential adornment of the Cathedral is its stained-glass. It is true that, every April, a glazier came to spend a few days in the church, that he patched and mended breakages with any bit of coloured glass which he found to his hand, and that his was far from the ideal method of repairing the exquisite windows; yet in this poor way the great glass canvases were preserved, and they are among the few that are still to be numbered with those collections of immense pictures which the Council of Arras called "the Book of Laymen," and which old catechisms recommended the people "to look at while reciting the Rosary during Mass."

In the nave, these unlearned worshippers saw above them the imposing figures of Kings and Archbishops; the choir windows contain equally large figures of the Virgin and the Apostolic College, and in their midst is the Founder of the Faith, Christ crucified. In the shallow transepts, the walls of glass are very beautiful; but one of the crowning glories of the Cathedral is the Western rose. Its lovely lines have been well described in the language of flowers,— "around the heart of this rose open twelve petals, a second corolla of petals spreads itself about the first, and a wreath of large leaves encircles the flower." The pious tradition which inspired the lessons of the window's story is naïvely told in an important mediæval manual of Gothic sculpture and painting, the "Golden Legend" of Jacques de Voragine. The Holy Virgin had died and, de Voragine

continues, "at the third hour of the night, Jesus came accompanied by a number of Angels, Martyrs, Patriarchs, Confessors, and Virgins; and the choirs of Angels placed themselves before Mary, and began to sing very harmonious Canticles. And in the book attributed to Saint John can be read what then occurred. Jesus spoke first and said to her, 'Come, thou whom I have chosen, and I will place thee on My throne.' Mary replied . . . and her soul left her body, . . . and all the Blessed . . . preceded her, and they bore in their arms the soul of her who had given birth to their King. . . . Three days later, the Apostles wished to carry the holy corpse to the tomb; but Jesus re-appeared with a multitude of Angels, and the soul of Mary became again united to her body which . . . gloriously ascended into heaven."

Besides this magnificent representation of the Assumption, the interior wall of the façade is adorned with other glowing windows, with galleries, and with figures carven in artistic regularity, and no wall of any of the French Cathedrals is similar to it.

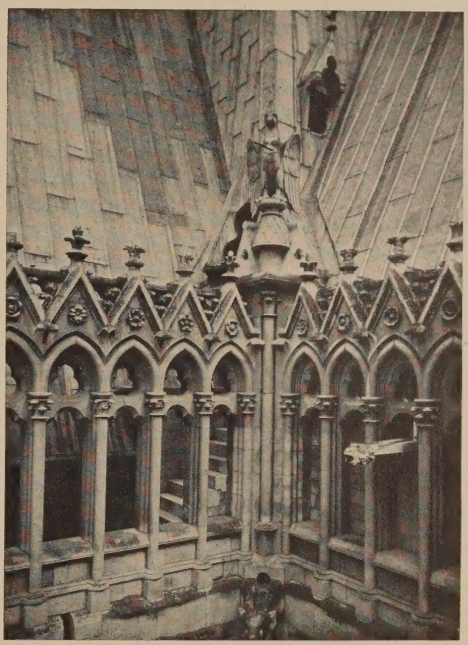
The first two pillars of the nave and those of the crossing are of colossal bulk; and big Norman pillars, flanked by four little columns, line the aisles and rest on heavy bases. About the hemicycle of the choir stand similar heavily rounded pillars which have only one, small, applied column. All the capitals are deeply cut; and the imagination of the artists suggested many subjects,—leaves, animals, children, and graceful



THE NAVE "FROM ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE WESTERN WALL."—REIMS.

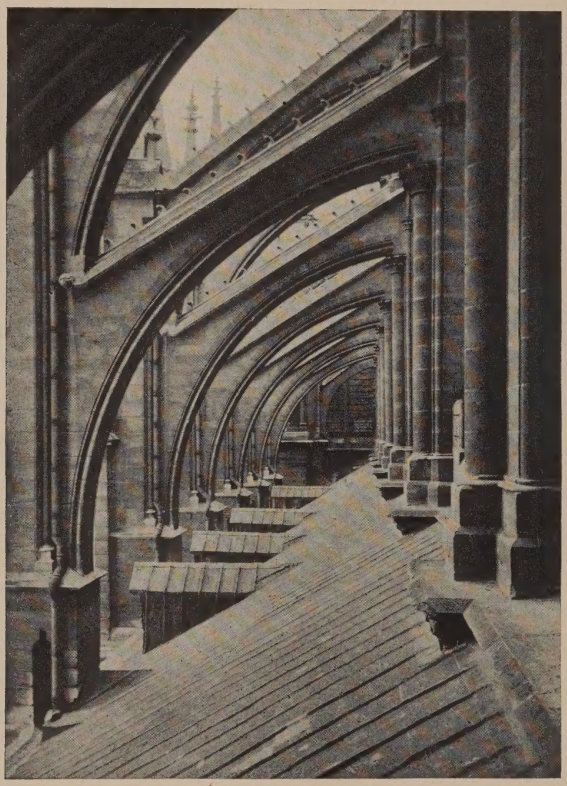
or fantastic forms which were broadly and richly executed.

From one of the galleries of the Western wall, a very clear apprehension of some fundamental ideas which governed the building of the nave is possible. Before one's eyes lie two of the three parts of the length, the nave and the choir, and the third section, the transepts, is suggested by opening arches; the three divisions of the breadth, the aisles, are clearly visible; and the walls rise in what might be termed tripartite segments, the high arches, the triforium, and the clerestory, separated by the very trenchant line of the moulding. This decided division of height is said to be "characteristic of the mediæval school of Champagne, and reminiscent of the Roman monuments, once so numerous at Reims, whose stages



THE FLYING-BUTTRESSES FROM "THE STONE LEDGE FOR WORKMEN WHICH IS OUTSIDE."—REIMS.

were markedly defined." It has also been said to symbolise a great doctrine of the Church, the awful mystery of the Trinity; and it is more than



PART OF "THE HIGHEST, EXTERNAL GALLERY WHICH 'SURROUNDS THE CHURCH LIKE A DIADEM.'"—REIMS.

probable that, as Christian prelates had in earlier days consecrated pagan Temples to the Faith, so Catholic builders used ideas inherited from classic times to express mediæval dogmas in material shape, and

believed that the triple divisions, repeated in the height, length, and breadth of Reims, typified the Tri-

"THE INTERIOR IS MAGNIFICENT WITHOUT COMPLEXITY."—REIMS.

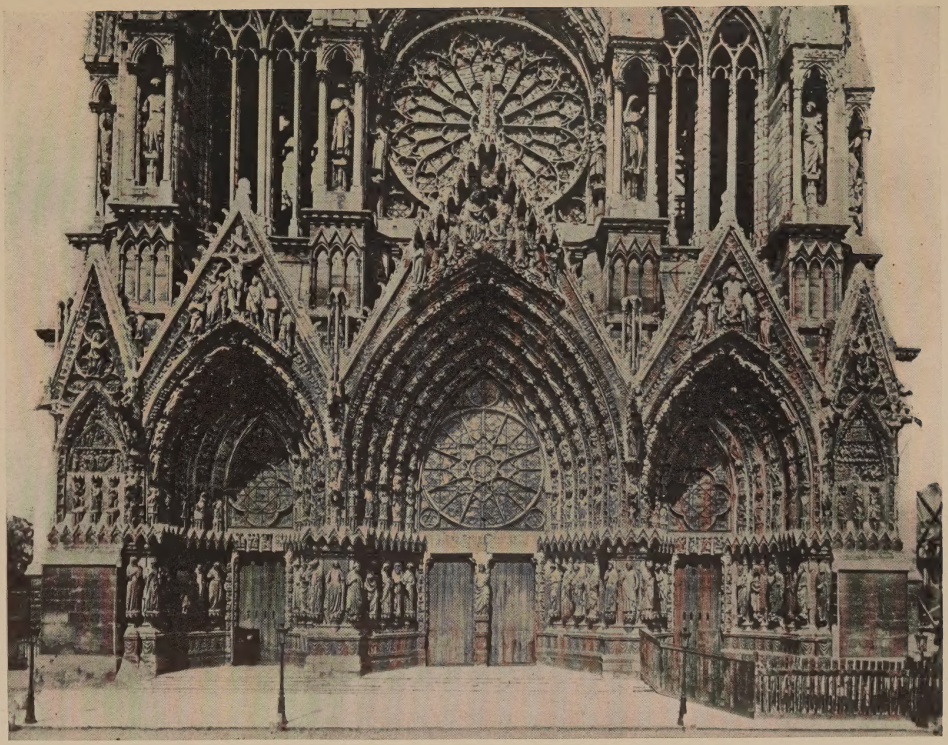
une God. Whatever may have been the sources of the technical inspiration, the architects of Notre-Dame

have given to their nave a regularity that is never monotonous or obtrusive, and a unity which is incomparably pure and beautiful.

There are several galleries and walks in and about the church which permit an intimate study of its nooks and carvings and perspectives,—the low narrow way which extends around the inner walls, the triforium, the gallery beneath the Western rose, the stone ledge for workmen which is outside, at the foot of the clerestory, and, finally, the highest external gallery which "surrounds the church like a diadem."

Meditating along these walks, the traveller sees that the interior is magnificent without complexity, and that it is the exterior which seems like the "permanent decoration, awaiting and recalling the ceremonial of coronation." The iconography of the windows is suggestive,—that of the exterior is vast, inclusive, and illustrated by more than two thousand statues; and a reverend writer tells us that the many scenes and subjects may be gathered under three general topics,—"Jesus; Mary, His Mother; and the Church, His Spouse."

The evangelical beginnings of this sacred story are found in the Annunciation, the Visitation, and the figure which stands on the dividing pier of the great Western door, the Virgin who holds the Infant Jesus in her arms. Until 1526, a lamp burned night and day before the Holy Mother and Child in honour of the earthly commencement of Christianity. The history ends with the portrayal of the Mature Christ, "the



"THE ENTRANCEWAYS OF THE FAÇADE ARE LOGICALLY THE MOST ORNATE."—REIMS.

beautiful God of Reims," with the Last Judgment, and with statues of the Saints of the Church.

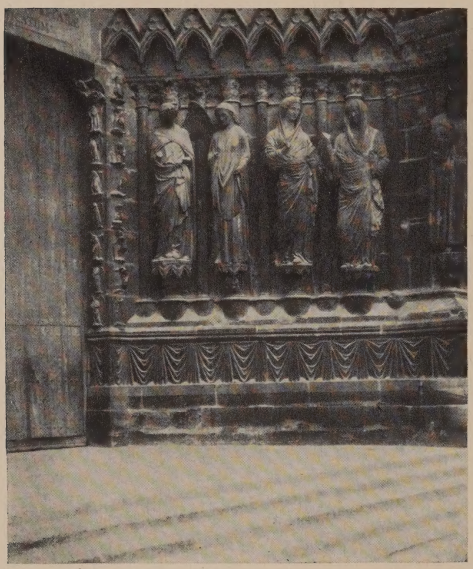
Nine doors worthy of the name of portals are adorned with the principal scenes of this history. The entranceways of the façade are logically the most ornate. Instead of containing stone panels presenting large sculptured themes, the tympana are filled with glass, the setting of the central arch is a rose, and the smaller arches have the traceries of a four-leafed clover surmounted by a trefoil.

Five gables above the doors and the two flanking buttresses give at first glimpse the illusion of five portals. It is to these gables that the sculptures usually placed in the tympana have seemingly been transferred, and their composition is so good, so graceful, and so satisfying that their elevated position is a matter of real regret to the traveller who stands in the Parvise and peers upward.

As a whole, the statuary of the chief door-ways has none of the power of intellectual and artistic unity which marks analogous creations at Amiens. The Moses, Abel, Abraham, Saint John the Baptist, and Saint Simeon, of the right portal are almost, if not quite, like those placed in 1275 in a lateral porch of Chartres. The figures of the other doors are less heavy and far more plastic, their composition is purer and more correct, and the draperies fall with a definite suggestion of classic grace. Skill in the portrayal of character is here more developed, and is perhaps best

displayed in the difference between the Virgin of the Annunciation, the simple, candid, humble girl, and the Mary only a few months older, the mature and thoughtful woman who goes to visit her old cousin.

Generally speaking, the lateral portals seem rather unfinished, they have no symmetrical and little artistic relationship, but each has its own special interest.



"SKILL IN THE PORTRAYAL OF CHARACTER . . . IS PERHAPS BEST DISPLAYED IN THE . . . VIRGIN OF THE ANNUNCIATION . . . AND THE MARY WHO GOES TO VISIT HER OLD COUSIN."—REIMS.

Under a Gothic arch of the North wall stands an old, closed door. Its tympanum contains a painting of the Virgin and Child and has a finely carved Romanesque frieze; below, an equally decorative, rounded arch encloses stiff, carven figures of the Infant and Mother; and the whole composition, out of harmony with the style of the church, is chiefly notable as an example of the very rich and stately decorative power of the Romanesque.

The second door of the Northern wall is Gothic; its form is rather heavy and its big statues are over-sized and somewhat crude,—but the new style is absolutely definite. The sculptor's chief theme seems to have

"ITS BIG STATUES ARE OVER-SIZED AND SOMEWHAT CRUDE."—REIMS.

been the glorification of the greater prelates of Reims. Saint Sixtus—some say a more supreme pontiff, Saint Peter,—stands on the dividing-pier; interesting figures of Bishops, Patriarchs, and Popes adorn the vaulting;

and the tympanum is filled with holy scenes and personages who vary in theological rank from the Deity in Person to Churchmen, and from Churchmen to the grinning, devilish forms of the nether-world of whom Mediævalism had such graphic notions.

An old manuscript, writes Lacourt, tells that the

"GRINNING, DEVILISH FORMS OF THE NETHER-WORLD OF WHOM MEDIÆVALISM HAD SUCH GRAPHIC NOTIONS."—REIMS.

third door of the lateral wall "was made at the expense of a merchant whose name is unknown and who sold 'false measure.' This history is well represented in relief on the pedestal of the dividing-pier. . . . On one panel, the criminal appears, standing, bare-headed and his hands tied, before the questioning judges. On

"THE TYMPANUM . . . IS FILLED WITH SCENES OF THAT TERRIBLE SUBJECT WHICH SEEMED TO ENTHRALL . . . THE IMAGINATION OF THE GOTHIC SCULPTOR OF THE XIII CENTURY."—REIMS.

the second panel, persons . . . are measuring the trader's goods; . . . and on the third, . . . the guilty man, with folded hands, kneels before the Virgin, as if making amends."

The tympanum, belonging to 1212 or somewhat later, is filled with scenes of that terrible subject which, among all theological ideas, seemed to enthrall most persistently the imagination of the Gothic sculptor of the XIII century, the Last Judgment. Very interesting in comparison with the same scene so strongly depicted at Paris, with the details of tympana at Bourges, Amiens, and Chartres, interesting also in the expression and feeling with which it is carved, this drama in stone pales in every kind of significance, artistic, theological, or spiritual, before one single Figure, the Christ, the "Beautiful God of Reims" who stands on the false draper's pedestal. "This," writes Lübke, "is a work of such beauty that it may be considered the most solemn plastic creation of its time. . . .

"The following of nature in the masterly Figure is, in all its details, so perfect that not merely the nails of the fingers, but the structure of the joints, is characterised in the finest manner." There is "perfect understanding and admirable execution of the whole Form in its faultless proportions, and moreover there is such majesty in the mild, calm expression of the Head . . . that the divine seriousness of the sublime Teacher seems glorified by truest grace."

Great authorities disagree as to the comparative

merits of the statues which attempt to represent the Christ, and Viollet-le-Duc thinks that of Amiens the most impressive among those which the XIII century has left to us. But the Face of "the Beautiful God" of Reims has an expression of tenderness and of sympathetic comprehension which is wonderful; and many a tired Remois, seeing this Face, must have been reminded of the ineffable goodness of his Lord and have gone on with strengthened ideals, new courage, and new faith.

The wall above the door-ways supplements their story. That of the façade has its splendid rose flanked by buttresses and two large, double windows. Higher, the greater gallery of the Kings extends; and here, on Palm Sunday, the choristers sang the strophes of the jubilant hymn, "All glory, laud, and honour to Thee, Redeemer King"; and the Archbishop and the Canons, waiting in the Parvise beneath for the formal opening of the Cathedral's doors, answered with alternating verses. Above this historic story rise the two celebrated towers, similar in geometric scheme to those of Laon, and poised with exquisite delicacy, firmness, and grace.

This Western wall "is one of the most splendid conceptions of the XIII century, and in our opinion," writes the noted French critic, " . . . the only one. Notre-Dame of Paris is still of the Transitional period. Laon is the same. . . . Amiens has only a truncated and unfinished façade on which different epochs have laid their hands and left their traces. Chartres is . . .

"NEAR SOME OF THESE BUTTRESSES STATUES HAVE BEEN PLACED, OF WHOSE ARTISTIC POWER THE 'SAINT-LOUIS' IS AN ADMIRABLE EXAMPLE."—REIMS.

a union of fragments, and Bourges and Rouen are a mixture of the styles of the XIII and XIV centuries. . . . The façade of Notre-Dame of Reims, in spite of an excess of richness, . . . gives a frank conception of the Gothic style, . . . and its iconography is complete."

Among the decorative carvings in the heights of the transept walls, the sacred story of the portals is again continued. The points of three large windows rise above the principal doors; then follows a stage of three circular windows, beneath a rounded arcade whose character is decidedly Romanesque; in the next story, a large rose of primitive style spreads from under a Gothic arch; higher still stands a line of Kings; and above the last gallery, a handsome gable, flanked by two slender pinnacles, encloses a sculptured "Annunciation."

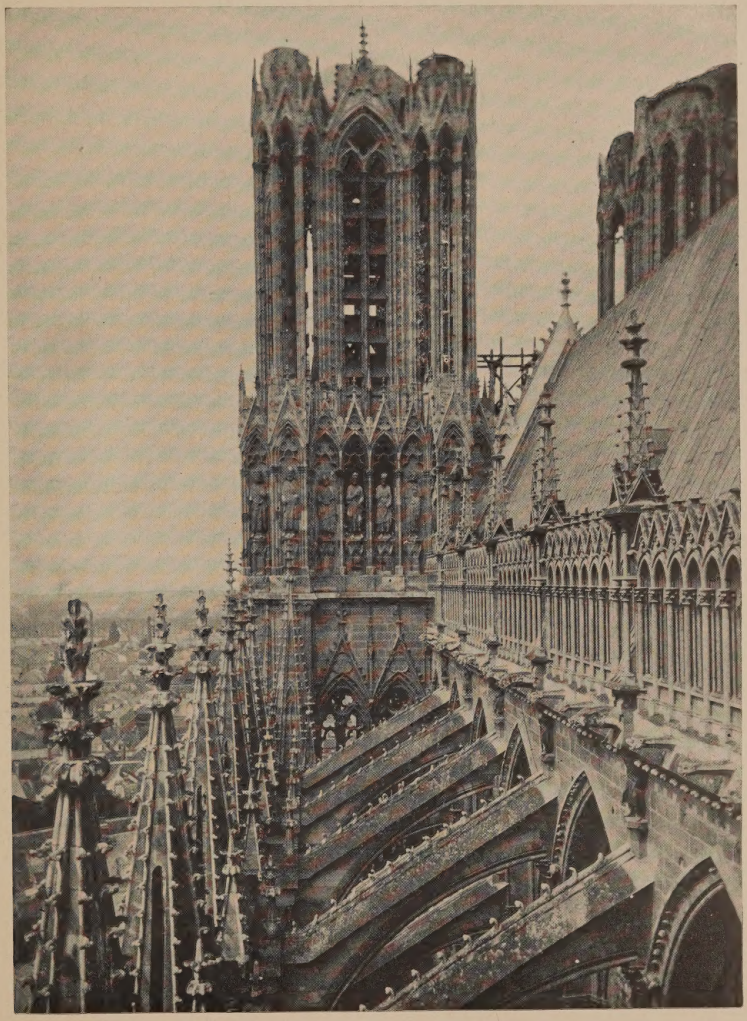
The Northern transept, if less interesting, is more symmetrical than its opposite wall; for there is no portal, and the counterparts of the three arches which peer inopportunely above the door-way of Saint Sixtus, here belong to three large and beautiful lancets. The scene of the Assumption fills the gable; but the peak of the gable is crowned by the figure of a very worldly-looking archer who is apparently directing his arrow towards the archiepiscopal residence. Formerly a bronze deer, standing in the Court, was the object of the archer's aim; and the story runs that a certain prelate, named Gervais, transferred from Le Mans,

where he had been able to chase whenever he wished, to Reims where there was no hunting, wished to have a reminder of the pleasure of which he was deprived and built the statue of the centaur and that of the deer.

The apse, which, with the transepts, was finished in 1240, is not without its figures of Holy Saints and grotesque beasts. A rich gallery above its seven chapels hides their roofs; and on the gallery perch the immense forms of these more or less imaginary animals, an owl, a unicorn, a bull, a horse, several dogs of wondrous race, and last but not least, a fat little elephant. Symbolism is more poetically and loftily expressed in the striking statues of the Angels which stand against the great buttresses and in the Figure of Christ placed, as is fitting, above the spot built especially in His Mother's honour, the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral.

One of the most characteristic and important of the exterior decorations are the buttresses. Several adorn the façade, several are aligned along each flank of the church, and the apse is a veritable forest of them. Their material is fine and strong, and they have all the usual varieties of gargoyles, flora, and caryatides which the Gothic style could suggest. But they have more than conventional significance. Their sculptures are not merely decorative and vague, they are specific, unmatched, and remarkable.

Resting on a plain base, the straight buttresses have pedestals whose faces are ornamented with blind arches and little columns. Each pedestal, in turn, bears



THE TOWER "RISES IN EXQUISITE APPROPRIATENESS TO THE REST OF THE" CATHEDRAL.—REIMS.

a niche which shelters a beautiful, winged creature, seemingly an angelic guardian of the holy place. The peaked canopies of the niches are masterpieces of composition and execution; and, as Viollet-le-Duc has admirably pointed out, the colossal size of the Angels, corresponding to the necessary massiveness of the walls of Notre-Dame, has so balanced the light and almost lace-like effect of the pinnacles that they have no appearance of weakly delicacy; and here, as in all the Cathedral, "their sensitive and truly judicial artistic sense has permitted the architects to be bold with impunity and to be justified in their originality."

Near some of the buttresses, statues have been placed, of whose artistic power the "Saint-Louis" is an admirable example, and the transepts are also adorned with the pleasing arcades and niches of their truncated towers.

From the Eastermost peak of the roofs rises a small "needle" which was built in the late XV century and called the Angel Spire. It is barely sixty feet high and almost unworthy of comment; and it is chiefly interesting because of the eight figures at its base, the unhappy, so-called "Suppliants," dressed only in shifts and supposed to represent the wicked inhabitants of Reims who, in the XI century, revolted against their Archbishop.

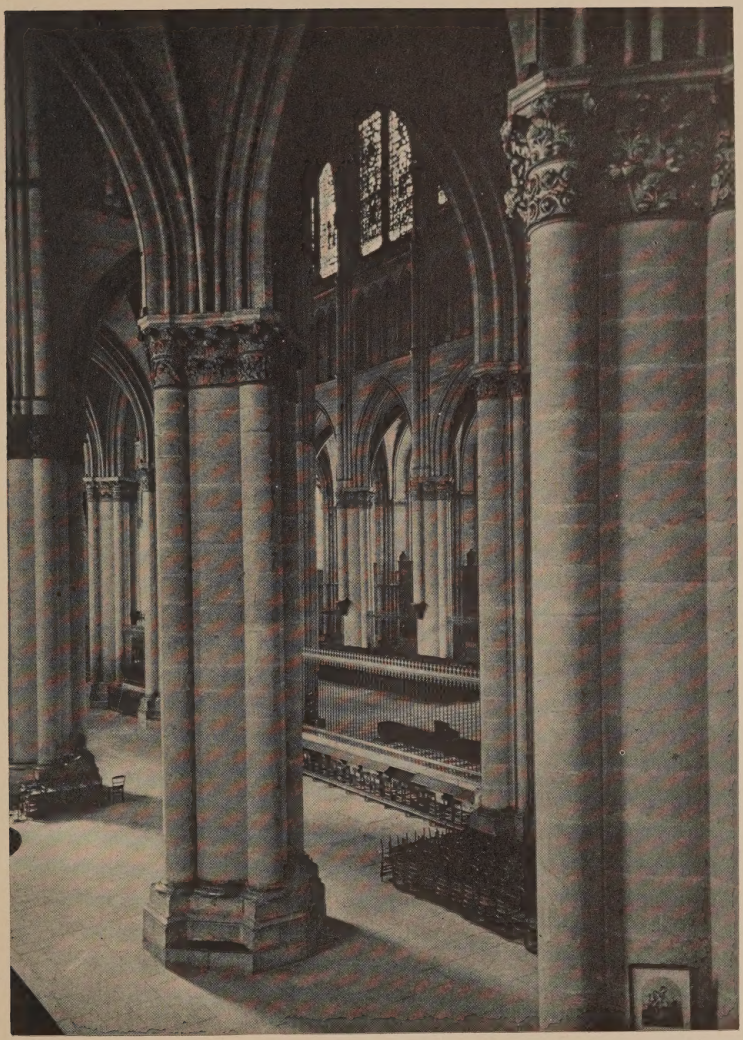
"A Cathedral without spires," said an old priest, "is to me like a bird without wings." "The pyramidal system exists in all other parts of the monument,"

writes another, the turrets and even the buttresses terminate in graceful pinnacles, and this church above all others seems artistically fitted for the tall and finely pointed needles of its original plan. But the fire of 1481 swept away the "wonderful" central spire; and only its base, the two façade belfries, the trunks of those which should rise above the transepts, and the little "Angel Spire" survive to suggest the group of splendid towers which the mediæval architects hoped and planned to build.

Nevertheless, Notre-Dame of Reims seems, in the fullest acceptation of the term, more "finished" than any other of the great Cathedrals; it seems even more complete than Notre-Dame of Paris, perhaps because of the more consistent uniformity of its style.

The building, however, is not without unobtrusive defects. The large figures of the door-ways are sometimes too big and at times too heavy, and the arches of the Western entrances are too low. The upper stages of the towers, too, are not more truly symmetrical than those of Laon; they seem finer because they are not, as it were, sporadically beautiful, but rise in exquisite appropriateness to the rest of the building. As a whole, the defects are insignificant; and the splendour of the façade is so happily merged with its strength that neither quality destroys the rare merit of the other, but rather combines with it in an almost ideal manner.

Within the Cathedral, there is a different expression



"THE INTERIOR HAS UNAFFECTED DIGNITY AND A VERY NOBLE SIMPLICITY."—REIMS.

of strength with symmetry. Where the exterior has harmony in much detail, the interior has unaffected dignity and a very noble simplicity; and its ornamentation, deep-cut and magnificent in sculptural power, is in quantity most measured and restrained. Instead of awe-inspiring grandeur, the nave has stateliness and the elegance inherent in perfection.

An author has well written that the whole church was erected "in incomparable unity" of artistic thought; and although it was built and re-built at four separate times, it looks—except to the very practised eye of the architect or the archæologist—like the work of one inspiration. "Here are no inharmonious towers of different construction, no parts of the edifice are visibly patched, and that which is lacking to its entire completion must be sought, for it is not obvious to the eye."

It "has all the strength of the Cathedral of Chartres without Chartres's heaviness," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "it unites the true conditions of beauty in the arts, power and grace; . . . and if one desires to form an idea of a Cathedral conceived by an architect at the beginning of the XIII century, the finest period of Gothic art, one must go to Reims. Should one wish for an idea of what a finished, completed Cathedral of the XIII century should be, Reims is again the type, if one adds the spires of the Western portal and raises again those of the transepts."

It is claimed that the mathematical ideal of Grecian

architecture was the law of invariable proportions, and that, reasoning from the height of a Greek column, the measurements of other portions of the building could be definitely stated. The mathematical ideals of the mediæval builders were, as a rule, very far from inflexibility, but those of the architects of Reims seem not only to have realised a wonderful plan but to have approached more nearly a logical and regular scheme of arithmetical ratios.

These architects are not known, but several persons are more or less vaguely connected with the work,—Robert de Coucy, the father, and Robert de Coucy, the son, and Hugues Labergier, a monk who, in 1229, commenced the Church of Saint-Nicaise; and the most famous individuality connected with the constructive period is that of the patron of the builders, the courageous Archbishop who stood before the smoking ruins of his old church and exclaimed, "Begin again."

Victor Hugo has written that the name of "the man, the artist, the individual is effaced" on the walls of mediæval architecture, that it is "human intelligence which is epitomised in the great, anonymous masses"; and perhaps it is as well to say of the splendid and gracious Cathedral of Reims that which the famous Frenchman has said of other Cathedrals of its time, "the epoch seems to have been the architect and the people the masons."

Auxerre. Few river cities have a more agreeable aspect than Auxerre on the Yonne. The neighbouring town of Sens is pleasantly monotonous, Soissons is dreary,—Auxerre is charming. It is built amphitheatrically along the side of a hill and the shore of the little river, a long row of heavy old trees follow the lines of its ancient ramparts, and above its irregular masses of roofs and chimneys rise the silhouettes of the great churches of the city,—Saint Peter and its square tower to the left; to the right, the large Gothic Abbey of Saint-Germain; above all, the severe forms of the Church of Saint Eusebius; and near the spire of the clock-tower and the centre of the town, the clear, large, and graceful outlines of the Cathedral.

The mansion with gardens and terraces, which was formerly the Palace of the Bishops, is also on this hill-side and near the Bishop's church; and although it stands less boldly, the old Synodal Chamber with the Gothic gables, and the cloistered gallery with its rounded arches of the XII century, and other rooms and corners now unseen by the public, make it a stately old structure.

After fires had burned three early Cathedrals of the Auxerrois, a strong Romanesque church was constructed in the XI century; but even its strength did not preserve it. Architectural genius was rapidly evolving new architectural forms; and the Bishop of Auxerre who had attended the XII century Council of Sens and his successors doubtless felt that it was

better to build anew and to create a more glorious edifice than to continue to repair their comparatively modest, round-arched church. During the early Gothic epoch, this resolution remained in embryo, and the

"NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN."—AUXERRE.

more primitive style of Paris, Laon, Senlis, Sens, and Noyon had been supplanted by lighter forms before 1215, when the "work" of Auxerre was begun.

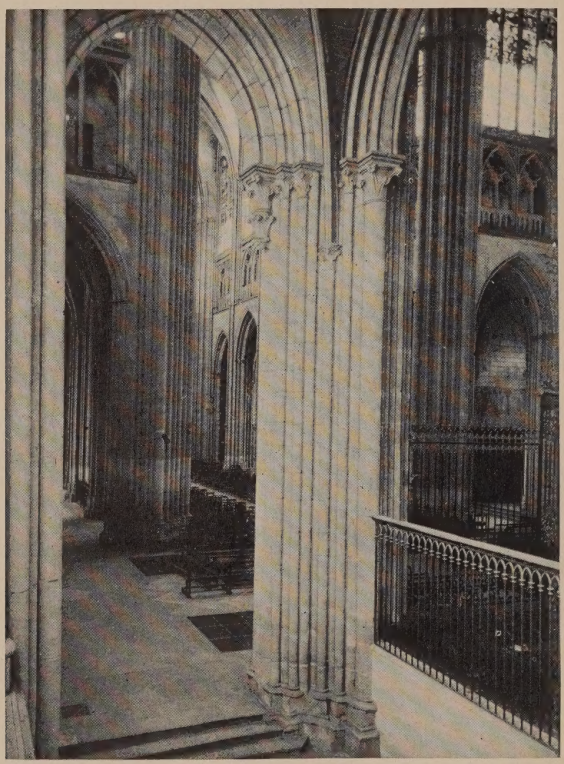
At this period, the religious traditions and customs

which had led to the construction of subterranean churches had been forgotten; but ancient crypts, heavily and strongly built, formed firm foundations, and, in the building of the new Cathedral, Auxerre preserved its underground church. With five low, dark aisles and little chapels, it is inferior, both in architectural and archæological curiosity, to the sombre and mysterious underground structure of the neighbouring Abbey of Saint-Germain, but it is none the less interesting in the simplicity of the severe and primitive Romanesque. The crude capitals show rare specimens of the Carlovingian art; and in the larger chapel of the Eastern end, there are two mural paintings which represent the archaïsm of the French fresco at the end of the XI or the beginning of the XII century and portray also the dominating religious ideal of the age,—the triumphant Christ.

In illustration of this subject, a great Cross ornamented with precious stones covers the vaulting; within its interstices, four Angels are on horseback; above the Cross, Christ, Whose Head is surrounded by the aureole, also rides a horse; and in the second fresco, between the seven branched candlesticks and the symbols of the four Evangelists, He rules in majesty.

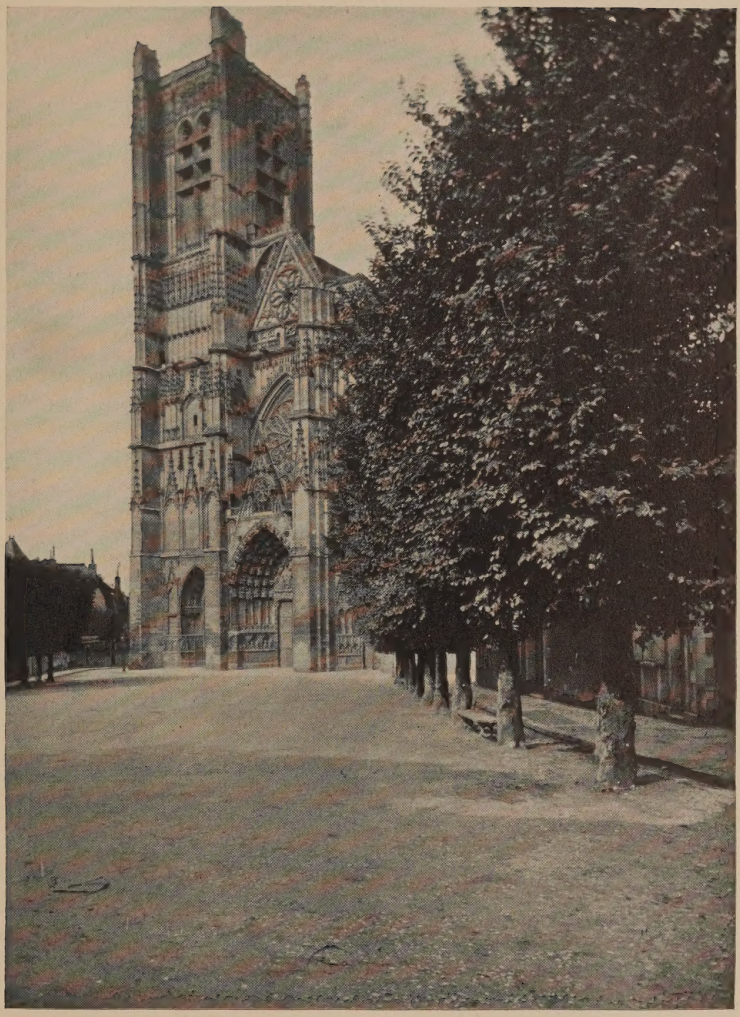
Few churches have now the subterranean chapels and martyriums which many once had. That of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne is filled with stones and débris; that of Sens is closed, forgotten, perhaps in ruins; and when the theological significance of crypts

ceased, that of Auxerre received only the repairs which its practical character of foundation rendered necessary, and the frescoes have grown dimmed. No lamps burn in the chapel, and no worshippers now pray here;



IN "THE CHOIR" OF THE CATHEDRAL.—AUXERRE.

but in its venerable Christian antiquity, it is worthy of Catholic care, and, although there are nobler types of this form of architecture, Saint Stephen's is an important example of underground Romanesque.



"THE FAÇADE IS . . . THE FINEST AND MOST HARMONIOUS OF THE GREAT CATHEDRALS OF THE SECONDARY RANK."—AUXERRE.

The choir of the Cathedral was built above the lower church; and according to custom, this, the holiest part of the new edifice, was the first to be constructed. The other portions which form its Latin Cross were added slowly, and three centuries passed before the work ceased and Auxerre had reached the stage in which it has remained until the present day.

Although the façade is far the finest and most harmonious of those of the grand Cathedrals of the secondary rank, the iconoclasts of the Reformation and the Revolution destroyed its statuary and mutilated its sculpture so exhaustively that it is now difficult to picture the original richness of this beautiful Western wall. To imagine Amiens with only its carving of designs, without its renowned Christ, its Queen Mother, its Prophets, Saints, and Kings, would be to see it shorn of more than half its splendour, and it seems as if, under these circumstances, it would be impossible to picture the grandeur of its builder's completed conception. This mutilated condition is that of the portals of Auxerre.

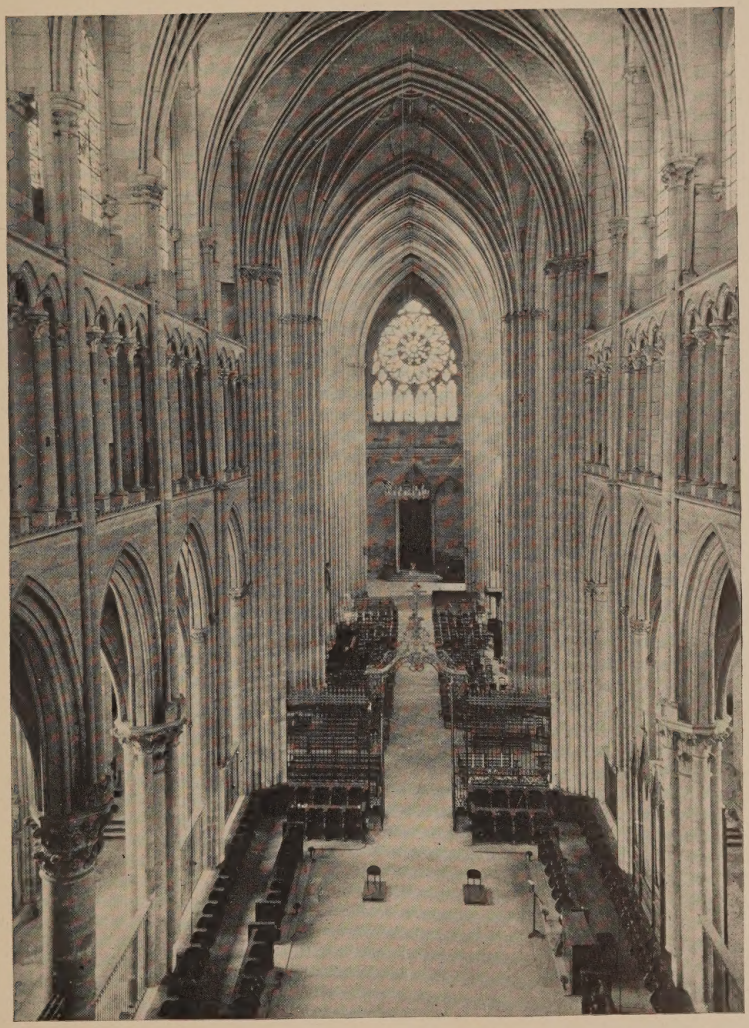
Their iconography was never as perfect as that of Amiens, and the power of their art depended perhaps as much upon form and ornament as upon statuary. The forms still remain, the porches are tall, slender, and deep, and finely if not majestically proportioned. Little figures are disfigured and niches are gaping, but the medallions whose subjects can still be read are charming compositions and possess unusual

technical skill. The Creation, the History of Joseph, the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and other Biblical themes are, in the words of Viollet-le-Duc, "treated with unequalled vigour, they are both strongly and vividly portrayed"; many of the figures, like those of the Sybils, are full of supple grace, and that of Bathsheba, in spite of its broken hands and mutilated head, can still be seen to be a masterpiece which would not have disgraced the Grecian chisel.

If these gracious portals could be restored, if only they could again exist in their first perfection, they would be marvellous examples of the style of the late XIII century and not unworthy, in their smaller scale, of an artistic fellowship with the great doors of Amiens which are the most perfect that the Gothic has created.

In the XV century, the façade was re-made, and both portals and towers stand beyond the line of its central wall. Here, behind the pointed gable of the middle door, the delicate stone veinings of the large rose and its windows were placed, and the wall ends in another decorated gable and an unfinished gallery.

Only one tower, that of the Northern end, is completed. Its four stories of arcades are regular, elaborate designs of the Flamboyant; and, as they are not exaggerated nor overly bedecked, they harmonise happily with the earlier portions of the wall which themselves are of a matured Gothic conception. The XIV century had now reached a period of architectural



"THE FORMS OF THE NAVE ARE NOT CONSIDERED AS FINE AS THOSE OF THE CHOIR."—AUXERRE.

lassitude and degeneracy, of religious wars, and of danger and loss;—and, with the North tower and the North transept, the building of the Cathedral was abandoned.

Begun in the first part of the XV century and finished only after a hundred years, this Northern transept is inevitably Flamboyant. In the larger outlines, it follows its model, the South transept, and its portals illustrate interesting scenes from the life of Saint-Germain, the famous Bishop of Auxerre. It is not without merit, but the lack of delicacy and an exuberance of detail are displays of the commonplace rather than outbursts of spontaneous and luxuriant fancy.

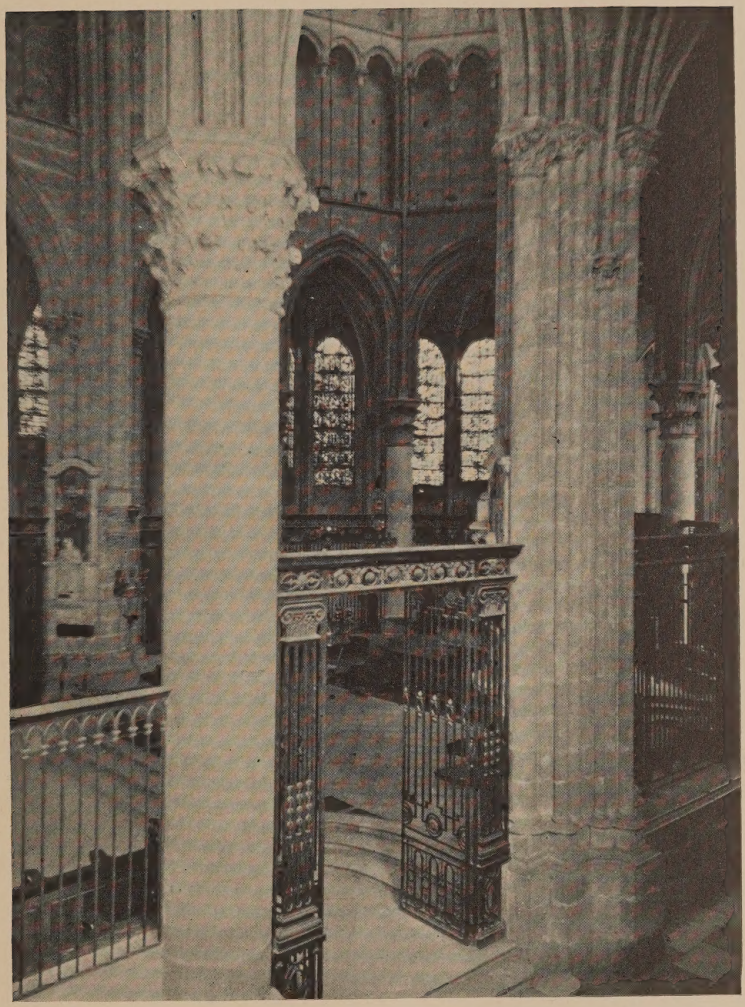
Its prototype, the South transept, has, on the contrary, the developed, reasoned culture of the Gothic of the first years of the previous century. As transept portals are of only secondary architectural importance in a Cathedral's plan, the magnificence of the doors of a façade is seldom repeated here; but of its type, the South wall of Auxerre is graceful and dignified; and, dedicated to the first Christian martyr, its bas-reliefs, which illustrate his life, form an interesting comparison with those of Saint Stephen's Portal in Notre-Dame of Paris. "We have seen," writes Victor Petit in an appreciative criticism, "the most celebrated churches of Italy, Germany, and France; we have seen works which, both from the view-point of science and art, were more considerable, but we have seen nothing

which could surpass in beauty, in simplicity, and in purity, the sculptures of this Southern portal."

The detail that has been called "the marvel of the Cathedral" is the Lady Chapel which was built in 1215.

"THE LADY CHAPEL . . . 'THE MARVEL OF THE CATHEDRAL.' "—AUXERRE.

Its slim boldness is in well-defined contrast with the stronger forms of the nave and the choir; but, hidden behind the Sanctuary, its lack of uniformity is justifiable and does not disturb the harmony of the general



"NEARLY ALL THE MAJESTIC COLUMNS OF THE SANCTUARY ARE ROUND."
—AUXERRE.

plan. In dim light, the thin ribs of its vaulting, the tall, slender columns which stand at its entrance, and their delicate capitals, give it a distinctive lightness and make it remarkable among the many lovely Lady Chapels of France for unaffected and charming elegance.

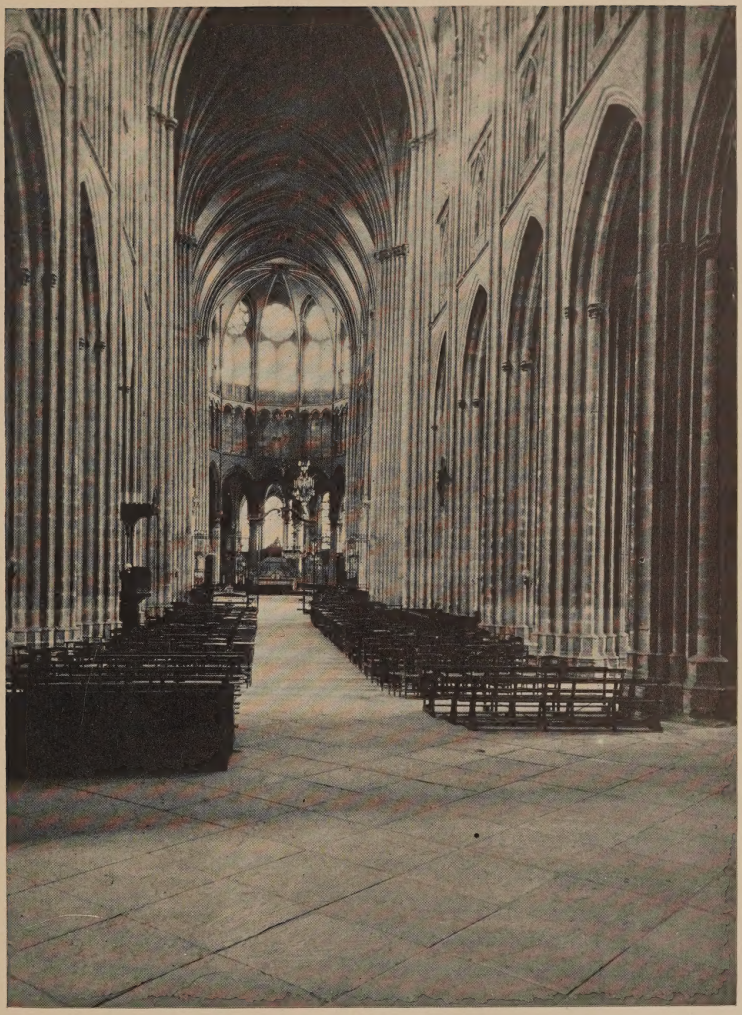
The forms of the nave are not considered as fine as those of the choir, where the Gothic exists in earlier sobriety and dignity. Nearly all the majestic columns of the Sanctuary are round, the capitals are deeply cut, and the triforium is lofty and delicately arched. The defect of the construction lies in the disproportionate effect of the choir windows. Part of their length seems to be blocked by stone and this small and opaque foundation reduces the clerestory's appearance of height and makes it too squat and heavy. Inversely, the triforium of the nave in comparison with its tall clerestory is low; and the number of the bays is here so few that, as in the lateral view of the exterior from the Abbey of Saint-Germain, the relative length of the two greatest parts of the church seems to be unhappily proportioned.

This is a defect which is only too common to Cathedrals. As the end of the work approached, episcopal building-funds were often depleted, there was a general desire that the church should be finished, and an easy and economical method consisted in the omission of one, two, or three bays. Notwithstanding the radical defect in proportion, the perspectives of the interior

are very harmonious; the roses of the transept and of the Western wall, with their well-formed design and radiant colours, are very beautiful; and in the more detailed views of the choir and the Lady Chapel, the rich "paisley" tones of a fragmentary collection of stained-glass add the inalienable charm of what is well called a "religious light."

The nave has a high and dignified vault, and the clustered columns, even in their amplitude, have a grace that all except the most slender of rounded columns fail to possess. It is a tall, white, and rather broad nave and contrasts strongly, but not harshly nor unpleasantly, with the earlier Gothic of the choir; and the general effect of the interior is handsome, cold, and irregular, and somewhat devoid of that elusive quality which is called charm. A small, well-conceived interior, it is but one among others of notable Cathedrals. In comparison with great "white" naves, it seems at once finer and less appealing than Chalôns, and, officially greater than Tours, it has no lines so faultlessly graceful as those which rise to the highest vaulting of Saint-Gatien.

In every broad view of the exterior, from the fields and from the river, the Cathedral is impressive and majestic. Its large, brown apse with the strong outlines of the clerestory windows, the buttresses, the peaks of the transept gables, and the one, big tower create a silhouette which is magnificent and picturesque.



THE CATHEDRAL'S "NAVE."—AUXERRE.

Another interesting view is that of the façade, perhaps the most distinguished part of the exterior. Its combination of set and formal, ornamental lines has an effect of strength and lightness which is uncopied. Both in the size and opulence of their plans and in their better preservation, the West walls of Amiens and Reims are more marvellous than that of Auxerre; but the heavy façades of those Cathedrals which more nearly approach its architectural rank, Sens, Soissons, and Meaux, are far inferior in proportion, in originality, and in beauty.

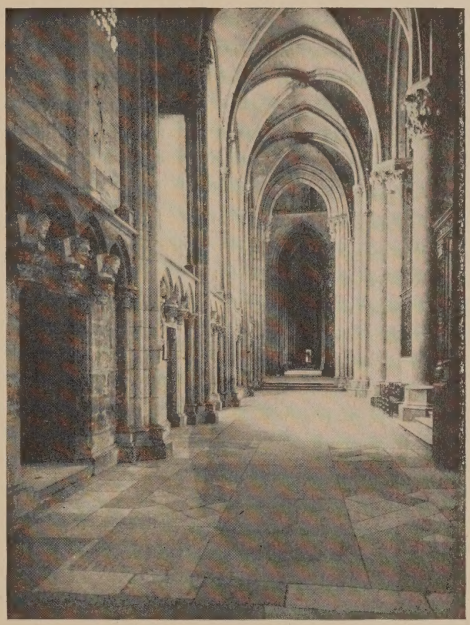
Besides the material, architectural rank of its Cathedral, Auxerre has an episcopal history of antiquity, completion, and interest. The Bishop's City, whose traces have become meagre, was a powerful domain, the prelates were mighty lords, and all the imposing and ingenious customs of the mediæval Church were honoured in the observance. Even the celebrated Feast of Fools was not abandoned until 1407; and on certain festal days a hundred years later, the Chapter is said to have played at "pelota" in the Cathedral's nave. Custom ordained that the youngest Canon should give the ball to the Dean, and, as soon as the game was over, there was dancing and feasting.

Much more serious occupations and prayers were the usual lot of these reverend priests, and in the list of their Bishops, many illustrious names are recorded. There is the Cardinal de Talleyrand-Périgord, Bishop of Auxerre, Legate of the Pope, who travelled to Poitiers

in order to mediate between the Black Prince and the French King; there was Hugh, Bishop of the city, who gradually broke the power of the peasant Fraternity of the Capuciati and vowed to destroy the Routiers and other bands of military highway-men; and there were still other famous prelates who belong to the history of the mediæval Episcopacy rather than to that of Cathedrals.

Thinking of these interesting, and often strong, anomalous, and contradictory characters, one is insensibly reminded of that which Henry Lea has written in the "History of the Inquisition" about these builders and their Cathedrals. "There was," he claims, "a source of oppression which had a lofty motive and better results, but which was none the less grinding on the mass of the people. It was about this time, the XI and the XII centuries, that the fashion set in of building magnificent churches and Abbeys, the invention of stained-glass and its rapid introduction show the luxury of ornamentation which was sought. While these structures were in some degree the expression of ardent faith, yet more were the manifestation of the pride of the prelates who erected them. And in our admiration of these sublime relics of the past, in whatever reverential spirit we may view towering spire, long-arched nave, and glorious window, we must not lose sight of the supreme effort they cost,—an effort which inevitably fell upon suffering serf and peasant. Peter Cantor, who died in the odour of sanctity,

assures us they were built out of exactions on the poor, out of unhallowed gain of usury, and out of the lies and deceits of the 'quaestuarre' or Pardoners; and the vast sums lavished on them would have been better spent in redeeming captives and relieving the necessities of the helpless."



"LONG-ARCHED" AISLE OF THE CATHEDRAL. —AUXERRE.

From many points of view the Middle Ages seem to typify the glorification of the haughty, and the oppression of those who usually derived little benefit from their labours and their submission,—the humble. The "good old days," which a certain few in France still regret, were days when the low-born saw his small harvests ruined without indemnity, or when he destroyed those of others often without knowledge of the cause to which they had been sacrificed, when he built castles for his lord's delight rather than for his

own safety, and when he fought and died in others' quarrels.

In building a Cathedral, the labourer toiled not only to the glory of God, the creation of a work of art, and, it may be, to the worldly aggrandisement and greater magnificence of a prelate, he constructed a church, a place of prayer which was practically as much his own as that of any lordly Bishop, and which, as long as they remained faithful to the town and one stone stood upon another, belonged also to his children and his grandchildren. The natural lot of the lowly of the Middle Ages was to serve and to suffer without adequate reward; and if "the mass of the people" of that day enjoyed without let or hindrance any one of the multifarious "sources" of their "oppression," it was this most sublime and inspiring production of their labour and of the national genius of the epoch, "the towering spire, the long-arched nave, and glorious window,"—the Cathedral.

It is as possible as it is improbable that "the vast sums lavished on" these edifices would have been better spent in redeeming captives. In the problem of whether the money devoted to art had better be invested in direct philanthropy, whether the time and labour bestowed upon the production of a "Paradise Lost" were better given to regaining paradise to the lost on earth, the truth too often becomes lost in a maze of conflicting suppositions and sophisms have no end. However true the unpleasant hypothesis may

"THE . . . EDIFICE IS VERY NOBLY PLANNED."—AMIENS

be that many parts of many Cathedrals have been erected with unholy money and unclean hands, it is certain that, in the midst of the squalour and poverty which characterised the poorer quarters of all mediæval cities, the open door of the church called thousands of the weary to a haven of holy meditation and repose, and that to-day many thousands who enter in the quiet chapels and kneel in the large, silent aisles feel the uplifting power of the consecrated place; and thus those who raised the Cathedrals—whether devoutly or in wicked pride—built to the glory of God on earth.

Amiens.

In 613, Saulve or Salve became Bishop of Amiens; and when he entered his See, he desired to venerate the relics of his martyred predecessor, Saint-Firmin. The ancient tomb was opened, "a suave odour" exhaled from the body of the Martyr,—and the new Bishop and the astounded people fell upon their knees.

But the marvel was not ended. Sick persons became well, spiritual favours abounded; and, as if to satisfy the grossest eye of the reality of the miracle, the trees were covered in the middle of the winter with beautiful foliage.

Pilgrims flocked to Amiens and laid gifts on its altars, December was succeeded by January and the leaves of the trees were still green; Saint-Salve believed that his Episcopacy was blessed, and he resolved

to begin a great work. The old Cathedral, Our Lady of Martyrs, was deprived of its rank, and, on a new and distant site, the Bishop built a new Cathedral.

Our Lady of Martyrs, repaired and re-built, and re-dedicated to Saint-Acheul, is now forgotten in a suburb, not a stone of Saint-Salve's Cathedral remains on another; but from his time to the present day, the episcopal church of Amiens has always stood on the site which the holy prelate chose.

The later edifice is very nobly planned, and shows to modern eyes many of the supreme glories of mediæval architecture; yet, having lived through periods of lesser creative power, it is not without additions of mediocre talents, and it represents, in larger or smaller degree, the religious art of six centuries.

Although in the immensity of its interior, the details may seem few and even meagre, they are of no mean number nor are they without interest, and they are almost intact; for the Amienois have always been proud of their Cathedral, and even during the revolution of '93, it suffered but little at angry hands.

As was the custom throughout Mediævalism, Notre-Dame is the burial-place of eminent priests and laymen; and in its chapels, its walls, and against some of the pillars of its aisles, the numerous memorials of the honoured dead of the centuries have been placed. As each epoch of the Cathedral's existence had its notable priest or parishioner, the monuments represent the artistic phases through which the church

has lived; and perhaps the most curious and finely archaic of them all are those which lie on the flooring of the nave, the metal tombs of the Bishops Godefroy and Ewrard de Fouilloy. Formerly, the paving of many large churches was beautified with these slabs, but it is claimed that in the length and breadth of France only four now exist. In Ruskin's startlingly picturesque phrase, the others were "first torn from the graves they covered, to destroy the memory of France's dead; and then melted down into sous and centimes, to buy gunpowder and absinthe for her living,—by the Progressive Mind of Civilisation in her first blaze of enthusiasm and new light, from 1789 to 1800."

Far less fine, although more popular, than the tombs of the Bishops is that of the Canon Lucas, which stands behind the High Altar. By a very few, this "Master Gymlem" is remembered because he founded a school for orphans and left money for "the proper keeping of the surplices of the choir-boys; but modern interest is not in him, nor in his marble effigy, nor in the figures of the Virgin and Child which also adorn his grave, but in the pretty cherub who sits near by. The whole work is the creation of Blasset, a forgotten sculptor of pleasant and unimportant talent. His far-famed "weeping angel" has one hand on an hour glass, the drooping head rests meditatively on the other hand, the small arm leans on a skull, and the whole conception is fanciful and partakes of the "pathetic fallacy." The chubby, crossed legs, the fat, dimpled

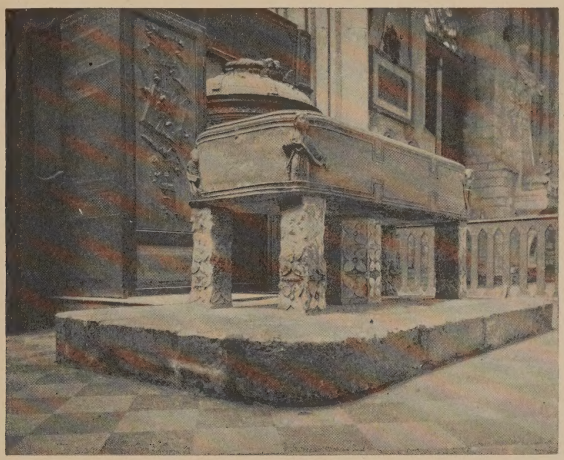
arms, and the curly head are appealing; but the charming faces of three choir-boys, which form the keystone of the monument, possess a more intrinsic merit and a truer beauty than the pudgy, little, mourning angel.

Another interesting detail of the Cathedral, which is at the same time enigmatic, is incrusted in the flooring of the nave, near the Bishops' metal tombs, and is called "the Labyrinth." It was made in the XIV century and contains the names of the church's principal architects, but it is not a memorial stone. As its name implies, it is a puzzle; a line which winds in and out, crosses and re-crosses itself, and, in a small space, grows to a great and intricate length. Old "Labyrinths" exist in a small number of churches and are sometimes believed to have had a religious significance. They are called "Ways of the Cross" or "Ways of Jerusalem"; and it is said that, in memory of Christ's journey to Calvary, pious persons used to toil on their knees from the beginning of the line to its end. But Monsieur Durand, who has so profoundly studied the Cathedral of Amiens, finds no pious meaning in its Labyrinth, and, as its interpretation remains an unsolved problem, it is now only a mysterious token of some forgotten thought.

"THE FAR-FAMED 'WEEPING ANGEL' LEANS ON A SKULL." —AMIENS.

The North transept contains another interesting

and enigmatic detail, a baptismal font of the XII and XIII centuries. Its supports are short, deeply carven columns; its basin is simply ornamented, and the figure of an Evangelist stands at each of its four corners. The font is curious because of its shape. Instead of being round, it is rectangular, and as long and spacious as a sarcophagus; and, in writing of it and



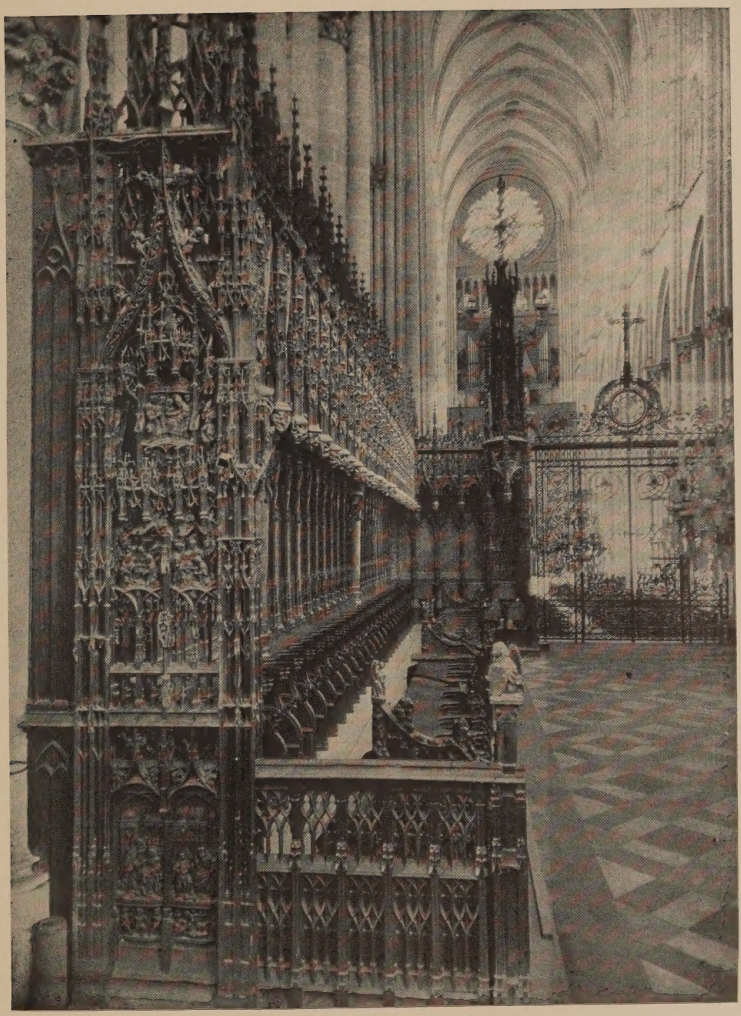
"A BAPTISMAL FONT OF THE XII AND XIII CENTURIES."—AMIENS.

of a few others of the period which have the same form and have survived to the present day, Viollet-le-Duc suggests that this large and unusual shape may indicate the persistence of the venerable custom of infant baptism by immersion.

The XII century is so far distant that the strangeness of its ideas and customs appears inevitable and appropriate, part of a past so long gone that it is

naturally shadowy and fanciful. The XVI century approaches us so much more closely that it is a quaint, amusing surprise to find its notions as archaïc and anachronistic as they often were; and no preposterous belief of any Christian period is, perhaps, more illogical than that which this century held concerning the classic Sybils. The oracular seeresses of paganism were not only brought within the walls of the church, they were also placed in close relationship with Prophets and Saints. At Auch, at Rodez, and in many other Cathedrals, they are represented as foretelling the coming of Christ, they stand in many stained-glass windows, and adorn many a screen. At Amiens, they appear again in the decorative paintings of the Chapel of Saint-Eloi, and nothing is more curious than to find a classic Sybil in a Christian church and to read on her scroll that "The Most High will come from Olympus."

Of the same century as the figures of these converted pagans of Classicism are the Cathedral's famous stalls, which were commenced on the third of July, 1508, and finished in 1519. A work of such marvellous intricacy, of such multitude of detail, accomplished in less than twelve years, calls before the mind's eye a host of carvers; yet it is almost impossible to detect traces of differing styles or even of the different manners of many busy hands. It is known that some of the decoration was made before the general construction of the stalls had begun; but each leaf, each scene, each



"A WORK OF . . . MARVELLOUS INTRICACY, OF . . . A MULTITUDE OF DETAIL."—AMIENS.

arch is flawlessly joined and combined with other foliage and figures and arches in a whole of perfect unity.

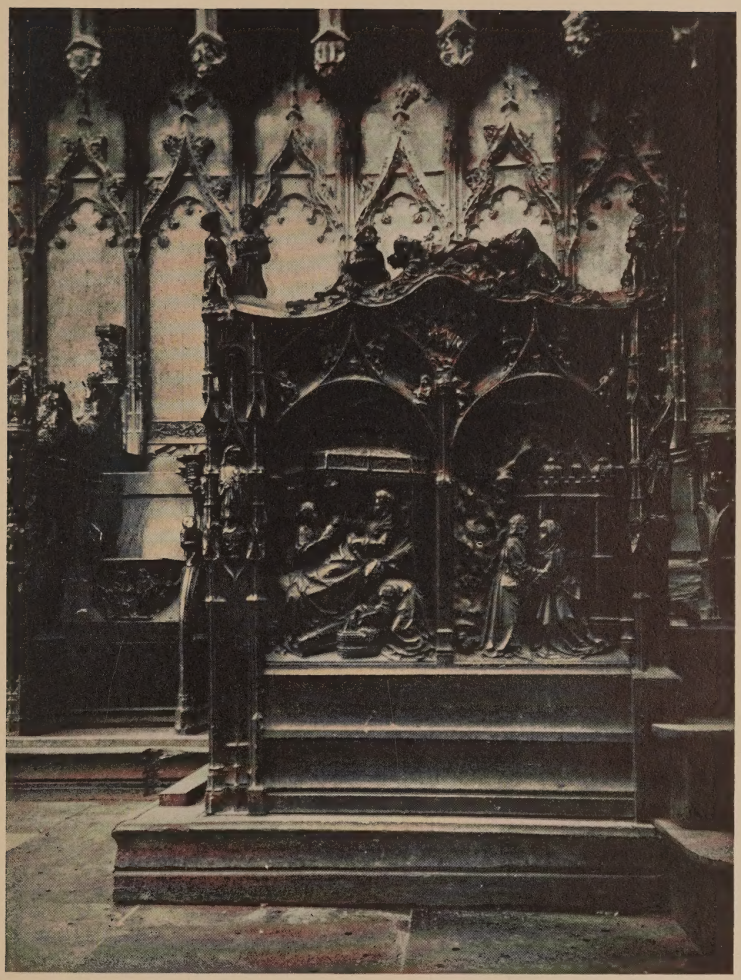
It would be interesting to know of the life of the artist—or the artists—who conceived this choir-wood. Like Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, like the monks who built great Abbeys and prayed as they worked, like the locksmith of Notre-Dame, their personality would attract wonder and curiosity; but, like many artists of religious mediævalism, the creator of the wood-carvings of Amiens was content to leave an anonymous work, and the only name which is cut in the wood itself, Jean Turpin or Trupin, appears on the records of the Chapter as that of a mere workman.

Dangers have threatened the stalls. The First Empire desired to apply a coat of varnish; in 1839, some little statues were stolen; Republicans removed a number of decorative fleurs-de-lys which Royalty restored, and Republicans again removed; in 1615, a pyramid was burned, but it was re-made; and when the rood-screen was broadened, a few seats were taken away. In comparison with such an irreparable loss as that of Laon, whose entire choir-wood fed the bonfires of the Revolution, the little losses of Amiens are entirely insignificant.

In two long rows, protected by high, carved canopies, its seats enclose a part of the side of the choir; facing the Altar, there are also a few canopied seats and the two larger, terminating stalls which were occupied by

the Dean when he officiated on solemn feast days in the place of an absent Bishop and by the King. Here and at the Eastern ends of the choir-wood are the four slender pyramids which rise to a height of more than forty feet and bear the statues of the Church, the Synagogue, Saint Michael, and Saint Paul. "You might take them for giant pines forgotten for six centuries on the soil where the church was built"; writes Ruskin, "they might be looked on at first as a wild luxury of sculpture and hollow traceries,—but examined in analysis, they are marvels of order and system in construction, uniting all the lightness, strength, and grace of the most renowned spires in the last epoch of the Middle Ages."

Between these spires, "one may find," an Abbé said in punning humour, "wood-cuts for many books." The Bible, from the Creation to the reign of David, might be profusely illustrated; Job's life is portrayed; much of the New Testament and the history of the Virgin are depicted; and, even in the "miséricordes," where the comic and the fantastic usually hide, sacred subjects are often represented. There are a multitude of little scenes, each nook and cranny has its group or figure; and, side by side with the religious seriousness, there is the profane thought, the practical and Gallic wit. Monsters and musicians live near Saints and ascetics, a fox preaches to fowls; as Melchisedec offers his solemn and prophetic sacrifice, Abraham stops the barking of a little dog; and in the scene of the



"EVERY PERSONAGE, BIBLICAL OR LEGENDARY, FRENCH OR ORIENTAL, IS A BEING OF THE XVI CENTURY."—AMIENS.

Virgin's death, several Apostles, in order to watch her holy face, have climbed on a bench, and rats and mice are scurrying beneath their feet.

Besides this commingling of the homely and the ideal in the portrayal of sacred subjects, purely fantastic and secular scenes are represented here, and not only religious history and tradition, but tales of gay poetry and fable, beloved of a contemporaneous public, are also graphically illustrated. In these representations, every personage, Biblical or legendary, French or Oriental, is a being of the XVI century. Almost all the customs are mediæval; and, perhaps by virtue of these actual rather than imaginative types and surroundings, the scenes are depicted not only without the stiffness of artificiality, but with conviction and sometimes with power. The characters are often individual and well defined; and, besides these psychological and dramatic qualities, there is artistic technique, the groups are skilfully assembled, and monotony is avoided.

About the pictures, a framework of arches extends and joins columns which shape other arches, and these, in turn, rise to create new forms until the last slender tips of the pinnacles are reached. This framework is adorned with many kinds of leaves and plants. Sometimes the plants are faithfully copied from nature, sometimes they are imaginary; at times, animals hide in the foliage, and "little people" peer over the leaves, but there is no unbridled extravagance of fantasy, and

the vagaries are delicately pleasing and graceful. The development of the Gothic style of carving in leaf and branch is cleverly combined with the Renaissance's more precise lines of ornamentation, the number of figures and the differences of detail are multitudinous; and in this prodigality of fancy and the complications of the use of two styles, difficult problems confronted the artist. Confusion of line and vulgar over-ornamentation are only the more obvious of the dangers of his methods. But, instead of vulgarity, there is nicety of workmanship; instead of an oppressive sense of over-ornamentation there is finished elegance; instead of mere display there is the beauty of richness; and in every complexity there is the reason and logic of symmetry. It is difficult to decide whether the Gothic or the Renaissance has been most perfectly expressed or whether the carver was happier in his delineation of scenes than in his exquisite traceries, and it has been well said that the stalls of Amiens are "a prodigious feat of the joiner's trade as well as in artistic conception of wood-sculpture."

Ruskin writes, "The choir-wood is late—fully developed Flamboyant just past the XV century—and has some Flemish stolidity mixed with the playing French fire of it; but wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world. Sweet, young-grained wood it is; oak, trained and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred

years since. Under the carver's hand, it seems . . . to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle," it is "fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book."

To claim that these are the finest stalls in France, is perhaps to ignore too completely some great and striking creations of wood-sculpture. It is true that the huge figures which adorn the long panels at Lescar and Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne are disproportionate, and that the fleurs-de-lys which were carved on the panels at Amiens were "well-proportioned and restful"; but it is equally true that the personages are effective, that they possess originality, characterisation, and that the fleurs-de-lys are always identical, always conventional, and show a clever adaptation of the usual rather than the exertion of an imaginative talent. The decorative art of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne, Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges, and Lescar is far inferior to that of Amiens, but Auch can endure the comparison, Brou invites it; and if "wood-carving was the Picard's joy," it was the pastime and the profession of generations of Jura mountaineers, and at Saint-Claude they have produced a work which can well challenge the most critical contrast.

Too few of the magnificent stalls which decorated many a church in the Middle Ages have survived to the present day, and none which may now be found within easy journey of Paris are worthy of mention

with those of Amiens; but a comparison which would elevate this choir-wood far above all the stall-carving still hidden in France would partake of that odium of injustice which proverbially belongs to comparisons, and Amiens is so truly great that, for its exaltation, it is not necessary to ignore Auch, Brou, or Saint-Claude.

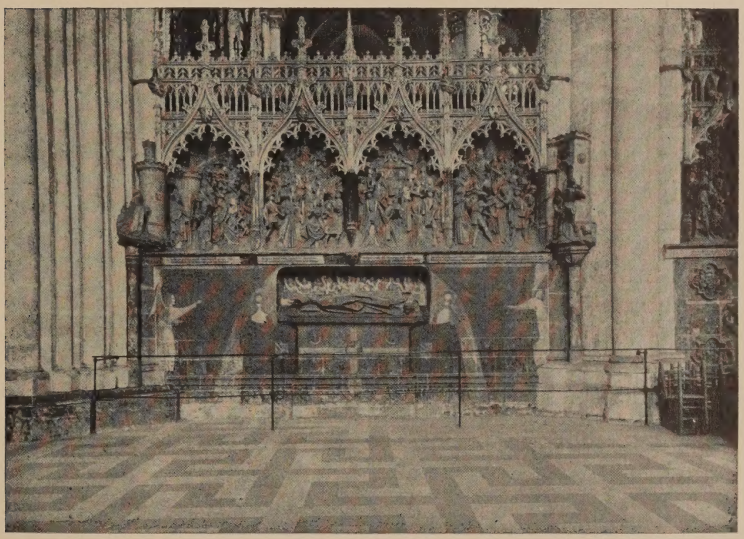
The choir-screen is of the same period as the stalls and recalls their methods and manner. It is, however, made chiefly of painted stone, "a rather bad style," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "although curious on account of the number of costumes depicted, which are faithful copies of the times to which the sculptures belong."

The structure was placed in divisions between the pillars;—some scenes still face the ambulatory, others have been moved to the North and South transepts. In general plan, these divisions are very similar. A base supports four illustrations of a sacred theme which are protected by canopies of beautiful and delicate carvings; and sometimes the base is the monument of a dead prelate, sometimes it is ornamented with little scenes and arches. At times, the canopies are Gothic, at times Flamboyant; for the periods of their construction are various and extend from 1490 till the middle of the XVI century.

Many who would travel much farther than Amiens to see a Passion Play or the reproduction of an old-time "Miracle" pass these sculptures with a glance or with the general and all-embracing interest of a moment.

Yet here are dramas in stone, here is the actual Mystery and Miracle Play of Mediævalism; and if the figures were larger, it would seem as if the actors of the Middle Ages had been petrified as they stood in the middle of the action of the sacred stage.

The South side of the choir-screen is divided into two Acts which might be called the "History of Saint-



"SOMETIMES THE BASE IS THE MONUMENT OF A DEAD PRELATE."—AMIENS.

Firmin, first Bishop of Amiens." The first four scenes which were "set," as it were, in 1490, are forty years older than those of the Second Act; and, although they have much animation and variety of pose, the attitudes are rather stiff.

In the Second Act, Saint-Sauve's preaching, his

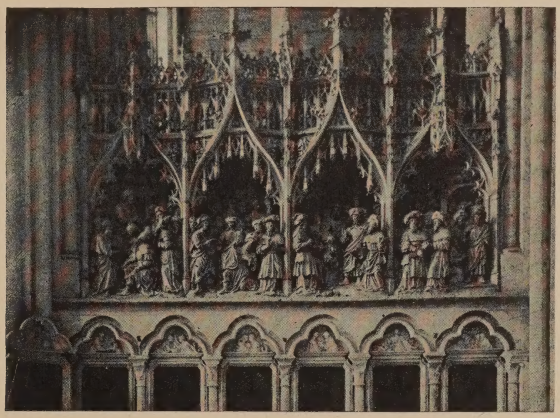
search for the body of Saint-Firmin, the discovery of the precious relic, and the good Bishop's death form the three episodes, and the history closes with the solemn Translation of his body.

Like these scenes, the sculptures forming the enclosure of the Northern side of the choir belong to the year 1531. Each bay holds four "settings," sheltered in Flamboyant niches, and at the base of each illustration, a verse explains its meaning. Here is "The Life of Saint John the Baptist from the Vision of Zacharius to the Arrival of the Holy Head in Amiens." The attitudes are still unnatural, the rich clothing is awkwardly draped, but the tale is clearly told and the drama progresses naturally.

At first, Saint John's life was one of meditation and preaching. The people gather about him, Christ comes to ask for baptism in the Jordan,—these events are quiet and sober. As the tragedy approaches, the action becomes more dramatic. The arrest of the Saint, the dance of Herodias' daughter, and the decapitation of the Forerunner are vividly presented; and the scene of the presentation of his head on the salver, when Salome faints, Herodias watches with amused scorn, and Herod, the Tetrarch, seems careworn, has real power of individualisation.

In the South transept, there are episodes of the Life of Saint James the Great, and with evident anachronisms, traces of an attempt to reproduce or to imagine the costumes of the time of Christ. But the

sculptures, although of later date, are comparatively inferior, and those of the Northern transept are far more interesting. Here, with scalpel and paint and gilt, the artist embodied his idea of Solomon's Temple as it existed when Christ drove out the money-changers. The Court, the Tabernacle, and the Holy of Holies are shown; and the Saviour, Jewish priests and people,



"THERE ARE . . . TRACES OF AN ATTEMPT TO REPRODUCE—OR TO IMAGINE —THE COSTUMES OF THE TIME OF CHRIST."—AMIENS.

and the venders appear in scenes of animated action and emotion; and in these representations, as in the latter part of the sculptured Life of Saint-Firmin, striking analogies are seen to exist between the art of the stone carving and that of the stalls.

With these stalls, the screen, and the tombs, the Middle Ages and the true Renaissance had added their sumptuous decorations to the Cathedral; and the

artistic value of the later ornamentation which the church received was pitiably decadent. The XVII and XVIII centuries were prolific in the production of the rococo. The thought that their contributions to Amiens might have been more numerous may be consoling; but the cyclopean gilt sunburst of the High Altar and the marbles, the statues, and the gateway of the rood-screen break most unhappily upon the proportions and the colour-tone of the beautiful Gothic choir; and if, as Durand would have us believe, this counterfeited, Italian art is "very discreet," it is most indiscreetly placed.

During this period of the decline of religious art, an incident of no mean interest took place in the diocese. It was 1766, and the dreadful rumour came to the episcopal ears that in Abbéville, one of the Bishop's cities, a sacrilege had been committed. The prelate, Monseigneur de la Motte d'Orléans, accompanied by members of his clergy, went down to the little city; he was taken to the bridge, and there saw with his own eyes that the protecting Crucifix had been mutilated by an impious, unfeeling hand. Seized with just horror as he stood and gazed at the sacred symbol, the Bishop determined to issue a "Monitore," the clergy soon began to dwell upon the foulness of the offence, and the people allowed their outraged feelings to degenerate into that dangerous state of bitterness which demands a victim.

Suspicion fell on many, and finally a young man

named d'Etalonde and his friend, the Chevalier de la Barre, were categorically accused.

It was a period of pious formalism, of an orthodoxy which in the highest places was sterile of good works; suave laxity too often covered indifference, or bigotry, and barbarous, uncharitable crudity of religious comprehension. It was the century following Bossuet and Saint-François-de-Sales, but it was also the century of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists; the beauty of religion was not, as in the days of Saint-Louis, exemplified in his Most Christian Majesty; and mockery, sneering, and cynicism were the new watchwords of the age.

D'Etalonde, gauging the crushing force of an uncharitable orthodoxy, fled to Prussia; but the young Chevalier, "inflexibly brave," remained in France. Barely eighteen years old, grandson of one of Louis XIV's Governors of Canada, his youth and his family's rank should have led the Court to clemency.

Unfortunately for the Chevalier's cause, his aunt, an Abbess who enjoyed the greater social pleasures which were sometimes permitted to her religious rank in the XVIII century, was a good woman. She had persistently rebuffed the equally persistent advances of an eminent Judge; and in his bitter desire for revenge, this Judge contributed indirectly, but largely, to the volume of testimony against her nephew.

Witnesses appeared who reported in exaggerated, dramatic form every word of infidelity, every act of

boastful madness,—the Chevalier's public utterance of subversive opinions, his singing of ribald songs. The evidence would seem to have proven him a very foolish and irreligious young black sheep, but, at the same time, to have been insufficient to fasten upon him the guilt of the crime.

The Judge declared, however, that he and d'Etalonde were "vehemently suspected of mutilating the Crucifix," and condemned them "to lose their right wrists, to have their tongues torn out, their heads cut off, and their bodies" cast in a fire which should be partially fed by the new, "philosophic" books of the period. The public, suffering with the frenzy which maddens crowds, was appeased; and the Church did not protest. The unhappy Abbess appealed to the Parliament of Paris, and pled that one who had, in sacrilegious folly, insulted the likeness of Him Who was the Supreme Example for His Church and Who had forgiven His murderers, should be punished with Christian mercy.

It is difficult to remember that it was 1766 and only ten years before the Declaration of Independence, that Chatham and Camden were living, that George Washington was more than thirty years old, that Paris was very generally considered the most gentle and enlightened capital of the world; for, in Christian "clemency," its Parliament decreed that the boyish Chevalier should have his hand cut off and his tongue torn out, and that the poor, maimed body should then be beheaded and not burned.

The old Dominican Brother, who was sent to admonish and console the prisoner, learned to love him; and on the morning of the day of execution, broke down utterly.

"Come, come, my friend," said de la Barre, "we . . . need strength, I especially, for the amusement of the mob bye and bye"; and, with a smile, the gallant, mistaken young man went to his awful death,—and Voltaire had a new subject for his scathing pen.

At no great length of time, the Revolution followed upon this tragic event; and, if it brought little positive harm to the Cathedral, it turned men's minds still further from the religious and the practical interest of the Church.

Our own days have been more kind; the French government restores the edifice to architectural safety and repair, and in 1850, Viollet-le-Duc built a new chapel and a serviceable house for the vergers and sextons.

Although few in comparison with its artistic details, the mediæval dependencies of Notre-Dame were more considerable than those of the last century. A Capitulary Hall, built six hundred years ago, has an interesting Flamboyant gallery and an old wooden roof and staircase, and it opened upon a Cloister which, in the XIV century, extended irregularly about the apse. Both Hall and Cloister were strangely called "des Macchabées" or "des Macabrés"; but with the destruction of the walk, the reason for the name has been

forgotten. Perhaps stained-glass or frescoes represented the "Danse Macabre," that weird, fantastic ballet of Death; and if this were true, as Viollet-le-Duc suggests, the disappearance of the Cloister would be not only an architectural but also a serious artistic loss.

But all these incidents of ancient details and of more recent history and construction have little interest in comparison with those of the actual Cathedral-building age. Amiens was then, writes Ruskin, "the Venice of France. Putting the Lagoon islands out of the question, the French River-Queen was nearly as large in compass as Venice herself; and divided, not by slow currents of ebbing and returning tide, but by eleven beautiful trout streams, . . . which, branching out of one strong current above the city, and uniting again after they have eddied through its streets, are bordered, as they flow down . . . to the Lands of Saint-Valery, by groves of aspen and glades of poplar, whose grace and gladness seem to spring in every stately avenue. . . . But the Venice of Picardy owed her name, not to the beauty of her streams, but to their burden. She was a worker like the Adriatic Princess, in gold and glass, in stone, wood, and ivory; she was skilled like an Egyptian in the weaving of fine linen; dainty as the maids of Judah in divers colours of needlework. And . . . these . . . she sent also . . . to stranger nations, and her fame went out into all lands, . . . to Spain, to Turkey, and to Barbary."

Civic and ecclesiastical pride alike demanded that the episcopal church of such a city should be built with much magnificence; and Monsieur Durand claims that it is the most vast of French Cathedrals and that its foundations, which extend twenty-six feet below the level of the earth, form an immense network of masonry as colossal as the edifice which rises above the ground.

The ancient Church of Saint-Firmin the Confessor stood on the Eastern end of the Cathedral's site, and it was such a convenient place for the temporary celebration of the Capitular services that it was not demolished until the architects of the new building imperatively needed the ground. The usual mediæval manner of beginning a religious edifice with the construction of its apse was, therefore, not followed. On the contrary, the first stone, which was laid in 1220, belonged to the nave.

Although the work progressed with the enthusiastic rapidity which signalised the beginnings of the grander Cathedrals, the steps in the development of Gothic forms succeeded each other even more quickly, and the practised eye can perceive the stages of this evolution. But these differences of period are technical rather than jarring or obvious, and if the apparent unity of Amiens is less perfect than that of Reims, its homogeneity is very marked.

It is only through the inscription of the Labyrinth that the date of Notre-Dame's inception and the names of its first architects are known.

"In the year of Grace 1200," this inscription quaintly reads,

"And twenty, the work, then falling to ruin,
Was first begun again . . .
He who was chief of the work
Was called Master Robert,
And called, beyond that, of Luzarches.
Master Thomas came after him,
Of Cormont. And after him, his son,
Master Reginald, who to be put
Made—at this point—this reading
When the Incarnation was of account
Thirteen hundred less twelve, which it failed of."

It was originally planned that the church should have a nave with single side-aisles and six bays, and transepts with half as many bays and three aisles. The choir was to open with four bays and a double ambulatory, the hemicycle of the Sanctuary was to be formed by seven arches, and the walk which should extend about these arches was to be single and from it seven chapels should radiate. The Chapel of Our Lady, at the extreme Eastern end, was to be larger and deeper than those at its sides. It was also decided that the façade should have two lofty towers, that a central spire should rise above the crossing, and that five portals, three in the Western wall and one at the end of the arm of each transept, should give entrance to the Cathedral.

These dry technicalities are interesting because they

"THE INTERIOR HAS THE GRANDEUR OF FINE AND SIMPLE FORMS PLACED IN AN IMMENSITY OF SPACE."—AMIENS.

form the "classic" type of a great church, the highest ideal which Christian architecture has conceived. With the exception of the lateral chapels, which unfortunately were added in the late XIII and XIV centuries, these "classic" prescriptions were faithfully followed at Amiens.

The interior has the grandeur of fine and simple forms placed in an immensity of space. There are no intricacies of plan. By the familiar divisions of arches, triforium, and clerestory, the high vaulting is reached; and the beauty of the effect is born, not of strange wonders, but of an exceptionally perfect concord of usual Gothic means and appliances, of a purity of line whose ornamentation is neither too mean nor too opulent, and a remarkable size which never becomes barren or ponderous.

Many bold, cylindrical pillars, each flanked by four engaged columns, support the tall arches of the nave; and the slender columns which face the central aisle rise, banded at the base of the triforium and clerestory, to the prodigious height of the capitals at which the vaulting begins to form its protecting curve. In each bay, the triforium has two arches subdivided into three smaller ones that are surmounted by an open trefoil, and the wall ends in the long, twin windows and terminating oculi of the majestic clerestory. The Western end of the enclosing wall is pierced by the portals, and its higher stages are formed by a gallery, hidden by the organ; above, there is another and still loftier gallery,

and higher still, opens the large rose of the XIII century.

Although it was built ten years before that of Reims, some architects assert that this nave of Amiens is not only lighter but more skilfully constructed than that of the Cathedral of Coronations. Advocates of the later church might then claim without extravagance that the exquisite symmetry of its aisles is as fine as the pronounced and perhaps excessive amplitude of Amiens; and at the end of the argument—which would be heated—it would seem clear that the differences between the noblest Gothic Cathedrals are often of kind rather than of quality, and that comparisons are governed more often by taste than by real distinctions of merit.

To the eye which searches keenly, it is evident that the choir of Notre-Dame does not present the same details of architectural ornamentation as the nave. The bays of the triforium end in decorated gables; the walls behind its small arches, which in the nave are made of solid masonry, are here filled with windows, the capitals are less delicate than those of the little columns of the nave, and the clerestory is more ornate. Scarcely a score of years had elapsed between the construction of the two greater parts of the interior, but, in detail, sculpture had become more complicated. The general conception in each instance was nobly imagined,—high, slender, and majestic; and it is only in the smaller parts of this marvellous whole that

"IN ITS ENCLOSING . . . WALL, TWO STORIES OF LARGE WINDOWS ARE SURMOUNTED BY THE FINER TRACERIES OF A XIV CENTURY ROSE."—AMIENS.

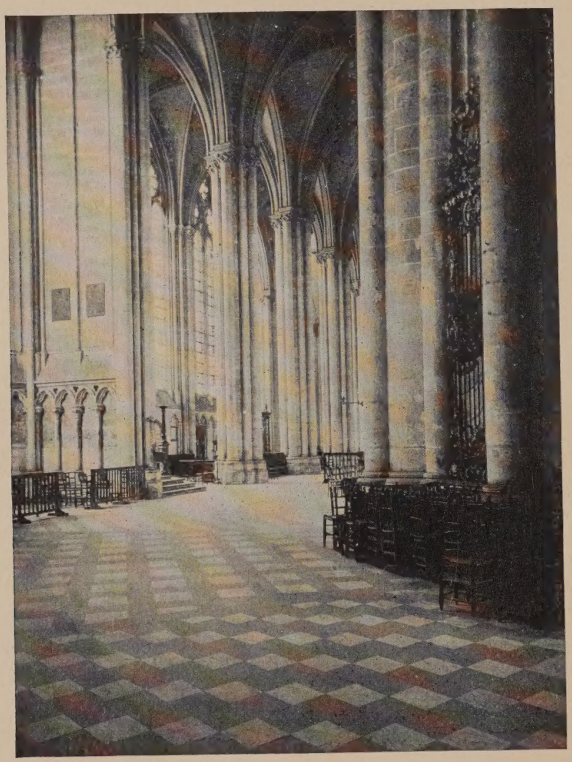
architecture had begun to lose in the quality of its simplicity.

The North transept has many of the forms of the nave; and in the upper stage of its terminating wall, two stories of large windows are surmounted by the finer traceries and the beautiful colours of a rose of the XIV century. The South transept follows the same architectural forms, and its terminating wall is adorned with two galleries of windows and a Flamboyant rose of the first years of the XVI century.

It is sometimes difficult to divine the artistic thought of the later Gothic builders who added deep transepts to their Cathedrals. The number of perspectives is always increased; but, at times, the grandeur of effect is sadly diminished. At Amiens, these "arms of the Cross" do not disturb the harmony of the whole; they add, perhaps to the sentiment of vastness which the interior inspires, but their singular beauty lies in the immense bays which rise above the arcades of the Northern and Southern walls, the sea of glass held, like sparkling wine, in a goblet of carven stone.

Chapels have a religious purpose, but it is comparatively seldom that they have any genuine artistic value. Those of the apse of Notre-Dame prove one of the happy exceptions to this rule. The Lady Chapel, familiarly called the "Little Parish," is in itself a tiny church of much perfection; and all the chapels are of a more developed Gothic form than the lower arches of the choir and have a marked relationship to the

still later constructions of the Sainte-Chapelle of Paris. A short, blind arcade, the piscina, and three large windows nearly fifty feet high, form their chief orna-



"FINE PROPORTIONS, . . . A MEASURED ELEGANCE, AND A PLEASING CONCORD OF LINES."—AMIENS.

mentation; and to the simplicity of effectiveness, they unite fine proportions, lightness, a measured elegance, and a pleasing concord of lines.

On the South side of the nave, the Chapel of Saint

Nicolas bears this inscription, "The good people of the cities about Amiens who sell waides have made this chapel from their offerings." The "waide" was the "isatis tintoria," a plant which, before the invention of modern processes, was most important in dyeing. It was largely cultivated in Picardy; and "the good people" who brought it to the market of Amiens, desiring a place for the particular religious celebrations of their class and having sufficient wealth and importance, "made" the chapel to the honour of the kind Saint Nicolas.

The action of these tradesfolk was that of the Guilds of all commercial cities. Rich ecclesiastics and noted families also contributed largely to the creation of these special and more private places of devotion; and, through their liberalities during the XIV and XV centuries, Amiens received its full complement of chapels, unfortunate architectural superfluities which were constructed between the buttresses of the nave. As high as the aisle on which they open, these alcoves are very lofty; and they have a broad, open spaciousness which is in marked contrast to the older methods of chapel-building, the antithesis of perspectives which, as at Bourges, vanish in the shadows of low-curved vaults, in mystery, and in the silence of darkened places of prayer. In themselves, however, they have no especial, artistic worth, and they serve chiefly to destroy the unity, the perfection of proportion and grandeur,

which by right of its primitive plan belongs to the nave.

In endeavouring to judge this interior with admiring and fair estimation, several difficulties beset the student of Amiens. His mind is haunted by the tradition of an unquestioning belief in the absolute supremacy of this Cathedral, and his eye, often annoyed by the artificial perspectives which the nave chapels create, is also continually disturbed by floods of cold, white light which pour through many windows. By reason of accidents, patches, and ill-considered restorations, the church has lost much of its mediæval stained-glass; and a habit of the Canons of the XVIII century, which assumed almost the proportions of a mania or an epidemic, added to this unfortunate destruction. In order to see more clearly, these reverend gentlemen, who would universally seem to have been less familiar with the breviary and more near-sighted than their predecessors, deliberately removed the long, decorative panels of the windows and replaced them with clear white panes. Through this substitution, as by other, more subtle encroachments of plain glass, the beautiful and harmonious glory of the interior has been sadly diminished. Viollet-le-Duc writes only too truly that its nave is "a great reservoir of air and light"; for the cold, undimmed atmosphere of day gives it something of a reservoir's barren spaciousness, and those who admire a magnificence which is now that of chilled nudity, can imagine the nobler Amiens which was

"A GREAT OPEN SPACIOUSNESS."—AMIENS.

clothed in dim light, in the august splendour of silent and religious majesty.

The loss of stained-glass is the mishap of time and fate, not a defect in the original plan nor in its execution. Closely studied from a technical viewpoint, the ornamentation of the choir, especially that of the arches of the triforium, seems less truly fine than the earlier examples of the nave;—but in a whole so nobly inspired, little objections appear captious. The pillars, higher than those of Reims and nearly a third less bulky, are ideally shaped, and the workmanship and the proportions are calculated with consummate skill. It is true that to those whose Gothic ideal is slender height, the generous amplitude of the nave of Amiens is too expansive; but only one intrinsic defect can be definitely cited,—the carved frieze which lies at the base of the triforium and encircles the whole interior. This garland of foliage is in itself very charming and graceful; but, in comparison with the Cathedral's best form of ornamentation, it is an intricate and insistent detail, and even Viollet-le-Duc is fain to beg the question of its appropriateness.

If, to those who have eyes only to admire, this observation seems tinged with prejudice, its corollary is indisputable,—that the foliated band attracts the eye too constantly, that it detracts from the impression of the church's superb height, and prevents that magnificent and unbroken uplift of line which should be—and is not—more transplendently fine at Amiens than

at Tours or Troyes. From such a viewpoint, the frieze becomes a beautiful defect rather than a beautiful addition; and again it is a question whether this splendid interior, which is perhaps in theory the most structurally perfect of any Gothic plan which reached completion, is in fact any finer than several others built under the tutelage of the Isle-de-France.

It was in the heroic period of the Cathedral-building ages that Notre-Dame's most dramatic history was enacted. To those who know the story of Philip Augustus and Ingelberga, it will seem a pity that their tragic wedding, which was celebrated in a former Cathedral of Amiens, may not be veraciously imagined within the edifice which exists to-day; but the earliest ceremony of note, which took place when the nave was in process of completion, was Saint-Louis's celebrated sentence of arbitration between the Barons of England and their King, Henry III.

Another ceremonial which emphasised the supremacy and the suzerainty of France occurred in 1330. Philip of Valois had demanded the homage of his powerful and dangerous vassal of England, and the young monarch, Edward III, most reluctantly came to Amiens.

The nave of the Cathedral was hung with tapestry and cloth of gold. Dressed in violet velvet sewn with fleurs-de-lys, crowned with a diadem of gold and sparkling jewels, and holding the golden sceptre, Philip came to the large throne which had been pre-

pared for him. A brilliant assembly of ladies and greater and lesser nobles had followed in his train, and near the throne stood the magnificent royal feudatories, the Kings of Navarre, Aragon, Majorca and Minorca, and of Naples, Cyprus, and Jerusalem.

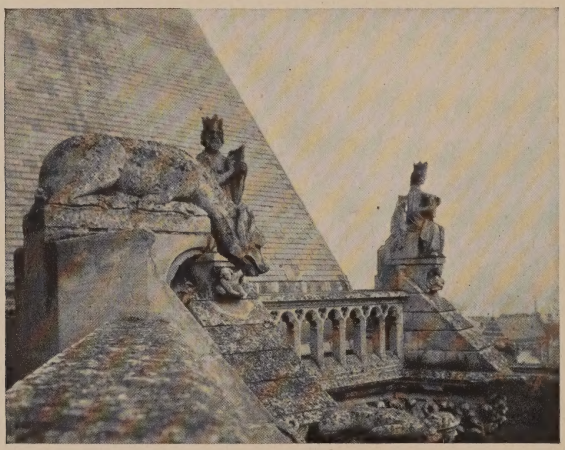
With compressed lips, the haughty boy-King Edward appeared on the threshold of this scene. For a bare moment he paused, his hand on the hilt of his sword, and looked before him. He knew that he wore gilded spurs, that a crown was on his head, he felt the scabbard pressed against his side, but he said bitterly in his heart "that in all the world there was not so grand a King, nor so splendid a Court" as this which glittered before him. Trailing behind him a sweeping cloak of crimson velvet embroidered with the golden leopards of his house, he strode in, and, kneeling, added his homage to the glory of his rival lord.

In 1385, with the terrible marriage of Charles VI and Isabella of Bavaria, which was celebrated in this same nave, the wheel of fortune received a swift turn and the vengeance of the Plantagenets loomed with tragic intensity.

Unlike the Parvise of Notre-Dame of Paris, the exterior of the Cathedral of Amiens recalls few dramatic memories and possesses an archæological rather than an historic interest. In the realisation of technical unity it is much inferior to the interior, and the inequalities of its style extend from a colossal and archaic bas-relief of Saint Christopher and the Child Jesus to

the magnificent iconography of the portals of the façade.

The apse is marred by two small excrescences which hang upon its Southern flank; but if not the most original part of the Cathedral, it is admirably dignified. The long windows of the chapels, high, straight buttresses, and peaked roofs form the severe outlines of



"CROUCHING ANIMALS AND MUSICAL KINGS WHO ARE PERCHED ON TOPS OF BUTTRESSES."—AMIENS.

its lower story; and its ornamentations, the stone traceries of the windows, the narrow frieze, the gargoyles and little caryatides, the balustrade, and the crouching animals and musical Kings perched on the top of the buttresses, are so discreet that these severer outlines dominate. Above the chapels, the architect has built with a radical contrast of decorative luxury. Flying buttresses, carved and arched, extend like

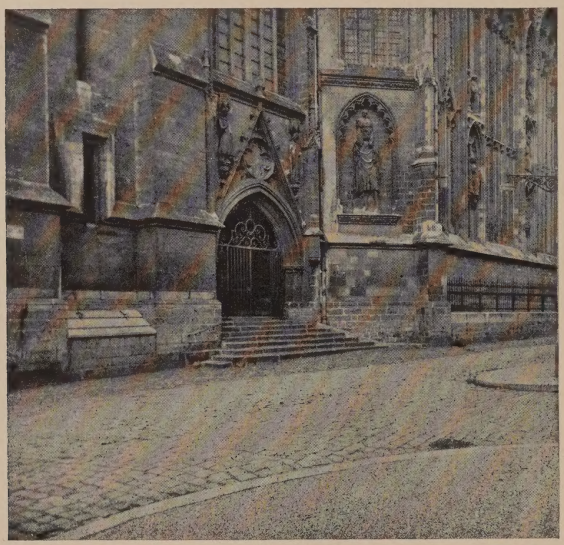
beautiful, drooping wings; pointed gables crown the high windows of the clerestory, a balustraded balcony extends at the base of the great, peaked roofs, and beyond, above the crossing, the spire soars and adds the final elevation of its needle to the series of superimposed pinnacles which are the dominant forms of the apse.

The exterior wall of the Northern transept, which has yet to be restored and completed, is much simpler than that of the Southern arm. Its shallow embrasure, called the Portal of Saint Firmin the Confessor, belongs to a primitive construction anterior to 1236, and is disposed in much the same manner as the later Door of the Gilded Virgin and resembles it both in size and in form. It has but little decoration, a window fills its tympanum, the scenes in bas-relief are worn, and the dignified and solitary figure of a Bishop, a work of the XIII century which is believed to represent Saint Honoré, stands on the dividing pier of the doorway.

As the statue of the Mother and Child, which adorns the dividing pier of the South transept, was formerly painted and gilded, the entrance is sometimes called the Door of the Gilded Virgin. It has been also less commonly named the Portal of Saint-Honoré, because its tympanum is filled with scenes from the life of the holy prelate. In its large Saints and its general style, this Southern portal of Amiens is comparatively primitive, it is more graceful than that of Paris, and the smaller forms and figures seem to belong to the epoch

of Philip the Fair; but, as a composition, it is rather stiffly conventional and shallow,—and necessarily of a secondary importance in the architectural plan.

The walls of the nave, often merely an essential part of a symmetrical whole, have here a particular interest. On those of the North chapels there are



"NEAR THE BIG SAINT CHRISTOPHER OF THE SOUTH WALL, THERE IS A PRETTY DOOR AND A LITTLE PORCH OF THE XIV CENTURY."—AMIENS.

remarkable statues of the Virgin Mary, Charles V, his son the Dauphin, and the Cardinal de la Grange, and the faces of the three royal and ecclesiastical personages are believed to be portraits. Near the big Saint Christopher of the South wall, there is a pretty door and a little porch of the XIV century which, Viollet-

le-Duc tells us, formerly opened on the Cloister; and above these details of the lower story rises a forest of pinnacles and buttresses.

Unlike the arched, decorative flying-buttresses of the apse, which are of a more advanced period, those which support the nave are massive and plain; the former have firm vigour, the latter have a more brutal appearance of strength, and it is the slender pinnacles of the straight piles which mask the plainly muscular arms and give decorative lightness to the walls.

It is probable that, unlike Reims and Laon, no spires were planned for the transepts and that the Cathedral possesses as many towers as its first architects intended.

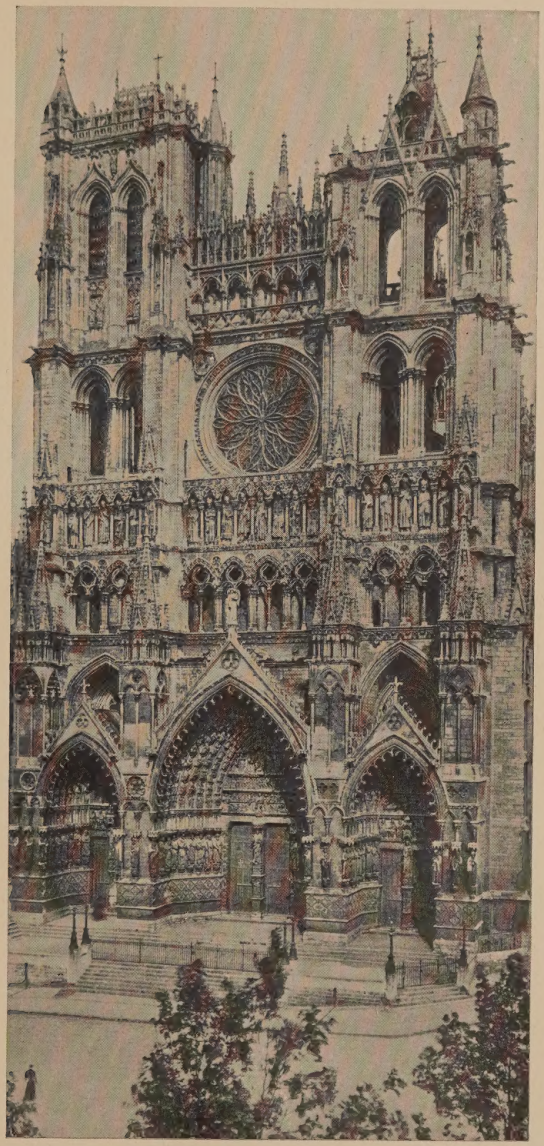
In the XIII century, according to the custom of the time, the central crossing was surmounted by a spire of wood and stone; and when, many years later, this "needle" was destroyed by lightning, it was replaced by another of painted, gilded, lead-covered wood. Built in 1528, a wind-storm played havoc with this construction; and in 1627, almost fifty feet of its height were cut off, rains and fogs have washed away its paint and gilt, and it is probable that the spire is much inferior to its predecessor. Yet, as a specimen of the lead-worker's art of the XVI century, it possesses artistic significance, and its Flamboyant and Renaissance carvings, its statues of Christ and the Saints, and its slender silhouette have much real merit.

It is, however, in itself alone that the spire is truly lovely. Rising from the colossal roofs of the Cathe-

dral, its delicate base seems frail and puny; in comparison with the huge lines of the monument, its grace is that of a cherub's head on the torso of a giant. It may be appreciated, even in the unhappy proportions of its surroundings, as one of the few of a series of shapely spires of a past age which have survived; but its place is not above the crossing of Notre-Dame of Amiens, it would be a fitting adornment for some charming village church.

The Northern and Southern towers are even less significant than the spire; and as they rise but little above the gable of the roof, their independent and, as it were, personal existence may be said to have had merely a beginning. The two stories of long, pierced bays, which are higher than the Gallery of the Kings, must formerly have presaged other symmetrical stages, but a substantial roof now covers each tower and seems to give it a definite termination. Dissimilar, truncated, they are poor works of the later XIV century. In style, and above all in proportions, neither one nor the other is such as the Cathedral's greatest architects would have built; and if Robert of Luzarches could see the disproportionate effect from which his façade now suffers and the elephantine heaviness which these dwarfed towers lend to the large outlines of the church, he might well sit on the chalk cliffs of Amiens and mourn his mutilated plan.

The façade of a Gothic church was composed of windows, roses, galleries, and portals, more or less



"THE FAÇADE IS FINELY CONCEIVED."—AMIENS.

handsomely superimposed, flanked by towers, and supported by buttresses whose utilitarian force was more or less cleverly decorated and concealed. In a Cathedral of the second rank, like that of Meaux, these ornamental stages were economically arranged; at Paris, there is no lack of opulent means, but the genius of the architect prompted a majestic rather than a sumptuous display; at Reims and Amiens, the builder has used every fine detail, every rich ornament which a fertile, sane, and exuberant fancy could suggest.

Although parts of the Western wall of Amiens surpass in beauty and elevated inspiration the corresponding portions of Reims, Amiens is far from possessing in its façade the concordant magnificence of the Cathedral of Coronations.

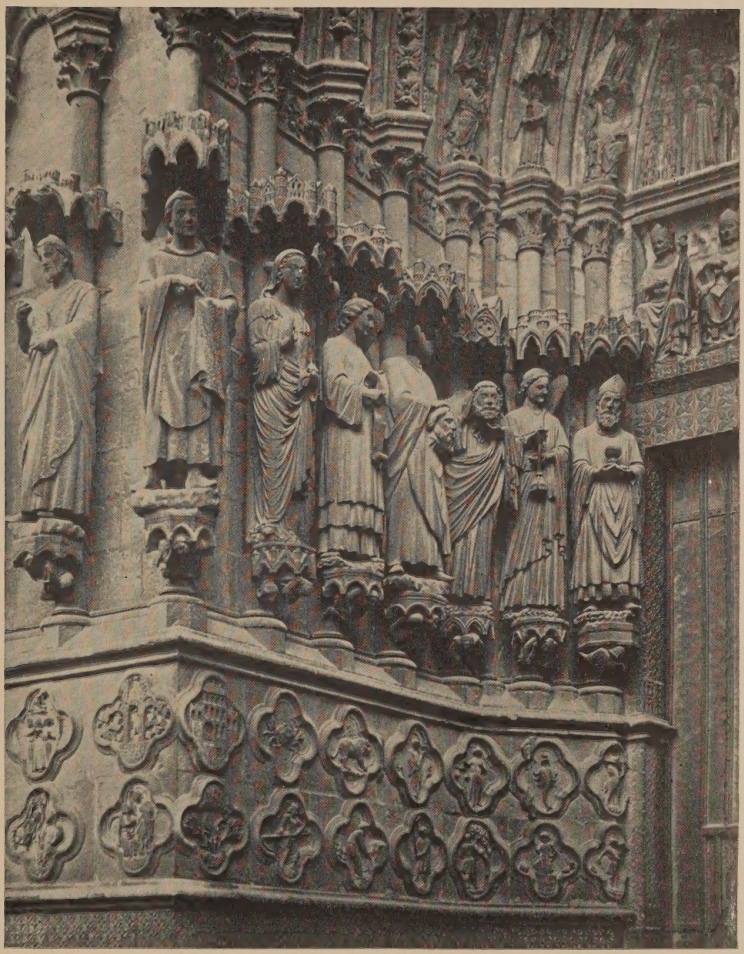
Until the cornice which extends above the great rose is reached, Amiens is finely conceived. The portals, the arcaded gallery, the majestic row of Kings, and the straight buttresses which project between the doors and end in carved and decorated pinnacles, have few artistic faults. The comparative equality of the height of its two galleries is considered infelicitous, and those who are interested in the different uses of Gothic devices can compare the relative results of contrasting heights in the galleries of Notre-Dame of Paris. Monsieur Durand writes also of "a sort of indecision of line behind the gables or pinnacles which surmount the three portals."

But these slight defects are unobserved in the consideration of the serious and unequalled artistic qualities which exist below the rose. If the decoration seems to approach closely the limits of perfect measure, the style is broad, the subordination of detail is well understood, the sculpture is in high and distinct relief, and both the detail and the ornamentation unite as it were, easily and naturally, in the formation of a well-ordered and well-proportioned whole.

Above the rose, the architects of 1240, who built the lower stages, laid no stone; and the upper stories of the towers and the central gable were constructed in the XIV century and changed by restoration, and they have never been worthy of the great wall which supports them.

Far finer than this later construction, finer than the majestic statues of the French kings who, according to tradition, stand in royal array from Chilpéric II to Philip Augustus, more beautiful than the lower gallery which Viollet-le-Duc declares to be "of the most beautiful style of the XIII century," is the first story, the three receding portals.

Their deep bays penetrate between the four straight, heavy buttresses of the façade and are crowned by pointed gables. Each door has a dividing pier, and its statue, and a tympanum covered with several zones or stories of scenes. On either side of the bays under the arched vaulting, figures sheltered by daïs are placed against little columns and rest on small bases that are



"ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF THESE SAINTS OF AMIENS IS . . . BISHOP GEOFFROY."—AMIENS.

ornamented with many caryatides. In a large frame of stone, quatrefoils contain symbolic or dramatic scenes; the same order of columns, daïs, figures, and quatrefoils is continued on the front of each buttress; and a broad stone base, hammered in a conventional pattern, terminates the wall. The iconography of this wall is filled with profound religious knowledge and feeling.

The statues which stand against the buttress-walls represent the Minor Prophets, those nearest the Apostles are the Major Prophets, and within the central bay stand Christ, Saint Paul, and Eleven of the Twelve with whom He dwelt in earth. "The entire mass of the front is seen, literally, as built on the foundation of the Prophets who foretold and the Apostles who declared Him,—Jesus Himself being the chief corner stone. . . . Withdrawn behind this great foundation," as Ruskin finely writes, "are the lesser scenes of the story and the pastoral and traditional teaching of the Church," the Portals of the Mother of God and of Saint-Firmin.

"The theme solemnly developed in the . . . . Office of Dedication," continues Monsieur Durand, "seems to have been the inspiration of the iconography of the central door. . . . The Church, the material Temple, is figured in the ancient law by the Temple of Jerusalem. . . . It is the Spouse of Jesus Christ, city of God, the heavenly Jerusalem built of living stones which will replace the fallen Jerusalem and which will

triumph . . . when in His second coming," which the tympanum prefigures, "Christ shall confirm absolutely the Kingdom of God and the ruin of the Kingdom of Satan."

To all mortals who await that day, God is manifest by His Word. It is therefore to the Help of Christians, to Jesus Christ, Son of Man, that the Cathedral's chief door is consecrated. The Mid-Pillar is He before Whom Prophets, Apostles, and Saints alike stand in unending witness and service; and "the voice of the entire building is that of Heaven at the Transfiguration, 'This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him.'"

As is appropriate, the portal of the first Bishop of Amiens, Saint-Firmin, is adorned with statues of the holy men and women of his diocese, Ulpha, Fuscian, Geoffroy, and Victoric, and also with Guardian Angels. The experiences of the early Saints are full of dramatic and psychological significance, a knowledge of them adds new interest to their portraiture, and for the modern, to whom their history is often a sealed book, it is unfortunate that the quatrefoils of the under-lying frieze should contain the conventional signs of the zodiac rather than scenes from their holy lives.

One of the strongest of these Saints of Amiens is Geoffroy, who stands at the right hand of Saint-Firmin. As his mitre shows, he also was a Bishop, and he reigned in the episcopal city from 1104 until 1150. Consecrated at Reims, he was accompanied upon his solemn entry into his diocese by eminent members of

the reverend clergy and by noble laymen; at Saint-Acheul, he elected to dismount and walk bare-footed along the road to his Cathedral.

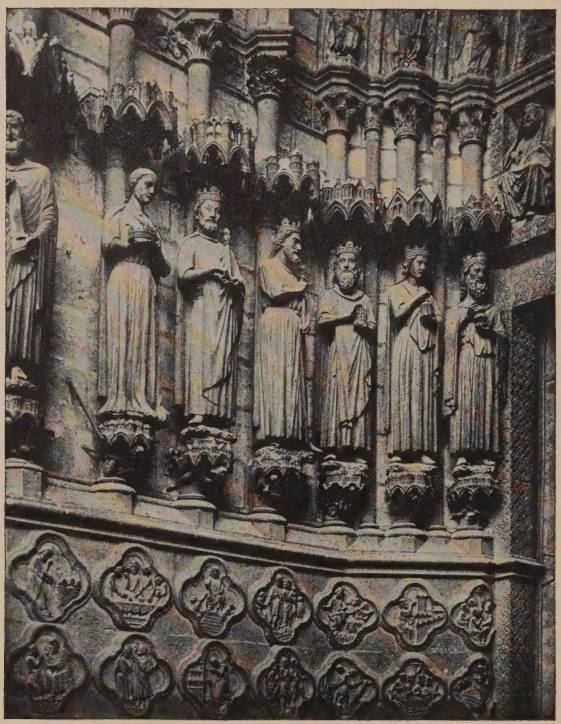
Nine years after his Coronation, the good prelate, instead of exalting the exclusive power of the Episcopate, led the people in the formation of a commune. Threatened by the feudal Count of the city, Enguerrand de Boves, Louis the Fat came in person to aid him and his flock; the Count's castle was razed, and an independent, commercial prosperity began which, at the commencement of the XIII century, enabled Amiens to join the Hansa of London.

"At another time," writes Ruskin, this Bishop of the people "walks bare-foot from Amiens to Picquigny to ask from the Vidame the freedom of the Châtelain Adam. . . . He is," continues Ruskin, "a man of entirely simple, pure, and right life; one of the severest of ascetics, but without gloom,—always gentle and merciful. Many miracles are recorded of him, but all indicating a tenor of life which was chiefly miraculous by its justice and peace. . . . Nevertheless, the people not enough obeying him in the order of their life, he blames his own weakness rather than theirs; and retires to the Grande-Chartreuse, holding himself unfit to be their Bishop.

"The Carthusian Superior questioning him on his reasons for retirement, and asking if he had ever sold the offices of the Church, the Bishop answered, 'My Father, my hands are pure of simony, but I have a

thousand times allowed myself to be seduced by praise.'''

The iconography of the Virgin's portal is biblical



"THE KINGS FROM THE EAST BEARING GIFTS . . . AND SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA APPEAR IN SYMBOLIC MAGNIFICENCE."—AMIENS.

—the Kings from the East, bearing gifts, stand before her; Solomon and the Queen of Sheba appear in symbolic significance; and the Visitation and the Presentation to the aged Simeon are touchingly portrayed.

But in all the doorway, no statue is so perfect as that of the Madonna which stands on the dividing-pier.

It has been said that Christian art has presented three great types of the holy Mother,—"the Dolorosa, who is the Byzantine type and Cimabue's; the Queen, crowned, calm, and full of power and gentleness, who is essentially the Frank and Norman ideal; and the Madone Nourrice who is the Raphaelesque and generally late and decadent type."

Hundreds of these Madonnas were elegantly sculptured and painted in the XII, XIII, XIV, and XV centuries; and at Amiens, the last two are finely and characteristically represented in the Queen of the façade portal and the Gilded Virgin of the transept.

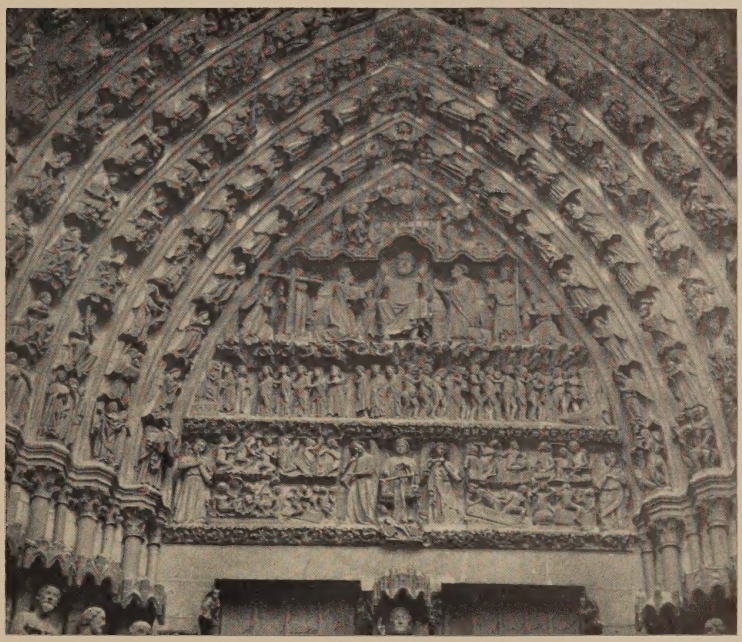
"In examining these two statues," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "one measures the distance between the French artists of a century's time. . . . The execution of the statue of the Gilded Virgin is marvellous. The head is modelled with infinite art and charming expression; the hands have rare elegance and beauty; the draperies are excellent. But this Virgin . . . is a charming mother who seems to have no other care than the caressing of the Child Whom she carries in her arms. . . . She is a noble lady quite happy to be with her Child, and not at all attacked, it would seem, by that languishing malady which a certain school of art critics attribute to the statuary of the Middle Ages. No serpent is beneath the feet of the Gilded Virgin of Amiens; and her nimbus, richly ornamented with

precious stones, . . . is held by three little Angels of delightful workmanship." She is charmingly—but weakly—human. This pretty French Madonna, writes Ruskin, in lighter vein, has "her head a little aside, and her nimbus switched a little aside too, like a becoming bonnet. A Madonna in decadence she is, though, for all, or rather by reason of all, her prettiness and her gay soubrette's smile. . . . But they could still carve in the XIV century, and the Virgin and her hawthorne-blossom lintel are well worth your looking at."

The Mother of the façade is stronger and more earnest. Her statue combines majesty of style with true religious thought. She is akin to the Queen of the portal of Paris, but she is more sympathetic, more spiritual and beautiful. "On the pedestal which bears her, the birth of Eve and the fall of Adam are carved; her foot crushes the serpent's head; she is grave, she extends her hand in mercy. She seems like a divinity, and she receives homage and accepts it. Her Child, like His Mother, is calm and dignified,"—He is the long-expected Jesus, the Christ.

It is, naturally, the central portal which holds the most vital lessons of this "Bible of Amiens"; and it is interesting to compare its Scenes of the Last Judgment with the more poignant Drama of the central tympanum of Notre-Dame of Paris, to study the marked characterisation of the Greater Prophets, the youthful piety of Daniel, the quiet power of Jeremiah, the meditative thoughtfulness of Ezekiel, and the majestic strength

of Isaiah. It is not less interesting to study the individualities of the Apostles, perhaps more finely and clearly defined in this portal than in any other work of mediæval sculpture,—Saint John is, as always, young; Saint Thomas is tall and resolute, Saint Paul's fore-

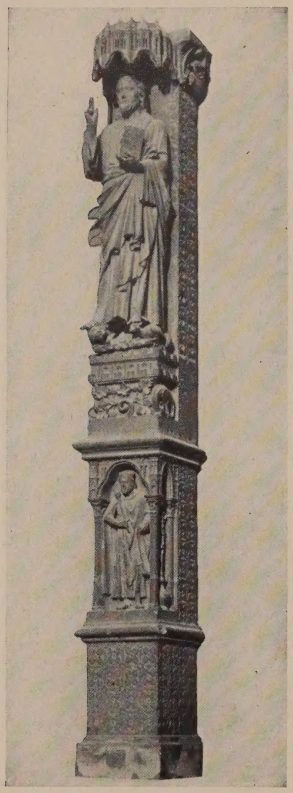


"ITS SCENES OF THE LAST JUDGMENT."—AMIENS.

head denotes thought, and each of the other Disciples bears the particular mark of power or of goodness for which he was chosen.

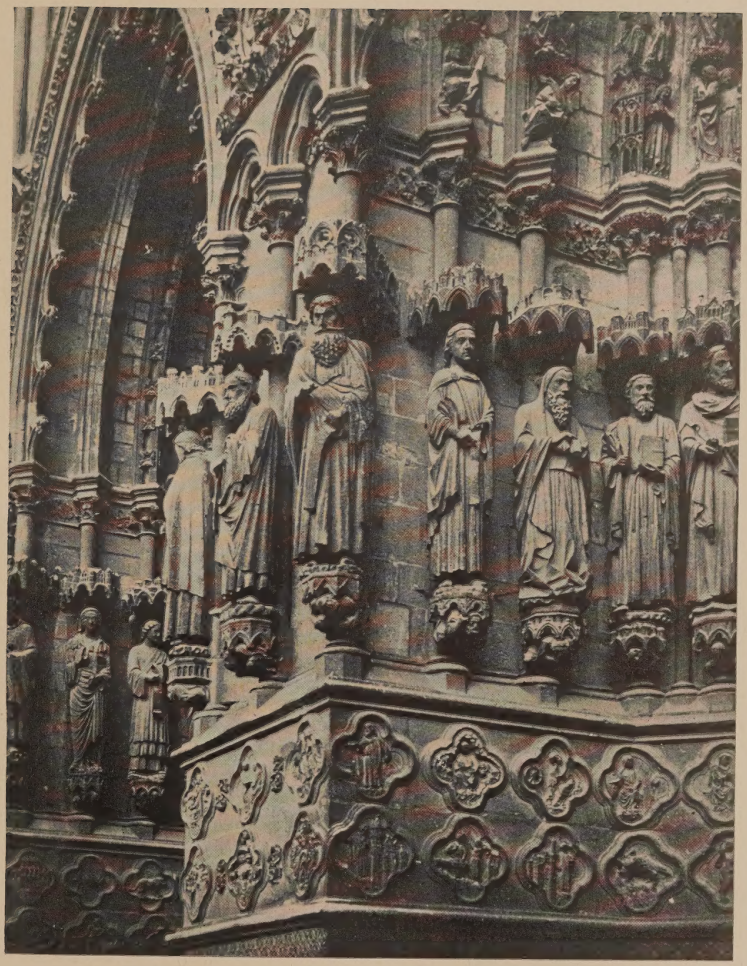
All interest of the portal, however, centres in Christ, the Fountain-Head, Who is called the "Beautiful God of Amiens," "yet," as Ruskin finely writes, "is

understood by every worshipper to be no more than a symbol of the Heavenly Presence, as the poor, coiling worms below were no more than symbols of the demoniac ones. It is no idol, in our sense of the word,—only a letter, or sign, of the Living Spirit."



"'THE BEAUTIFUL GOD OF AMIENS.'"

In gravity and strength, in serenity of expression and majesty, this statue is comparable with the noble Christ of Reims, and as a mere work of art, it is more finished. With His right hand, the Saviour blesses; in His left hand, He holds the Book; His feet rest on a lion and a dragon; and David is His pedestal. The XII century imagines Christ as immortal and triumphant. The XIII century represented the glorious Judge, but it depicted also the Son of Man. Many of these impressive figures were destroyed by the raging Huguenots of the XVI and XVII centuries and the mad Revolutionists of '93, but it is probable that no finer expression of the ideal was created than this of Amiens. It is "the Byzantine type without dryness or hardness," it has



"THE PIETY OF A YOUTHFUL DANIEL, THE MEDITATIVE THOUGHTFULNESS OF EZEKIEL."—AMIENS.

sweetness and firmness, its deep gravity is without sadness, and "the entire monolith is one of the noblest pieces of Christian sculpture in the world."

It has long been popular and customary to assert that with the possible, if not always probable, exception of the most holy recluses and prelates, the Christian of the Middle Ages was singularly ignorant of the Scripture. The makers of XIII century Amiens had not only profound thought on religious themes, but a minute and detailed knowledge of the Chroniclers and Prophets of the Old Testament. Works of art are seldom created in numbers for an incurious public; the prelates who supervised the construction of the Cathedral and followed its growth with thoughts and gifts could scarcely have intended their flock to be ignorant of subjects which they allowed to be illustrated along a daily pathway. Nor is it probable that the good citizen of the Middle Ages, who could not read, had so little curiosity that he passed indifferently by these graphic and sometimes extraordinary pictures. The fine figure of Nahum, the intellectual face of Haggai, must have awakened questionings in a people whose interests were restricted by walls of caste and education but who were not less intelligent than ourselves.

In the quatrefoils beneath the Apostle's feet, a homily is suggested by the virtue which he conspicuously manifested and its accompanying vice. Thus the mediæval worshipper could see that "Saint Peter,

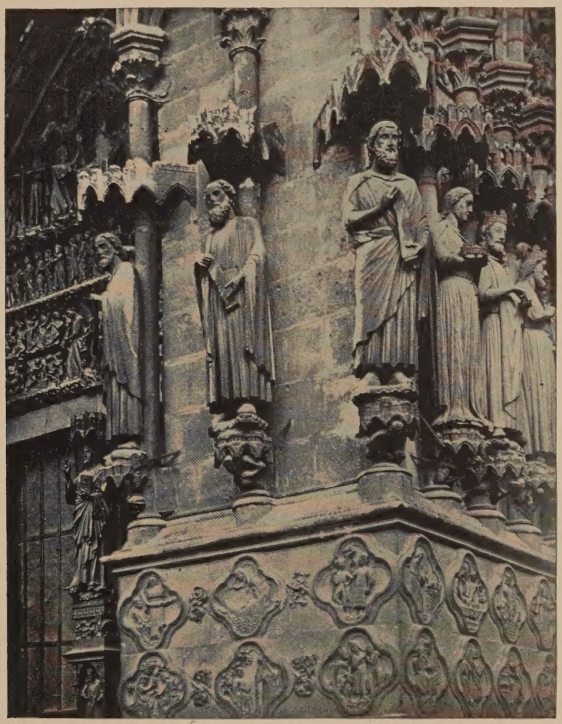
denying in fear, is afterwards the Apostle of courage; Saint John, who, with his brother, would have burnt the inhospitable village, is afterwards the Apostle of Love." But better than the symbolic quatrefoils of the Apostles and far finer, both in pictorial and imaginative qualities, than the signs of the zodiac are the historic scenes from the lives of the Prophets. Sometimes the events of a chapter, sometimes a verse is illustrated. Beneath the statue of Nahum, a group of persons suggests the "Princes and great ones" of his third chapter, seventeenth verse; and, below, three people under a fig-tree, who are catching its falling fruit in their mouths, illustrate an earlier verse which speaks of "untimely figs."

Habakkuk is first represented as writing. "I will watch to see what He will say to me," records the Prophet. Beneath, Daniel is sitting in a cave. With one hand he pats a lion, his arm is around the neck of another, and two cubs, at his feet, are gnawing bones. The roof of the cave has suddenly been broken; and Daniel, surprised, sees, through its hole, an Angel bearing Habakkuk by the hair of his head.

The quatrefoils of Zephaniah are less various than the portrayal of Habakkuk's traditional ministry. In the upper frame, according to the twelfth verse of the second chapter of the Prophet, the Lord strikes Ethiopia; and in the frame below, all kinds of crawling things live among the tottering walls and peep out of their crannies, and the "beast in Nineveh," spoken of in the

same chapter as the striking of Ethiopia, is illustrated also.

It is possible only to suggest the rich number and variety of these tiny scenes. Jonah escaped from the



OBADIAH, MICAH, AND "JONAH ESCAPED FROM THE SEA."—AMIENS.

sea, a messenger kneeling to a King, and a multitude of figures illustrate the Old Testament sometimes quaintly, sometimes graphically, but always with thoughtful care; and it is with just reason that Ruskin entitles these storied entrance-ways the "Bible" of Amiens.

But it is not only as archæological and scriptural illustrations that the doors of the Cathedral claim attention, they are equally important in the history of Gothic art. Dry technicalities fail to describe the individuality which differentiates each personage, together with the homogeneity of their assemblage, the power of characterisation, the numerical force of the details, the fecundity of ideas, and the perfection of the material proportions of height and depth,—the incomparable harmony of the sculpture and the architecture.

The portals of Reims have beauty of adornment without subtlety of detail, those of Paris, fine dramatic vigour with imperfections of outline, and neither those of Paris nor those at Reims have the perfect consonance of the Western doors of Amiens. Other grand and stately doors have been built, but none of any Gothic Cathedral of any land can compare with these in intellectual and artistic magnificence.

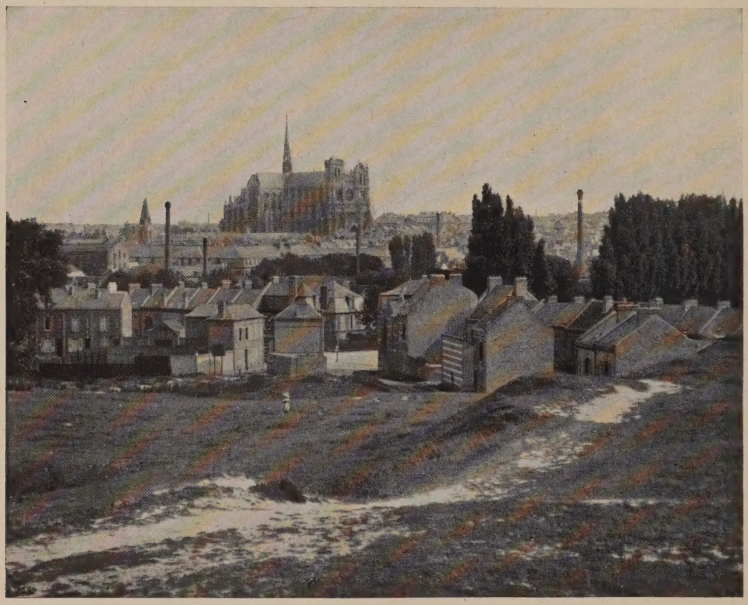
It is still popularly believed, not only that its portals are the highest product of the Gothic imagination, but that the entire church is vastly superior to any other Cathedral of France. Its position on an easy route to Paris, the constant comparison between its more brilliant development and the severer forms of the Cathedral of the metropolis, and, above all, the lengthy and apparently exclusive admiration of Ruskin have combined to impress this fallacy upon the mind of the English-speaking traveller.

It is also true that Viollet-le-Duc has called this Cathedral, as well as the greater Saint-Pierre of Beauvais, "the Parthenon of French Architecture," a happy phrase which, perhaps, has been too literally interpreted. In Notre-Dame of Amiens, the "classic plan" is majestically manifest; it is, therefore, a Gothic Parthenon. But, although this plan was faithfully followed, it was not brought to completion. The method was ideal, but the entire result was not attained. In the forms of the nave, the height and beauty of its arches, the façade until its rose is reached, and the lower parts of the transepts and of the choir, the grandeur of the conception culminated;—but the Cathedral received many other parts, its earliest architects were dead, and the continuation of their work was accomplished by lesser hands.

In realising only partially the glory of its promised sublimity, Amiens is like all the more famous churches of the Middle Ages, and to acknowledge that there are a few French Cathedrals—a very few—which were as noble in primitive design and are now its equal in nobility of achievement, is no derogation to its wonderful art.

Ruskin, who perhaps loved Amiens more because he knew it better, did not intend to unjustly debase other churches for its glorification. This Cathedral, he writes, "has nothing to boast of in the way of towers,—its central flèche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter,—the total structure is in dignity

inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Reims, and in loveliness of figure-sculpture to Bourges. . . . And yet, in all, and more than these ways, outshone or overpowered, the Cathedral of Amiens deserves the name . . . of 'The



"FROM THE CHALK CLIFFS OF THE CITY, ITS GREATNESS SEEMS HEAVY."
—AMIENS.

Parthenon of French Architecture,' for it is Gothic clear of Roman tradition and Arabian taint; Gothic pure, authoritative."

Consider it from the chalk cliffs above the city, its greatness is heavy; look at it from the parvise without lifting the eyes to its rose, it seems a marvel; in the

nave, it is almost sublime. The work of human hands, it could not attain perfection; but, with Reims, Bourges, and Beauvais it reaches the apotheosis of Gothic Art.

Troyes. It is not uninteresting to know that "Troy Measure," the table to which our sorely tried childhood endeavoured to give a local habitation as well as a name by a fancied connection with Hector and his town of wondrous story, received its appellation from the Troyes of France.

The capital of Champagne, "born, like Paris, in an island of the Seine," this city in the XII century was strong and important, and the seat of two annual fairs which would bear comparison with any in Europe. "No Barons," writes Morrison, "perceived more distinctly than its able Counts, the fact that more might be made by favouring merchants than by plundering them, that the latter was a precarious source of revenue tending naturally to destroy itself, while the former was perennial and worthy of all care. . . . The merchant in those wild, feudal times was essentially a huckster, going where he could or where he found sales, paying his way cautiously, hopeful of gain but having more reason to fear loss.

"In the Middle Ages, fairs were the prominent, if not the sole, means of traffic on a large scale . . . and Count Theobald's six fairs in Champagne had . . . a reputation with the commercial world of the day. For

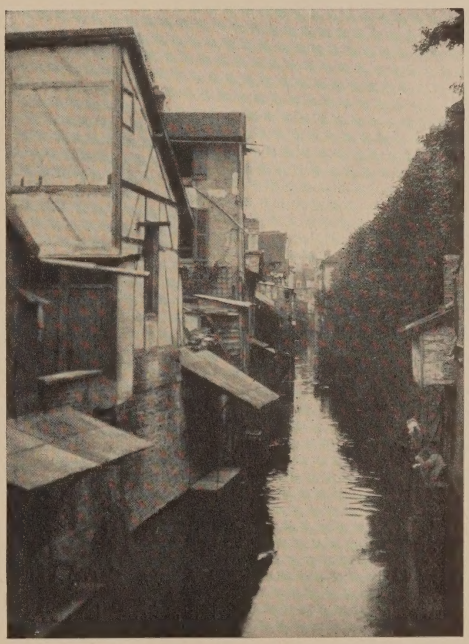
soldiers and escorts of proper strength were appointed to attend the caravans of merchants travelling towards Troyes and other towns of his dominions, such as Lagny and Provins; and these escorts were commanded by Knights who had received the charge as a fief and who thus found an interest in effectually performing their duty."

In this way "it came about that troops of Levantines, Armenians, of Flemish, Italians, Germans, and Provençals, with their various wares, costumes, and languages, went by—or near—the ascetics at Saint Bernard's Clairvaux," and finally passed through the gates and the narrow streets of Troyes to build booths on the public squares.

Credit was well understood; and, "even in those turbulent times, the buyer was not obliged to pour out the fair farthings at the delivery of goods. He could contract to pay at the traders' next visit. His contract was sealed with the Seal of the Fairs, and interest could not rise higher than one hundred per cent and was often much less. The escort guards of the merchants enforced the payment of these debts, interests, and obligations; their bailiffs or sergeants did not fear distance in waiting upon bad clients, and even went so far as to interdict the entrance of churches to Canons who had not honoured their notes."

In the betterment of the Middle Ages, religion played a far more notable part than commerce, and its preponderating influence was not more strongly felt

by the few and noble than among the multitudes of the more lowly. "The inferior clergy," writes Vallet de Viriville, "were the confidants and often the helpers of hearts filled with immense aspiration towards the justice of God. In this respect, Augustines, Carmelites, Jacobins, and Cordeliers claim the first rank, . . . and many of these men, without home, without country, fought morally in favour of France. Through their words, through their flocks, through their disciples, they contributed to found a country for us.



A NARROW WATER-WAY OF TROYES.

"Troyes was but a stage between Paris and Lyons on the road to Italy, and the preachers who . . . agitated the peninsula returned to the city whose monasteries furnished a nursery of eloquent and popular orators." The many churches which still remain in daily use, attest the number of its priests and com-

munities of the Middle Ages. There is Saint Urban's delicate Gothic chapel which rivals the Sainte-Chapelle of Paris, Saint-Jean-au-Marché, Saint-Pantaléon, who is the patron of physicians, the Madeleine with its lovely rood-screen, Saint-Remi, Saint-Nicolas, Saint-Gilles, and, among others, Saint Peter and Saint Paul, the Cathedral.

Such a bee-hive of religious life naturally attracted the interest of the astute minds of the Church; and, in 1128, a notable Council convened in the city. Ten years earlier, Hughes de Payanis and a few other Christian paladins had made vows, "like regular Canons, to live in chastity, obedience, and poverty; and, for the remission of their sin, to keep the roads and passes free of robbers and assailants, and to watch over the safety of pilgrims to the Holy Land as much as they could." With this simple and beautiful idealism, the Templars, like errant Knights of the Grail or the Round Table, came into being. But the institution did not thrive at once. In ten years, its numbers, which were to grow so powerful, had reached only nine; and de Payanis, the Prior, addressed himself to Saint-Bernard and begged for a public recognition of his little Order. After due deliberation, it received, at the Council of Troyes, a solemn sanction; it was decreed that the Templar should wear a white mantle, and that, in his monastic character, he should belong to the Order of Saint Augustine. The holy Abbot of the Cistercians did not draw up the "Rule" of the new

community, but he wrote a "Tractate on the New Warfare" which, strangely combining ideals of the preacher of a Gospel of Peace and the bloody enthusiasm of a warrior of the Middle Ages, explains the beliefs that produced the Crusades.

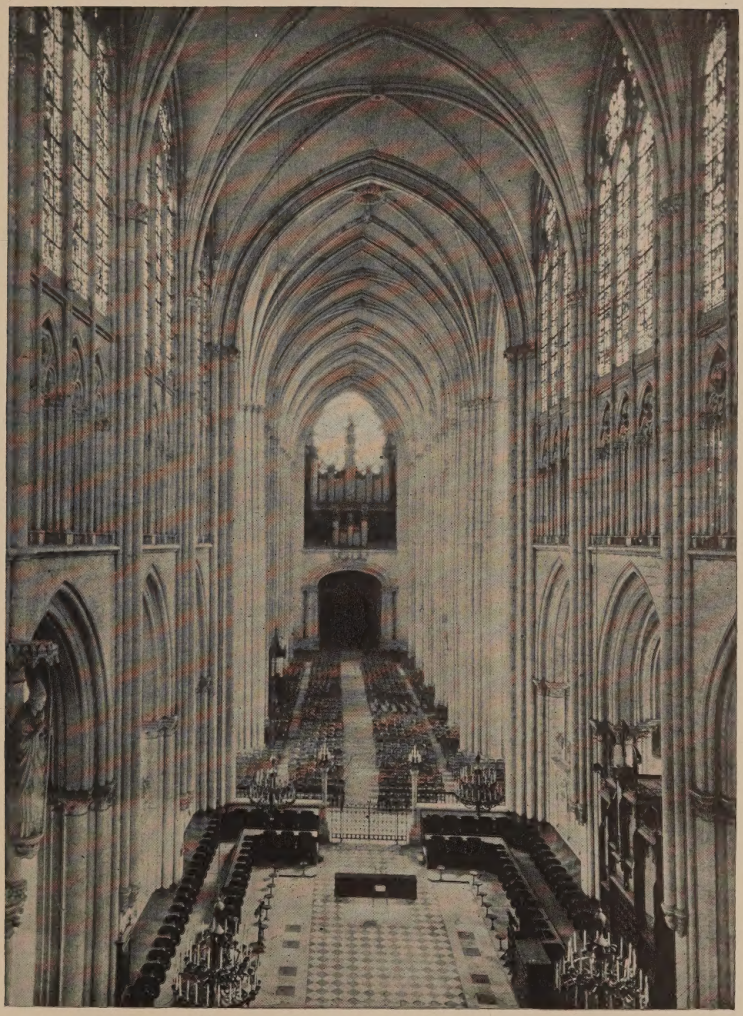
Troyes was renowned not only for its connection with the great Orders but for the renowned members of its Episcopacy. One Garnier de Traisnel, Bishop of the town, joined the Crusaders at Venice; and, with the Bishop of Soissons, commanded two ships which were going to the Holy War, the "Paradise" and the "Palermo." In the siege of Constantinople, the troops of the doughty prelate of Troyes were first to climb the ramparts, to plant his flag, and to announce the victory; and, in 1205, after having sent to his distant Cathedral some precious objects which his soldiers had seized, Monseigneur de Traisnel died in the stronghold which he had helped to conquer.

Another Bishop, John Léguisé, illustrates still another sacerdotal ideal of the Middle Ages. "Pastor of souls," writes Vallet de Viriville in his interesting Memoirs, "Léguisé was also in his difficult and troublous times the defender of" his diocese. "In 1429, he had surrendered it to King Charles and the Maid, and he remained firmly loyal to legitimate authority while almost the entire surrounding country was still Burgundian. He watched vigilantly over the interests of his people, the Counsellors of the city took no step without voluntarily consulting with him,

. . . and, as soon as Burgundy was appeased and the invaders driven out, the good Bishop . . . secured from the Crown the canalisation of the Seine, and he virtually created and organised the Hansa of Troyes."

During the first quarter of the XV century, of which these occurrences were the happy conclusion, the most humiliating events of French history were enacted within the walls of this town. In 1417, John the Fearless wished to make Troyes the capital of France, and he and Isabella of Bavaria moved there with Court, Council, and Parliament; and there, in 1420, the shameful treaty was signed which declared the illegitimacy of the Dauphin and virtually gave France to Henry V of England; there, in consummation of the national disgrace, the Princess Katharine of France was betrothed and married to the Plantagenet conqueror. It is said to have been before the High Altar of the Cathedral that this melancholy betrothal took place; but in less than a decade, the progress of history brought newer and more pleasant ceremonials to the church, and it was either on the ninth of July, 1429, just before Joan of Arc entered the city at the head of the royal troops, or, as some writers more poetically describe, next day, in the presence of the Maid herself and of Charles VII, that the church was dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

It was not the first Cathedral of the ancient diocese; but the former edifices had been destroyed; and this, the last, was begun in 1208, and it is claimed that its



"THE EXPRESSION OF ABSOLUTE AND RELIGIOUS BEAUTY, OF PERFECT DIGNITY."—TROYES.

plans were drawn by the hand of no less a person than its Bishop, Hervée. However this may be, the apse of the church was completed within fifteen years and beautiful stained-glass was placed in some of its windows.

Then began a series of disasters which would have daunted any courage less valiant than that of the Cathedral-builders. In 1227, a violent "tempest" of wind "discovered" serious technical faults in the structure, and parts of the choir were literally "torn out"; in 1365, a tower fell; in 1700, a central spire, more than three hundred and fifty feet high and embellished with an apple, a Cross, a cock, and large scales of copper and lead "which shone resplendently in the sun," was burned; and, according to its iconoclastic custom, the Revolution of '93 destroyed the statuary of the chief portals.

This chapter of misfortunes had two lasting results. Postponing much of the work of building until the period of architectural enthusiasm was past and diverting to repairs large sums of money which should have been expended in new construction, it prevented—perhaps for all time—the completion of the Cathedral; and prolonging this work through the different mature phases of the Gothic evolution, it gave to important portions of the church, forms of ornamentation which the simpler and stronger genius of its earliest architects could not have conceived.

Although the delays both in building and re-building

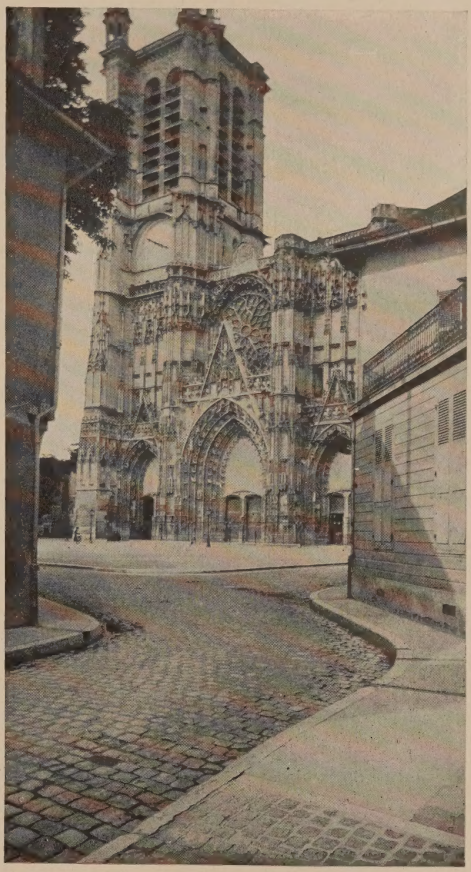
were long, it would have been impossible without the aid of powerful protectors and determined prelates and a generous people to have brought this great edifice to its present condition. Besides many others more humble, Urban IV, early in its career, "contributed by all the authority of his high position to the edification of the Cathedral 'in which,' he said, 'we dwelt since our youth.' "

The restored choir and the transepts were erected in the early XIV century, the nave was built slowly and did not receive its vaulting until 1496, and ten years later, at the time when the foundations of Saint Peter's at Rome were begun, the Western portals were constructed.

The "Tower of Saint Paul" is still a mere trunk; and although it was commenced in a harmonious style, the single "Tower of Saint Peter" was not finished until 1638, and its upper stories show the degenerate architectural fashion of that day.

In this Church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, there is no trace of tentative Gothic, the style has passed far from the early forms of Noyon and Senlis; but beginning with the apse and 1208 and continuing to the façade and the middle of the XVII century, all the chief modifications of the mature style may be seen,—from the perfection of beautiful majesty to the greatest luxury of ornamentation, and from this rich Flamboyant to the comparatively uninteresting decline of architectural power.

The decadence is shown particularly in the Tower of Saint Peter. From the viewpoint of art, its staring clock-face, plain belfry-stage, and two little spires form a negligible piece of construction, and it is the broad flank of the wall which alone gives distinction to the façade. In standing before this wall as it exists to-day, a very keen and appreciative imagination is necessary in order to see it as it was designed by its builder. It now seems handsome, stunted, and mutilated; its niches are empty, its tympana are large expanses of white blankness, its dividing piers are without statues, and as a whole, it is much too low in comparison with its breadth. It was, however,

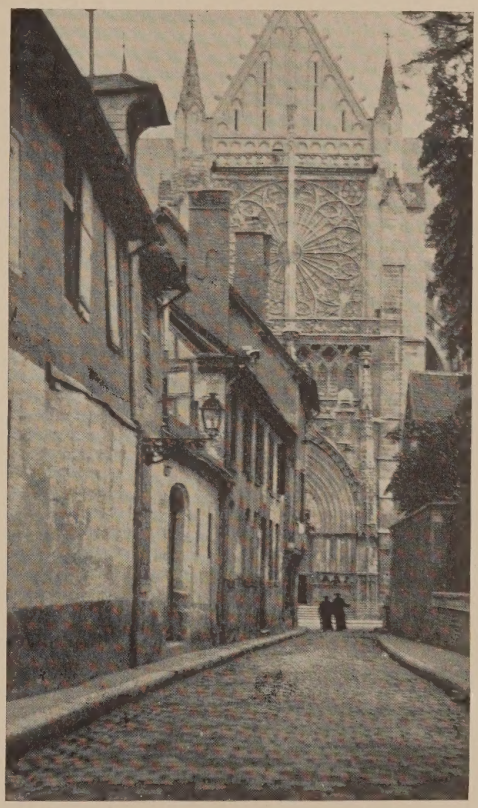


THE FAÇADE "ALTHOUGH HANDSOME IS STUNTED AND MUTILATED."—TROYES.

planned by no less an architect than Martin Cambiche, who is said to have "made a specialty of façades." As is well known, he built the pretty transepts of Senlis, the handsome transepts of Sens, and the majestic Northern and Southern enclosure of Beauvais; and one who remembers these high, well-proportioned productions of late Gothic art, can look at the scarred, patched wall of Troyes and, in imagination, picture a "Last Judgment" and scenes from the life of Saint Peter and the life of Saint Paul which should fill the tympana, terminate the central wall in a gable, and build towers as finely consonant as that of Auxerre with its façade. The conception of Martin Cambiche will then be realised,—in imagination.

Now, in spite of the extent of its material remains, his original idea is expressed scarcely more adequately than that of the architect of Maillezais by the unroofed and vine-covered walls of the noted Abbey. The difference is that between practical and artistic ruin; and perhaps at Maillezais, where the destruction is more obvious, the original intention of the creator is more sympathetically divined than at Troyes, where incompletion is made more desolate by ugly compromises and repairs. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that when the façade passed unfinished from the hands of that expert builder, Master Cambiche, the Flamboyant school lost a large and striking masterpiece. And Master Cambiche cannot be entirely exonerated from the blame of this loss. He had

planned well; but in execution, he was perhaps dilatory, or perhaps he undertook too much. In any event, the good Canons of Troyes, who desired to see the material consummation of the design they had approved, followed him hither and yon with messages; they importuned their brethren of the Chapter of Beauvais to allow him to return, they even negotiated the expenses of the journey, and, at length, became so discontented with his procrastination that they gave the work to other, less capable architects; and the façade of Troyes, like so many fine Gothic ideals, was never realised.



"THE TRANSEPTS . . . ARE FORMED WITH LARGE GRACE AND THAT DIGNIFIED DECORATION WHICH IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE XIV CENTURY."—TROYES.

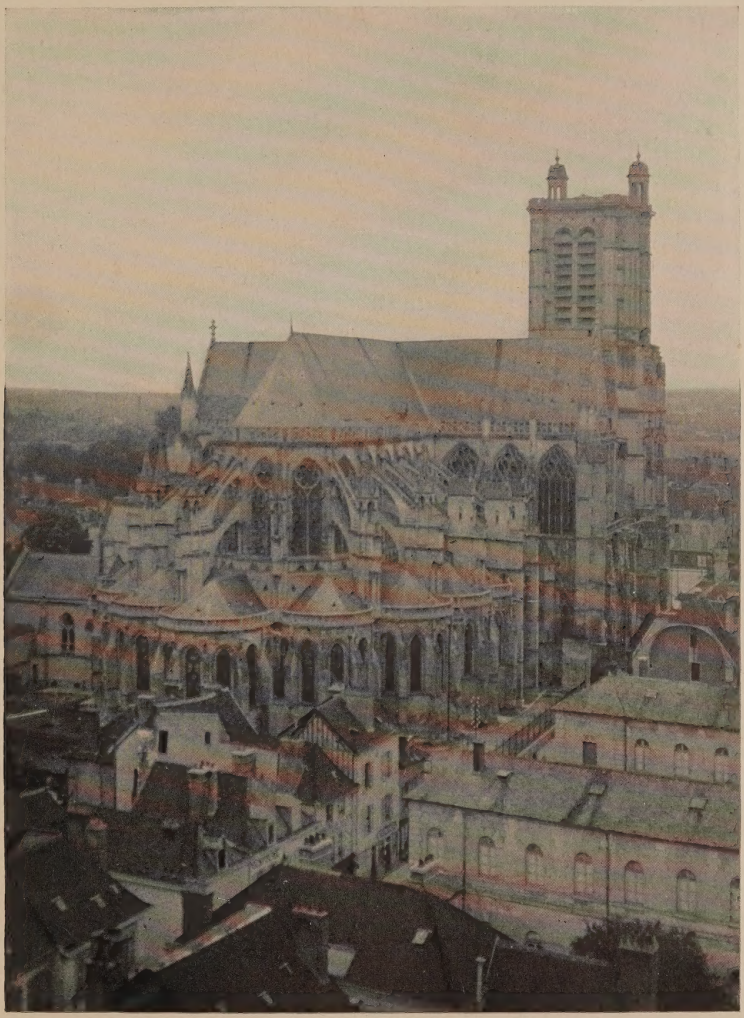
The other portions of the exterior, if not as the

builders of 1208 would have wished, are finished with good and worthy taste. Unfortunately, the church is so closely surrounded by old houses that it is difficult to see all its outlines. Each of the transepts has its portal, light, open galleries, a splendid rose, and a gable; and these, the usual stages of such walls, are formed with large grace and that dignified decoration which is characteristic of the XIV century.

From the tower of Saint-Nizier, the body of the Cathedral can be completely seen. Tall, broad chapels nestle about it; flying-buttresses, supporting the clerestory of the nave, are more beautifully and elaborately ornamented than those of the choir; and high roofs attest the loftiness of the interior. The loss of the central spire and the stunted story of the single tower give to this huge bulk an appearance of inartistic overweightiness; and in order to take its true place among fine French exteriors, to be no longer half-forgotten or wholly underrated, these outer walls need broad streets around them which would admit of perspectives, a restored façade, a replica of the ancient spire, and two harmonious towers, —in a word, that fulfilment of the old plan which, unfortunately, our generation cannot expect to see.

To-day, the keynote of the whole exterior is incompletion; and to know the finished glory of the church, one must enter its doors.

The interior consists of a vestibule, a nave with double aisles and chapels, the choir with its ambulatory



"FROM THE TOWER OF SAINT-NIZIER, THE BODY OF THE CATHEDRAL CAN BE COMPLETELY SEEN."—TROYES.

and five absidal chapels, and two small, excrescent structures,—the Sacristy, and a vaulted hall of the XIII century, the Treasury. There is no crypt, properly speaking; and the underground chambers have been designed only as burial-places for Bishops and for the Counts of Champagne. In building them, bases and bits of ancient columns, and parts of a "hypocausis" or heating system, and other interesting relics of Gallo-Roman and early Christian times were found; but exhaustive explorations among the deep foundations of a church would be impracticable; and with the building of the tombs, the subterranean depths were probably permanently closed.

Having no crypt and no charming or strikingly inharmonious detail, the interior of the Cathedral depends for interest upon itself alone, upon its great and necessary parts, the effect which is produced by the union of its nave, choir, aisles, windows, and chapels.

At the time of the beginnings of the edifice, Troyes was still the possession of the Counts of Champagne; but its Cathedral belongs architecturally to the Royal Domain, and the plan of its nave has peculiar interest for those who study the evolution of the Gothic in its home-land. For here is no interior conceived after one fashion, and executed in another way. It is not an Amiens or a Notre-Dame of Paris, to whose aisles chapels were afterwards added and whose general effect of height and slenderness was materially changed. It is not the product of an untried style. The Gothic,

which had shown the strength of beginnings in Paris, the power of virile youth in Amiens, had reached in the nave of Troyes a measured and ripe maturity; its five aisles were not planned without, but with all their chapels; and, like Reims, the proportions and perspectives of the church are those which its builders intended.

The Cathedral was also filled with much stained-glass. The large Southern rose, replaced in 1844, has rather too sharp colouring, and some of the chapel windows are the comparatively unhappy efforts of the XVII, XVIII, or XIX centuries. Those of the choir, which were restored in 1875, are very old and most remarkable both in line and in colouring. Scenes from the lives of Christ, of the Virgin, of Saint Peter and Saint Paul and Saint John and of other Saints, are pictured, and there is a long series of large figures, Kings of France, Counts of Champagne and princes and princesses of their House, and Bishops of Troyes and other churchly personages. The nave also contains old glass of the XIV century and also a few panes of the XVI century; and the history of the True Cross, of Saint Sebastian, Job, Tobias, Daniel, and Joseph, the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and the Tree of Jesse, portrayed with glowing beauty of colouring and dramatic composition, form what Walter Pater truly calls an "almost unrivalled treasure of stained-glass."

What, it may be asked, is the effect of this church planned with five aisles and chapels and with this vast expanse of glass?

"THE GOTHIC, WHICH HAD SHOWN THE STRENGTH OF BEGINNINGS AT PARIS, . . . HAD REACHED IN THE NAVE OF TROYES A MEASURED AND RIPE MATURITY."—TROYES.

"The great width," writes Fergusson, "makes the whole appear low, and the choir wants that expansion and dignity which is so pleasing at Reims and Chartres, . . . and the effect is far from satisfactory."

It is strange that this harsh criticism should have come from the land whose special development of the Gothic tended always to comparative breadth and comparative lowness. Winchester and many famous British churches are scarcely eighty feet high, and it is claimed that in all England there are not three Cathedral-vaultings whose elevation exceeds ninety feet.

Contrasted with a native Cathedral, Amiens, Troyes is not lofty; but it is as tall as Notre-Dame of Paris, only ten feet lower than Chartres, and its mighty vaulting rises a hundred feet above the flooring of the nave, it is a hundred and sixty feet wide, and nearly four hundred feet in length.

Numbers are, however, often meaningless and of arid interest; and sometimes the most scientific theoretical combination of dimensions fails to produce in actuality the æsthetic effect which was confidently expected. In the interior of Troyes, many of the ideals of Gothic were exquisitely planned. It is a very white church, with radiant windows; its central nave has somewhat the same lines as those of Tours and is suggestive of that church both in colouring and in form. But it is much more hugely and broadly built. It has immensity as distinguished from size, and sug-

gests a sense of spiritual rather than material vastness.

The "interior sculpture," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "is sober, but saliently and beautifully" carved, the colossal size of the clustered columns fits them to bear the massive weight of the church, the outlines of the triforium have firmness with grace, "the chapels have felicitous proportions," and if the choir arches do not seem to be formed with entire symmetry, it is because they stand in close contrast to the more pointed arches of the nave.

The furnishings of a tawdry taste are lost in the Cathedral's size. The choir-screen of the XIX century produces the neutral effect of an artistic nonentity, and almost every perspective shows splendour or nobility of architectural conception. From the picture reflected in the Holy Water of the Basin which hangs on the first pillar of the nave to the view of the pretty little stairway and the shallow chapels of the choir, from the organ-loft and across the church, every viewpoint is pleasing, dignified, and harmonious; and this result has been obtained with such disdain of frivolous or meretricious device, with such sweet and reasonable uses of architectural resources, that it is easier to enjoy, to admire, than to analyse technically.

There are seemingly no useless barriers, no opaque walls, no meaningless masses of stones. On the contrary, the large panes of the chapels are succeeded by the glass of the triforium, and above these rise the many windows of the clerestory. One receives an impression

"THE PRETTY LITTLE STAIRWAY AND THE SHALLOW CHAPELS OF THE CHOIR."—TROYES.

of space and of mellow radiance of light, one sees a forest of big pillars;—the interior is splendid, and full of suave and majestic nobility.

Standing spell-bound in its aisles, a paragraph from Barret Wendell's wise and sympathetic book on "The France of To-day" persistently recurred to the Traveller's mind. "Even the ponderous arches of the oldest time," runs the paragraph, "do not bend under the weight they were made to bear. Instead, they lift themselves upward, bursting into . . . efflorescence of . . . sculpture. They thrust their points skyward, . . . letting the light of heaven stream through the lancets and the wheels which open . . . in the thinning walls. The spaces fill themselves with glory of colour, enriching the very sunshine with austere images of Patriarchs, of Saints, of Angels, of the Blessed Virgin, of Our Lord Himself. The inspiration ranges higher and higher still, unwearying, superhuman. . . . The end of growth must come of course; but when you have watched to the end, your eyes are still turned more searchingly than ever towards the heavens above and the eternities."

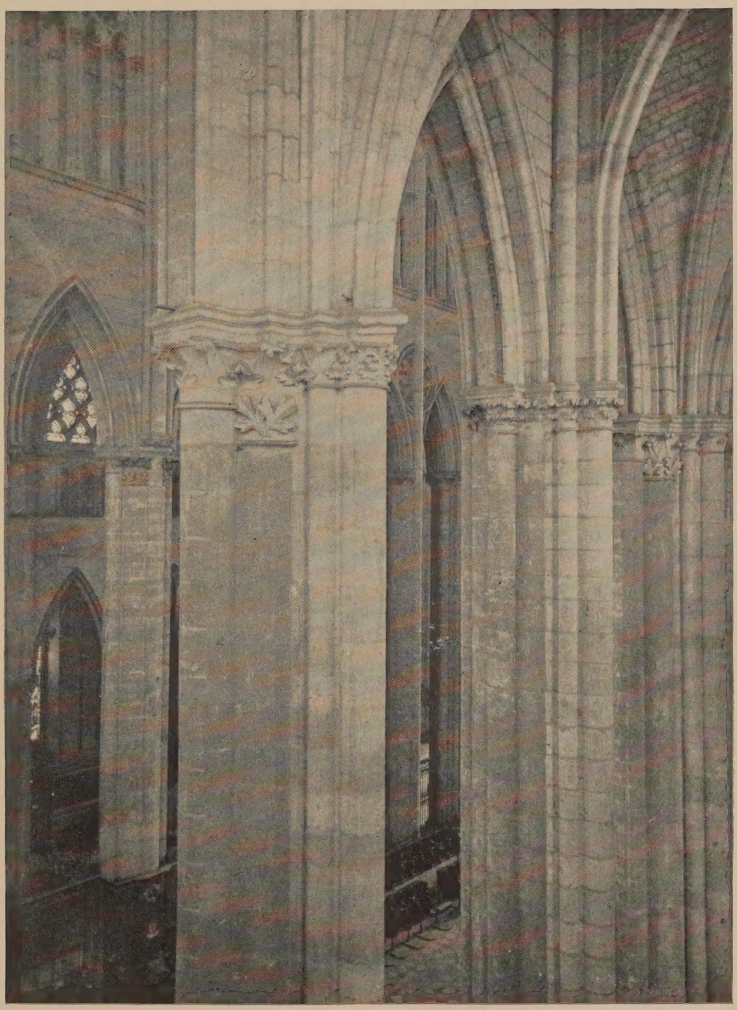
These are the thoughts which the interior of Troyes might well have inspired. Inferior in every part of its outer walls to the renowned Cathedrals of the Isle-de-France, the nave can endure searching comparisons with theirs. Less complex than that of Laon, less ornamented even than Amiens, not so awe-inspiring as Beauvais nor so full of grandeur as Bourges, its

expression of absolute and religious beauty, of perfect dignity, is not less fine than the peculiar qualities of these churches. "No people," continues Mr. Wendell, "no race or fusion of races, could have left us works like these, unless—amid all the smothering and disturbing earthiness of its environment—it had been dominant with the power of religion"; and the aisles of Troyes raise its Cathedral to a place among the noblest material expressions which were inspired by the Catholic Faith.

Beauvais. The Cathedral of Beauvais and its Cloister, far from forming a more or less homogeneous whole, like those of Béziers, Saint-Papoul, and other greater and minor churches of France, is a collection of incompleted, disjointed parts.

The nave and the choir, even more unlike than Saint-Julien of Le Mans, are entirely separated, and constitute, as it were, two distinct churches; the modest Cloister of the XIV century is usually entered from the Museum of which it is a part; and this little Museum, the former repository of the Archives of the Chapter, rises above the damp, unlighted subterranean cells, which are the meagre, if gruesome, reminders of the power of the one-time magnificent Canons.

These buildings suggest many interesting recollections of the ecclesiastical life of the past, and each of them is either architecturally, archæologically, or from



IN "THE CHOIR."—BEAUVAIS.

the viewpoint of comparative psychology, of a special and distinguished value.

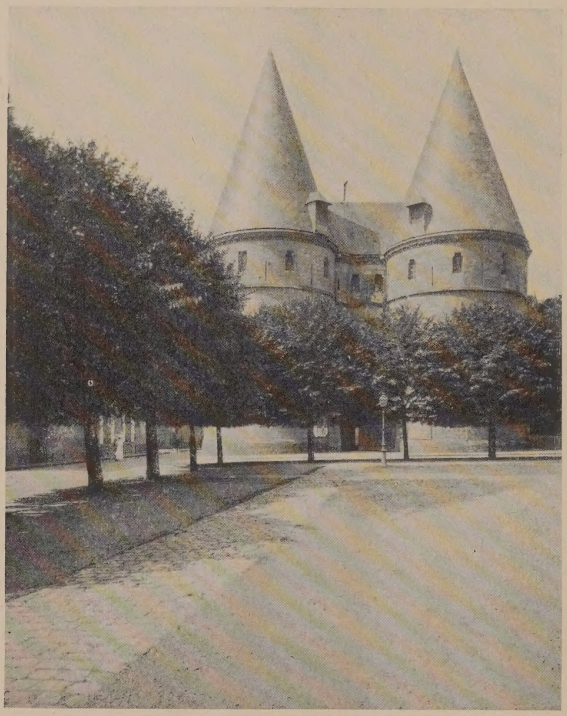
The Court House, which was the Bishop's Palace, is opposite the church; and its decorated windows and prettily carved doorways tell of the wealthy Renais-

"THE MODEST CLOISTER'S" WALK.—BEAUVAIS.

sance; the lines of the old moats testify to the grim strength of the mediæval Episcopacy; and the two, peaked, sturdy towers evidence the might of his Grandeur, Simon de Clermont de Nesle, who, in 1306, paid for them with the fine of "eight thousand pounds parisis" which he had obliged the city to give

him for the uprising in which his Palace had been pillaged.

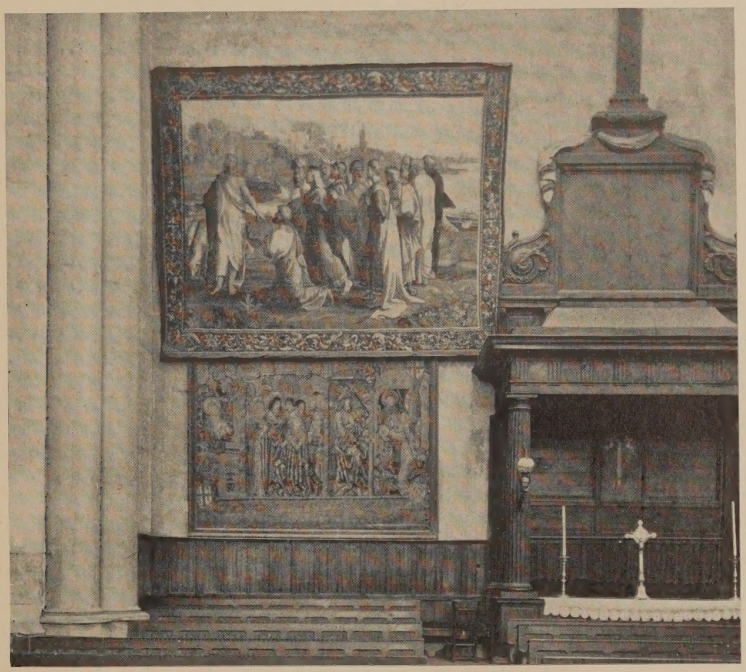
Rich tapestries, which still hang in the transepts of the Cathedral, recall both its former wealth and



"TWO PEAKED, STURDY TOWERS ARE EVIDENCE OF THE MIGHT OF THE BISHOP."—BEAUVAIS.

importance and the most artistic and famous of the industries of Beauvais. Their type did not develop after the sombre-hued, handsome, but archaïc forms of other noted schools of weaving. It followed the

Italian methods, not the stiffer fancies of the Flemish; and the tapestries which are copied from the famous "Cartoons" of Raphael are as clear and beautiful as paintings. Nothing seems confused, nothing is crude. The classic costumes of the scene which represents



"TAPESTRIES . . . RECALL . . . THE MOST ARTISTIC AND FAMOUS OF THE INDUSTRIES OF BEAUVAIS."

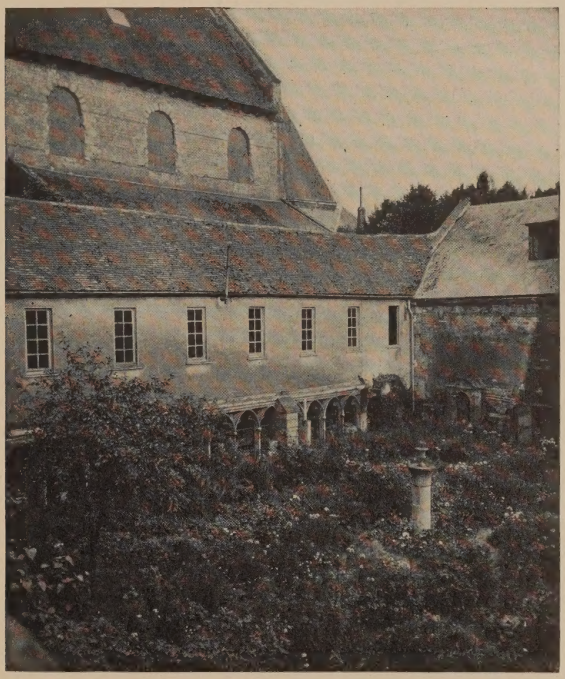
"Saint Paul on the Road to Damascus" are executed with infinite skill; and the tapestry near the Southern door, the "Miraculous Fishing" which illustrates the fifth chapter of Saint Luke, is particularly charming in harmonious colouring and design.

Among the treasures of Saint-Pierre it is a duty to mention the huge clock, said to be superior to that of Besançon and even to that of Strasbourg, and to have ninety thousand pieces of mechanism in its capacious frame. Scientifically it may be considered a sort of encyclopædic illustration of the movement of heavenly bodies, tidal waves, and time. It has also its theological purpose, it depicts the Last Judgment, and suggests other events and truths profitable for Christian meditation,—but it is a costly curiosity rather than a fitting part or decoration of a church.

The architectural significance of the old Cloister is so slight that, wandering about its low walk and looking into its tangled close, one's mind insensibly travels to past splendours and the scenes for which Beauvais was once famous. At Christmas-time, Easter, Pentecost, and All Saints, "Mystery plays" were enacted in this Cloister, before the portal of the Cathedral, or in the church itself, and to provide players was the especial duty of one of the Bishop's noble vassals. In 1454, Guillaume de Hellande, enumerating the episcopal fiefs, cites that of "jugglery," whose holder was to furnish actors if "such actors could be found in the vicinity of the said city of Beauvais."

At the end of the XVI century, this obligation was remitted for an annual payment of money, an indication that the naïve customs, long encouraged or tolerated in Cathedrals, had almost disappeared. The Feast of the Circumcision was then celebrated

within the limits of liturgical dignity; the merry-making of the Feast of the Innocents was scarcely longer lived, for, in "a deliberation" of 1561, the Canons forbade the choir-boys to elect a "Bishop"

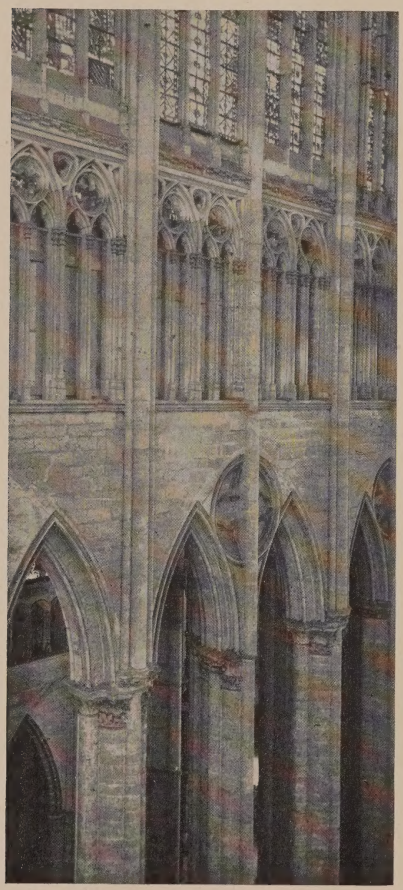


"THE TANGLED CLOSE."—BEAUVAIS.

without their permission, and even this privilege was soon revoked.

It is now become very customary to rebuke, not only the excesses, but the sanctioned, authorised existence of these ancient celebrations. As Saint-François-de-Sales has said, it is true that the Middle

Ages were somewhat prone to treat God "in jolly Gallic fashion." But the Middle Ages seem also to have been full of trusting faith, and their Feasts were better methods of worship than the Albigensian and Inquisitional persecutions of later years, and far better than the reciprocal cruelties of Huguenot and Leaguer and the affected religionism of the XVIII century, which were more modern ideals of serving the Creator.



"THE TRIFORIUM."—BEAUVAIS.

On Christmas-Day, in mediæval Beauvais, the choir-boys sang the "Gloria in excelsis" from the triforium; while three of the clergy, who were in the church below, near the Holy Manger, represented the Adoration of the Shepherds.

At Pentecost, here as in other cities, many favours of different colours were thrown from the openings of

the vaulting upon the worshipping crowds; and these bits of fabric, symbolising the diverse "gifts of the Holy Ghost" given to the Apostles under the form of tongues of fire, were supposed to suggest religious thoughts and to deepen the pious impressions of the day. Easter, too, had its happy festivities, its great plays of the Resurrection and of the Supper in Emmaus, and when the Apostles pressed their Companion to stay "because it is late and light is fading," they sang a Canticle of exquisite melody.

In "Daniel" and in all the religious dramas of Beauvais's School of Mysteries, the text was in verse and was either chanted or sung. The choristers played the same part as the chorus in classic tragedy;—as a prelude, they announced the scope of the scenes which were to follow; in the intermissions between the acts, they sang the praises of the principal characters, and during the Octave of Christmas, they added Hymns in honour of the Newborn God.

After the construction of the Gothic choir, the nave of the Cathedral was seldom the place of joyous celebrations; it was separated from the rest of the Cathedral, not only in fact and in style, but in its name,—Notre-Dame de la Basse-Œuvre. This nave has, however, early and historic glories. There, in 845, the First Council of Beauvais was held and the mighty Hincmar was solemnly consecrated Archbishop of Reims; Pope Calixtus II visited the church in 1119; in 1131,

Innocent II also came; and the holy Saint Bernard preached within its walls.

Architecturally, Notre-Dame is in every way suggestive of primitive times and crude beginnings, the artistic concepts of a dawn of civilisation, of the rude period of a country's growth. It is only eighty-eight feet high and, in later times, it was called the "Low Work" by apposition to the mediæval choir, the "Tall Work" whose prodigious height towered almost eighty-eight feet above the topmost point of the old roof-line.

This modest "Low Work" encumbered a part of the site of the new nave which had been planned, and it was to have been destroyed. But as the new nave was never built, the neglected "Low Work" was not pulled down, and until the Revolution, it was used as a Baptistery for all children born within the city during the Octave of Pentecost and during the week which began at noon on Holy Saturday and ended at the same hour on the following Saturday. It consists to-day of three aisles separated by arcades which are devoid of all ornament; its arches rest on pillars that are formed of great stones and have neither capitals nor plinths. Small, round-headed windows light the aisles, and similar windows, far above the nave arches, form a sort of primitive clerestory. There is no indication of a stone vaulting.

The façade of this nave of plainest Romanesque belongs to the Byzantine epoch of the X or XI century; part of the exterior walls are obviously of Gallo-Roman

"A WALL WHICH HELD IN THE FIRM AND DELICATE MESHES OF ITS STONE . . . A ROSE."—BEAUVAIS.

origin; and some authors claim that those portions, which are almost formless, belonged to a pagan Temple of 56, the second year of Nero's reign. Whether that is provable or not, the "Low Work" is one of the most ancient and curious edifices in France. The kindest imagination could not call it beautiful, but if its æsthetic charm is small, it is most interesting from the historical and the archæological viewpoint.

In considering this building, Viollet-le-Duc writes: "One of the most venerable churches of the French School, properly so-called, is the Low Work of Beauvais, whose nave belongs to the VIII or IX century. Its form is that of a Roman basilica with its aisles, . . . and this very simple construction was covered by the visible framework of the roof. The apse, which has been destroyed, was probably composed of a hemicycle . . . and the façade, rebuilt in the XI century, was probably originally preceded by a porch or a narthex according to the custom of the primitive Church. The style of this building is still entirely Roman. . . . There is no suggestion of ornamentation except on the later façade; yet the interior walls must have been decorated with paintings, since the authors who write of Merovingian and Carlovingian ornaments, beginning with Gregory of Tours, speak endlessly of the frescoes which covered the churches of their day. The windows, too, must have been closed with trellises of stone or wood in which pieces of glass or gypsum were placed. . . ." This is "the Franco-

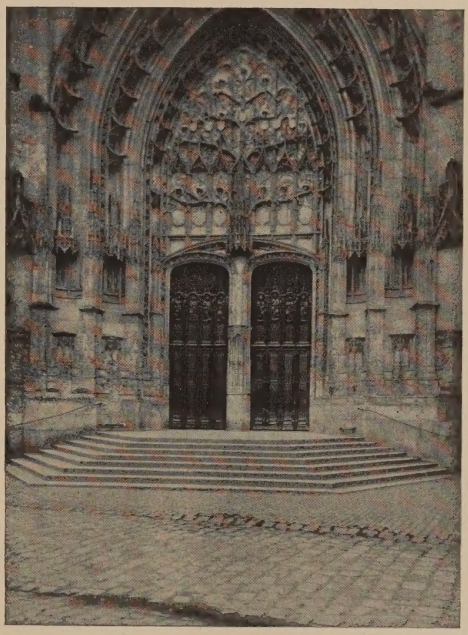
Latin church in all its rude simplicity," and sometimes this church was no more than "a barn."

Although the transepts are more consistent with the style of the unfinished building which was to have been the great, mediæval Cathedral of Beauvais than the utterly dissimilar nave of the Basse-Œuvre, they are none the less "additions" of a later date, and of a far more florid conception than was dreamed of when the church was planned in 1225.

It was not until two hundred and seventy-five years after the inception of the choir that a Bishop of the See, accompanied by the Chapter and many of the Faithful, laid the first stone of the Southern transept-wall; and it was not until 1548 that the architects' task was completed. Then the townsmen saw a broad, sweeping staircase which led to a large portal; above this door, a wall which held in the firm and delicate meshes of its stone, long lancets and a rose; and still higher, a large, pointed gable crowned by a statue of the Cathedral's Patron, Saint Peter. Huge and angular buttresses, which contain long, spiral staircases of two hundred and eighty-seven steps, are beautifully disguised as little towers on either side of the wall, and are embellished from base to summit with the niches and columns and flowery chiselling of the Gothic Flamboyant.

It is said that the first foundations of the Northern transept were laid in 1510; and Francis I, who had given with much liberality toward the construction

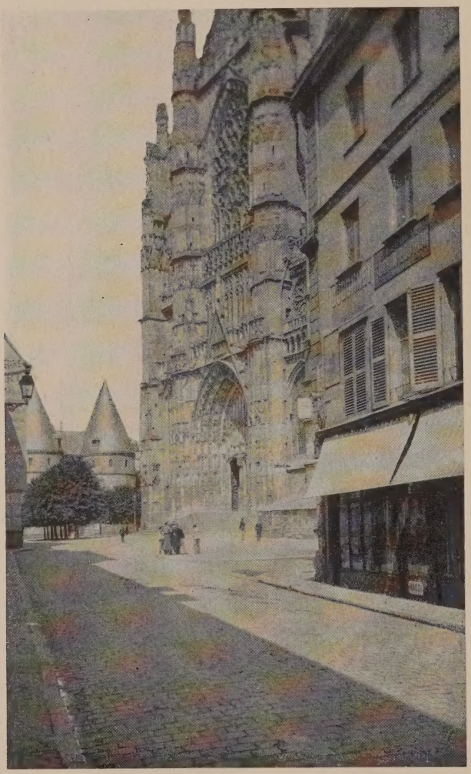
of the South wall, was led by a new and potent reason of gratitude to give again to the building of Beauvais. For when the defeat of Pavia and his captivity had prevented part of the gifts which he had promised, the Canons had neither hoarded their wealth nor kept it for their church, but had sold even the golden and silver ornaments of the Treasury for their benefactor's ransom.



"THE TYMPANUM OF THE DOOR, GRACEFULLY COVERED WITH A LARGE OAK."—BEAUVAIS.

Francis rewarded them largely; and in the erection of the later transept, to which his money was especially devoted, the King was especially honoured. Fleurs-de-lys, crowned salamanders, dolphins, and the first letter of the royal name are carved on pillars and doors with charming and fanciful elegance, and the tympanum of the portal is gracefully covered with a large oak, rather sophistically called the "Tree of Jesse," which was to have borne on the blank

escutcheons that hang from its branches the arms of the "House of France," and not as seems fitting, the genealogy of the "House of David."



"FEW TRANSEPT WALLS ARE MORE REALLY ARTISTIC, AND NONE . . . SO SPLENDID AS THESE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN WALLS."—BEAUVAIS.

The general plan of the earlier transept was followed in the later construction. A broad and dignified flight of steps leads to the large portal, there are the tiers of long, slender lancets, the rose, and the pointed and delicately ornamented gable; and a statue of Saint Paul was placed on the topmost peak.

Both of these works were devised by Martin Cambiche, variously called "of Paris" and "of Cambrai"; and the name of this rare builder is "one to conjure by,"—for few transept walls are more really artistic and none, perhaps, are so

splendid as these Northern and Southern walls of Saint-Pierre.

Whether because the accepted form possesses in itself some intrinsic or technical defect which defied the imagination of genius, or whether because the transept obtained highest favour after the greatness of Gothic invention was spent, this large division of the church's Latin Cross seldom reached true nobility, and it never so nearly achieved it as in Cambiche's Beauvais. The arms of the Cross of Notre-Dame of Paris have genuine architectural worth and beauty, but they are without the impressiveness of that subtle force called "inspiration"; and this is true of almost all transepts, even of Cambiche's own creation at Senlis.

At Sens, he built more gloriously, but even that fine and radiant work is tentative in comparison with Beauvais. Here the builder made no copy,—he advanced in the development and the perfecting of his individual and charming style.

Unfortunately, the iconography is lost, no statues stand on the dividing piers, the innumerable niches of the portals and buttresses are empty, and neither wall is now seen in half its original elegance. They were, however, conceived with all the delicacy and grace and profusion of XVI century fancy that was consistent with dignity. Niches and daïs, pinnacles and lacelike traceries of vines and foliage are exquisitely executed; yet, neither in themselves nor in comparison

with other transepts, does this delicacy detract from the dignity or magnificence of the immense walls. A Western façade constructed in harmony with such rare lesser portals would be a monument of stupendous grandeur; and the insidious flippancy of the Flamboyant is so well controlled and mastered that it seems ungracious to find beneath its riches, traces of that "indecision" which foretells the decline of Gothic art.

"The . . . pliancy with which so rigid a material was" here used, the unity which persists in spite of the complexity of forms and details, and the imposing splendour of the whole, make Fergusson's tribute to the weaker XVI century ideals alone seem just. "In this style," he writes, "stone tracery was made to look bent and twisted as willow wands," and the Flamboyant "lends . . . an elegance to every edifice in which it is found."

The doors of carved wood are also frank departures from the ideals of the early Gothic. They seem to belong to the School of Fontainebleau and were probably inspired by some Italian design. The South panels, which are mutilated, picture the Conversion of Saint Paul and the Healing of the Lame Man by Saint Peter. The Northern doors are also skilfully sculptured, and here the four Evangelists are represented with the four Doctors of the Latin Church; and, in honour of the Papacy, the pedestal of Saint Gregory the Great is a little more elevated than any of the others.

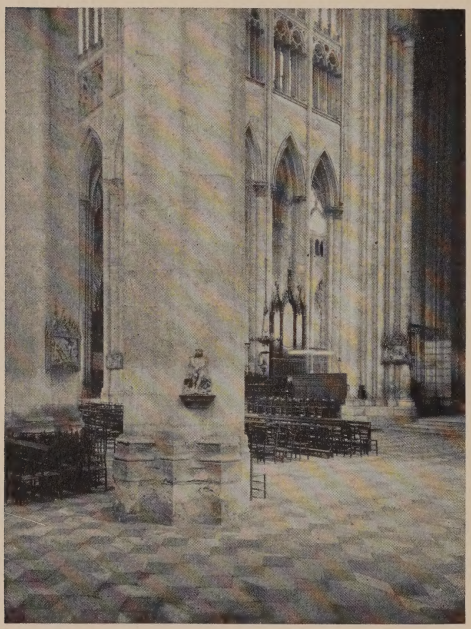
There is only one chapel on either side of each transept, and much of the remarkable stained-glass of these parts of the Cathedral was placed in the lofty, terminating walls. Here again, the Italian influence dominates; it is beautiful; yet its colours are bright, shallow, as it were, and incomparably inferior to the depth and richness of the original, native art of staining windows.

The rose of the North wall, a golden sun with many rays, is charmingly conceived, but its tints are somewhat attenuated; and, as a composition, it is neither so interesting nor so well executed as the round window of the opposite side.

Like its companion, this rose of the Southern transept is placed at so high an angle that the details of its more complicated design cannot easily be studied or appreciated. The general subject is the "History of the Jewish People from the Beginning of the World until the time of the Israelites' wandering through the Wilderness." In the centre is the Source of all history and all life,—God, surrounded by His works. Celestial beings and "creatures of the air" hover in the upper compartments; below, the creatures of earth and sea are gathered; and the story of the race is illustrated in the external divisions of the window. There are our First Parents, tempted, expelled, expiating; the Deluge, and the Ark fortified like a citadel. There is also the Tower of Babel; the Sacrifice of Abraham, in which the Patriarch wears a

costume of Henry II's time; Isaac blessing Jacob; Joseph; Moses and the Burning Bush, and the Manna in the Wilderness.

The long lancets below the roses are filled with huge, solitary figures. On the North side, which is said to have been finished in 1537, the mysterious Sybils of classical antiquity stand, unwitting Prophetesses of Christian truths. The Southern side possesses the august Jewish foretellers of the Messiah,—David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Micah, Zechariah, and Amos who holds the scroll which bears the date of the making of these windows, 1551.



IN "THE MEDIÆVAL CATHEDRAL OF BEAUVAIS."

The transepts with their carvings and stained-glass and their grandiose proportions are valuable monuments, but they are only unwontedly fine examples of a later phase of Gothic art; and none of the descriptions of transept or nave, of tapestries or Cloister,

have included the building which is the real, the true, mediæval Cathedral of Beauvais. The "Basse-Oeuvre" was an early and architecturally tentative work, destined in the evolutionary nature of things to give place to a better and a nobler edifice; the beautiful tapestries are mere ornamentations; and the Mystery or Miracle plays are literary memories of an ecclesiastical past.

The Cathedral of Beauvais was an aspiration, a great vision, probably the most noble ideal which Gothic art has conceived. Yet it was never completed and its plan is lost. But some of the many stones of which it was to have been formed stand to attest its magnificence, and these stones were made into the choir which towers high above the roofs of the old episcopal city.

To construct so glorious an edifice, it was necessary that the bevy of workmen should encamp, as it were, permanently about the site. The battalion of carpenters gathered around the Carpenters' House, the Masons lived near the Masons' Lodge. There was also a foundry, and covered shops were built which enabled the stone-carvers to sculpture details when rainy days made work in the open impracticable. During the constructive period of the XVI century, other large shops and sheds were added, lime was piled in bulky heaps, stone laid about in big blocks, wood was carried from the neighbouring forests, and lead was brought from Dieppe and Rouen.

This vast and costly industrial camp was fittingly representative, not only of Christian enthusiasm, but of the rank of the prelate who was its supreme lord. In an ancient painting on glass which represents the twelve peers assisting at the coronation of the King of France, the Bishop of Beauvais is the first among the ecclesiastical Counts, and it is he who has the inalienable right of placing the mantle on the royal shoulders. He is a doughty lord,—as prelate, he holds the pastoral Staff and wears the mitre and cope; as Count, he is entirely armed beneath the sacerdotal vestment.

This combination of the militant and the priestly was symbolic of him who laid the first stone of Saint Peter's, the "Redoubtable Father, Bishop, and Count of Beauvais," Milon de Nanteuil, who was consecrated by the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome in 1217. Statesman and warrior, this noble pastor was met on many of the most famous battle-fields of his day. He went to the V Crusade, was captured before Damietta and long held prisoner in Cairo. At another time, he is found at the head of his vassals, warring against the Albigenses; and he also served in person with his churchly Suzerain, Gregory IX, against the Emperor Frederick II. His final earthly honour was bestowed in the surname of "Great" and it seems as if his "high courage and valorous genius" were worthy of the Cathedral which he founded.

A Charter of the year 1225 sets forth that, as a fire

"ALL WHO . . . HAVE EYES TO SEE . . . THE SUPREME GREATNESS OF ITS BUILDER'S CONCEPT."—BEAUVAIS.

had destroyed portions of the old Romanesque church, the Chapter and His Grace, the Bishop, resolve to give, during ten years, the tenth part of their revenue and the annates of all benefices which shall become vacant "towards the High Work."

It has been claimed that the first part of the new Cathedral, the apse which stands to-day, was planned by Eudes de Montreuil, the architect of the time of King Louis IX. However this may be, Saint Peter's was begun in the year of the Charter; either under de Montreuil or, which is more probable, under that rare genius "the master-mason" whose name history has not preserved;—and the choir arose quickly.

Two noted Cathedrals of Europe resemble Beauvais, —Amiens whose choir was begun a quarter of a century after that of Saint Peter's, and Cologne, commenced twenty-three years later and "built," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "after a similar plan."

In comparing the two French churches, it has been said that the vault of Amiens is only ten feet lower than that of Beauvais. If this is so, the builders in Picardy failed singularly, comparatively speaking, in producing an effect of sublimity of height; and, whether the difference between the two vaults is really ten or twenty feet, one who stands first at the entrance of the transept of Notre-Dame and then in the crossing of Saint Peter's, is impressed with the superiority of the unfinished edifice. "In spite of its beautiful proportions," continues the eminent French critic, "Notre-

Dame of Amiens is inferior to that which remains to us of the Cathedral of Beauvais."

The Charter of Milon de Nanteuil tells that the first office within Saint Peter's was celebrated in 1272. Through a Bull of Innocent IX, it is known that the choir of Cologne was not consecrated until 1322. The German church is less high, less broad and bold; and the simplicity of construction which characterises the French flying-buttress is there sacrificed to decorative details. In Germany, "the architect strictly followed geometrical rules, . . . the mathematician over-ruled the artist"; Desjardins calls him "only the skilful and successful imitator of the architect of Saint Peter's," and it is for these reasons, adds Viollet-le-Duc, that "Cologne is very far from presenting the happy dispositions" of Beauvais.

It is, however, quite customary to decry this wondrous "Tall Work." To the material mind, that which is incomplete is necessarily a failure; and in a certain primitive and general sense this is true,—contrasted with the grandeur of the original plan in fulfilment, the relatively small part which now stands entire is certainly "unsuccessful," "unfinished." It is, too, customary to explain this incompletion by reasons which are none the less false because they are plausible,—to say that "if a modern engineer had been shown the plan . . . he would probably have remarked that the church might possibly be built . . . in iron . . . but not in stone"; to write with Miltoun,

that "it fell to ruin through a lack of logic and mental balance"; or with Perkins, that "the result proves the people of Beauvais had neither the resources nor the ability to execute so vast a design as that which they projected." Fergusson even alleges that "every principle of Gothic art is here carried to an extreme which . . . not only practically has caused the ruin of the building, but has so far destroyed its artistic effect as to make it an example of what should be avoided rather than of what should be followed," and to cap the climax of this extreme view, he adds, "notwithstanding its size, it has no majesty."

All who know Saint Peter's and have eyes to see, even in this fragmentary form, the supreme greatness of its builder's concept, would ascribe this "failure" of Beauvais to its real causes. Viollet-le-Duc exclaims, "What profound knowledge of the laws of equilibrium is shown here, what subjection of matter to thought, what theory fertile in application!" And, as if in explanation, he repeats over and over again,—"Part of this edifice fell less than a century after the completion of the choir; yet it was so planned that it should have remained standing for centuries."

It was the custom and sometimes, as in this instance, the tragedy of those days, for builders to use the stone of the region or of some donated quarry, irrespective—and sometimes in spite—of its quality. This was part of Beauvais's tragedy. "If," continues Viollet-le-Duc, "the architect . . . could have had the proper means,

if he had had material of powerful bulk, if he had not been hampered by an evident lack of financial resources . . . and . . . by the narrow site which was given him," if Beauvais "had not been commenced at a time when the religious and political movement which had . . . built the Northern Cathedrals had" begun to lose the force of its strong impetus, Saint Peter's would have stood. "If the architect . . . had possessed the quarries of Burgundy, the materials . . . used at Dijon and at Semur, or the beautiful calcareous stone of Châtillon-sur-Seine, or even that of Montbard, Austrude, or of Dornecy, or even—which might have been possible—that of Laversine, of Crouy, and certain hard strata of the valleys of the Oise or the Aisne," the work would have stood.

"The master-builder of Beauvais was a man of genius who wished to achieve all that was possible in stone construction. His calculations were correct, his combinations, profoundly learned; his conception, admirable;—he was unskilfully aided by his workmen and the materials placed at his disposition were not adequate.

"His work is none the less an invaluable subject for study, since he has given us the means of recognising the results which his system of construction may achieve,—the final limit which the . . . form of the XIII century attained. From this point of view, the edifice cannot be too carefully considered . . . It is a masterpiece . . . of French architecture; and the pity

"'IT IS A MASTERPIECE OF FRENCH ARCHITECTURE; . . . AND THE PITY IS THAT IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN FINISHED.' "—BEAUVAIS.

is, that it could not have been finished and placed in the midst of a conservative population who, like the ancient Greeks, would have known how to appreciate, to respect, and to laud the mighty effort of human intelligence."

With Viollet-le-Duc as advocate, the facile denunciations handed down by lesser experts may be safely disregarded; and, as might be inferred, the history of the Cathedral, epic—Napoleonic—in its grandeur and its fall, is itself corroborative testimony of the distinguished Frenchman's judgment.

It is related that the Vespers of All Saints, 1272, was the first Office that was sung in the new choir and, during that same year of installation and rejoicing, the first of the great catastrophes of Saint Peter's was inaugurated by the English. As was convenient and not uncustomary in those days of rough and relentless force, the beautiful, white choir became a target for the enemy's artillery, and a round piece of blue glass in one of the windows above the episcopal throne marks the true course of one of their balls.

Twelve years later, on the twenty-ninth of November, 1284, the vaulting fell. The ruin was so vast that almost or quite half a century was spent in repairing it. The architect first strengthened the walls of the apse, which were standing but had been heavily jarred, and it was probably at this time that iron bars were added to reinforce the buttresses, that the columns of the Sanctuary were doubled, and, in place of the

original three broad and audacious arches, six narrow and lofty bays, not unlike those of the hemicycle of Amiens, were formed; and the architect of these repairs was Enguerrand the Rich, surnamed the Trickster.

More than two centuries elapsed before the Bishop and the Chapter were again ready to continue the work of building. The strongest and the most inspired era of the Gothic had long passed, and with its supreme grandeur, much of the sane judgment which made its daring and soaring plans practically possible. Instead of proceeding in rational order, which would have meant the building of a nave, the new architect of Saint Peter's, Michel Lalye, proposed to erect a spire above the crossing; and on the twenty-fourth of April, 1534, a date of mourning in Gothic annals, he laid his suggestions before the dignitaries of the church.

Far from being a mere collection of technical indications, these suggestions were full of the most potent and subtle charm. The plan of the new tower was exquisite, original, and bold; even Fergusson declares that it must "have been a very noble and beautiful object." To the persuasion of this lovely picture, Lalye is said to have added that of emulation and national pride. Michael Angelo was then constructing the dome of Saint Peter's of Rome, the fame of the huge cupola and of its alleged revivification of a supreme classic style filled the Christian world with curious admiration and envy. Lalye's burning desire was "to prove the superiority of old,

"A stream which branches and
eddies through the city."

Ammens.

"A stream which branches and eddies through the city."

Amiens.

French architecture over this new manner which was being imported from Italy," to show that the Gothic was more marvellous than the Renaissance, to make Saint Peter's of Beauvais grander than the Saint Peter's of the papal city itself.

This project naturally aroused intense local enthusiasm, and large and entirely adequate gifts. Some wise Canons protested that the crossing could not bear the tremendous weight of the tower, but their prophetic warnings were lost in busy discussions over the practical details of the plan. Masons pled that the spire should be built of stone, the carpenters argued that it ought to be wooden; and the Chapter, which had to deliberate upon these absorbing topics, had little time or desire to listen to the croakings of the cautious.

In 1546, it was finally decided that the lantern should be made of stone and the pyramid of wood. The spire was built according to these prescriptions and in 1569, under the direction of Jean Vast, a new architect as rash and ambitious as Lalye, the last decoration was added and the new work was completed.

"Borne by the four pillars of the crossing of the transept, four little turrets . . . rose from the roof and met a square, open tower forty-eight feet high. A second tower, octagonal, lace-like, and sixty-three feet high, supported a third stage which was still more lightly traceried. These three divisions more than a hundred and sixty feet high were made of stone,

and on them rested the wooden needle. The entire spire rose two hundred and fifty-seven feet above the roofs" of the Cathedral and nearly five hundred feet above the ground. Its interior structure was so pierced that from the pavement of the lower church, one could look into its terrific heights and see its three tiers of windows, filled with radiant glass, and the vaulting which was covered with "painting of rich colours and of gold." On the evenings of Feast days, a huge lamp was raised to the centre of the lantern. Without the Cathedral, its soft rays streamed through the stained-glass; and to those who came within, it seemed like a lode-star shining near the mysteries of heaven.

This new pyramidal spire became the wonder of the country. "It surpassed in elevation and in lightness all known monuments, it was . . . higher than the famous spire of Strasbourg, and it is said that from its summit, the houses of Paris were visible."

If only a few bays of the nave had been built either before or immediately after the construction of this marvel, it would have endured; but the wise and cautious Canons were right, the supports of the naveward side were not sufficiently strong. On the eve of Ascension-Day, 1573, a few small stones began to fall from its heights. The next morning, a mason, who had been sent to test it, cried out in alarm; the bearers of the reliquaries, about to join the Procession of the people and the clergy who were waiting outside, fled;—there was a violent cracking,—and in an instant, the

"SLENDER LOFTINESS, . . . BEAUTIFUL BOLDNESS OF HEIGHT."—BEAUVAIS.

vault crashed in amidst a storm of dust and wind. Then, before the eyes of the terrified worshippers, the triple stories of the lantern sank, the needle fell, and a shower of stones rained into the church and on the roofs.

Before the close of 1576, the traces of this heart-breaking disaster were removed and the great spire was replaced by a comparatively insignificant tower, which was, in turn, destroyed by the Revolutionists of the XVIII century.

In 1600, a sadder and wiser Chapter tried to build the nave, and engaged as its architect one Martin Candelot. The original plan of the Cathedral would now seem to have been lost, for Candelot made his own design, which included a short nave of five bays, a façade whose wall and three portals would harmonise in an inferior way with the transepts, and two towers which would have risen only twenty-four feet above the roof-line. One arch of this proposed building was completed and in 1603 new stones were brought to Beauvais; but, two years later, the project was abandoned, the new plan was placed—and buried—among the Archives of the Chapter; and Candelot, permanently strengthening the huge, wooden wall, left the Western part of the Cathedral as it now stands,—and thus, in the words of M. Desjardins, "closed the bleeding wound of the giant."

It was perhaps as well. Candelot's scheme for the completion of the structure was not one which could

have been conceived by the true, the early genius who created the choir. The grandeur of the Saint Peter's of the XIII century was beyond the power of the XVII, whose finest Gothic production was the comparatively mediocre Sainte-Croix of Orléans and whose ideal was the bastard Saint-Louis of La Rochelle.

After the close of the XIII century, the cause of Beauvais was practically lost. The next generations saw the Hundred Years' War, and the people suffered so horribly from the ravages of the invaders that this supplication was inserted into the Litany of the Saints, "From the cruelty of the English, deliver us, O Lord." The war accomplished its long cycle of years, and one of its saddest results was the architectural delay which in all human probability caused the loss of the noblest of Gothic Cathedrals.

It is true that if it could have escaped the catastrophe of 1573, the church might still have reached completion, and it is claimed that the repair of this disaster cost enough to have built the nave. But, after the repairs had been made, the Treasury was empty, vast sums were not easily raised in behalf of an old-fashioned enthusiasm, tastes had changed,—the wondrous Cathedral-building age was past. "Gothic art was becoming more foreign to the country which gave it birth than the Greek and Roman manner"; and from an artist's point of view, the reverend Canons of the Renaissance seem like so many vandals let loose

in their Cathedrals and churches. At Beauvais, the Canons surrounded the choir with an iron fence that would be suitable for a garden; an expensive and meaningless marble flooring was substituted for the pavement and the carved slabs which covered the episcopal tombs; the delicate and beautiful Gothic Altar was succeeded by one of the XVIII century, that is "pagan, . . . inharmonious, and utterly unlovely"; and the statue of the venerable Madonna of the Middle Ages gave way to a "virgin Pompadour."

All the contributions which later centuries made to the Cathedral are either trivial or merely decorative. It cannot be too well remembered that the only fragment which now exists to commemorate the tremendous conception of the XIII century lies beyond the crossing, and is the ovoidal hemicycle, the choir,—the apse.

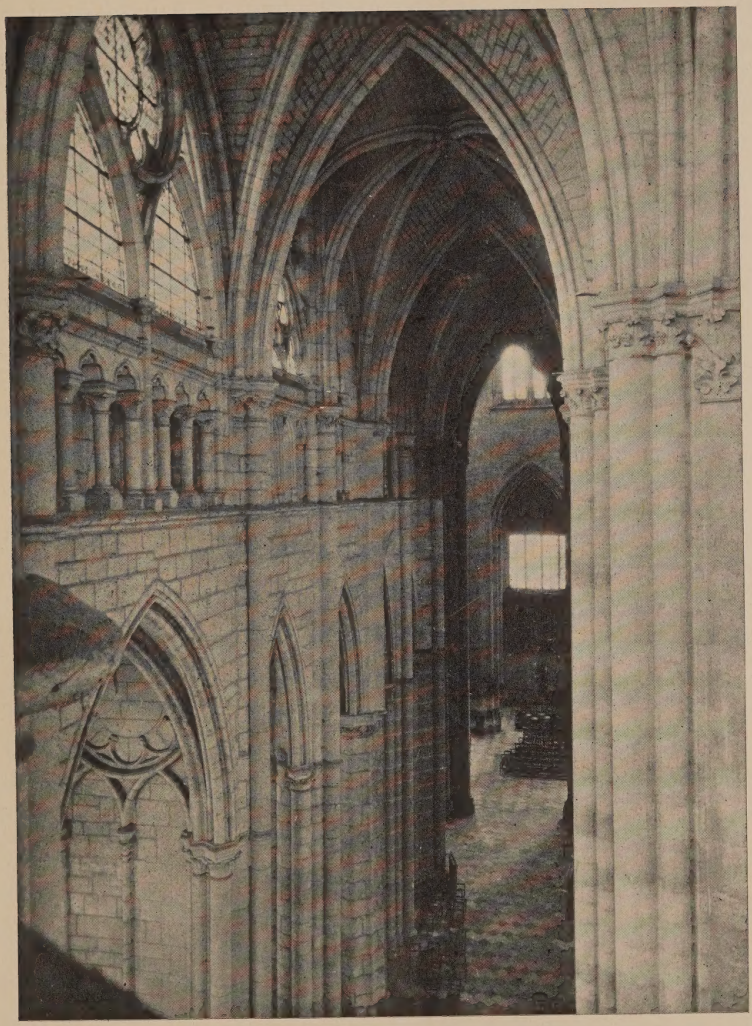
In its outer form, this apse appears to-day essentially as it was first built. Iron bars still aid the work of the buttresses, crumbling blocks have not yet been entirely replaced by firm stone; but, generally speaking, the outline is the same as it was in 1272. The chapels of the choir form a lower story about the "Lofty Work"; above their roofs, the smaller windows of the first triforium open; and above the roofing of the aisles, between the arms of two and sometimes three rows of supporting buttresses, the high triforium and the great clerestory rise to the enormous altitude of the last roof, two hundred and twenty feet above the ground.

Sometimes—indeed very often—an apse, like those of Bourges and Notre-Dame of Paris, will present a huge, dark, and imposing mass. Beauvais is not less impressive, but its effect is very different. Here, even the faint lights of night find a way between the slender pillars of the buttresses, the beauty of the forest of supports is as grey and slender as young beeches; the pinnacles are silhouetted with delicate boldness; and a melancholy and poetic nobility is imprinted upon this stately apse.

The interior has the three conventional divisions of Gothic height, the tall arches, the triforium, and the clerestory; and it stands as it was planned except that, for the purpose of practical reinforcement, the lower columns were doubled and, therefore, the bays have only half their original width.

This one change is, of course, clearly perceptible. The effect of amplitude, the bold, broad sweep of span, has been sacrificed; but the later arches are scarcely more prudently contracted than those of the far-famed Sanctuary of Amiens, and their slender loftiness, their glorious daring of elevation, is not lost, and is, perhaps, accentuated.

The long windows of the triforium and "the magnificent clerestory," writes Clara Perkins, "produce here a lantern-like effect" which has never been "surpassed or even equalled. The . . . bars are also as light and delicate as would be compatible with the dignity of so imposing an edifice, and the Geometrical



"THE AISLE HAS ITS SMALL CLERESTORY AND ITS TRIFORIUM."—BEAUVAIS.

period . . . probably never produced tracery of a purer style or a greater beauty than this at Beauvais."

The side-aisles are at first doubled; but about the curve of the choir, the ambulatory has only a single walk. Curiously, the vaulting does not begin to spring, as is Gothic custom, at the summit of the chapel-arches; for, above these arches, the aisle has its low triforium and the small, triangular windows of a clerestory.

Although this unusual system of vertical construction is neither artistically distasteful nor totally ineffective, it appears to be without adequate result. Perhaps because of the lack of stained-glass, it seems less successful than the analogous constructive idea at Saint-Julien of Le Mans; and neither in style nor in proportion are this small clerestory and low triforium sufficiently akin to the crowning stages of the choir to carry out such an ideal as that of Bourges, where the scheme of a number of stages rising in similar and harmonious succession was realised in such simple, consistent, and noble originality.

Here, on the contrary, an ugly antithesis exists between the upper forms of the aisle and those of the Sanctuary. In the latter, the lines are pure and lightly developed; in the former, the actual lines are also Gothic, but the effect of the stumpy little pillars of its triforium is that of the Romanesque; and, although the windows are unmistakably pointed, they

contrast ungraciously with the soaring height of the true clerestory.

Except for these defects of detail, which are deviations from the overpowering ideal that the Cathedral persistently suggests, the aisles are finely built and aid in realising the architect's ruling thought,—the sublimity of loftiness.

The leisurely antiquarian can make some curious discoveries in the chapels which open on the ambulatory. In the Lady Chapel, there are the polychrome painting of the walls, and the three handsome, restored windows which were originally the gift of the Guilds of Furriers and Bow-makers of the XIII century; and among the details of these windows, he will see a sale of furs, and Herod holding a sceptre which is surmounted by a mediæval fleur-de-lys.

Near the door of the sacristy, there is a piece of tapestry which seems to belong to the Beauvaisian School; it is of the XVI century, and represents the legendary origin of the French nation attributed to Francus, son of Hector, sung by Ronsard in the "Françiade." The first division pictures a mythical figure, Gaul; Galathès, Chief of the ancient Celts, who is handsomely dressed in the style of Francis I; and Hercules, Father of the Chief. The first inscription, woven in the hanging, tells that "Six hundred and seventy-seven years before the Christian era and twelve hundred and eighty after the deluge, I, Galathès, . . . have reigned, for I am the eleventh King,

son of Galatea, and of Hercules who has made Gaul so mighty."

The second inscription contains an equally remarkable historical statement,—"Thirteen hundred and thirty years after the Patriarch Noah left the ark and sixteen hundred and twenty-seven years thereabouts before Jesus Christ redeemed the human race, Lugdus, thirteenth King of Gaul, built Lyons on the Rhone to live there, and there to place his throne."

The chapels with their aisles and the choir—the smaller part of his plan—were all that the first architect of Saint Peter, the would-be "creator" of the XIII century Cathedral of Beauvais, succeeded in bringing to the material eyes of the world; and no wonderful originality of form can be ascribed to his productions; since where they were most unusual, they were also perilously near eccentricity, and where he made use of prescribed forms, he was most successful.

In what way, then, did this unknown man build more marvellously than those who went before him? What is this fragment which a Bull of Clement VII designated in the sonorous Latin of the Church as a "sumptuous, high, and magnificent edifice"?

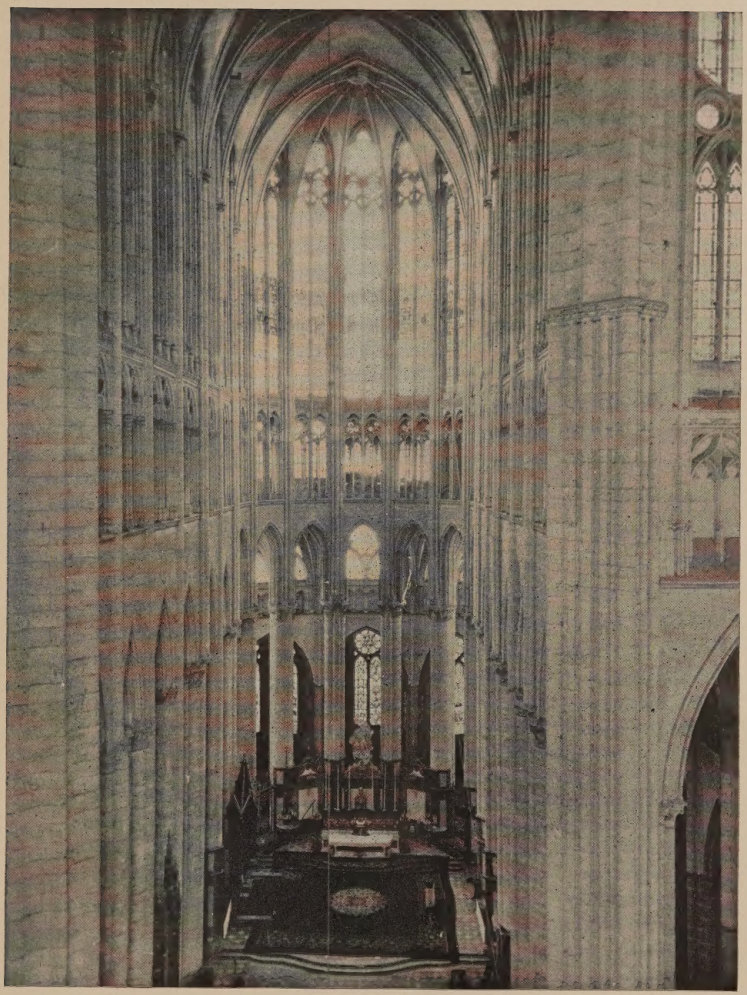
A matter-of-fact person would immediately answer that it is the most lofty Gothic choir in the world, a choir which would tower about twenty feet above that of Amiens. The measurements of this "highest Gothic" which the world has ever seen are not without interest,—a great vaulting which spans an eminence

of more than a hundred and fifty-seven feet and a vast roof which is two hundred and twenty-one feet above the level of the ground are not despicable subjects for consideration.

But to the Cathedral-seeker, mere figures mean little. It is said that the prim nave of Orléans is higher than that of the beautiful Cathedral of Troyes, that the whole Sainte-Chapelle is smaller than Saint-Louis of Blois, and it may not be denied that the Eiffel Tower looms much above Notre-Dame. Figures may, perhaps, not lie, but their truths are sometimes neither very significant nor very profound; and it is not the ambition for astounding dimensions which leads to the creation of the perfect church. It was the genius of a man who took conventional proportions and lines and shapes and heightened them artistically rather than materially that produced Beauvais.

How can this marvel be explained? How can genius or any of its works be expressed to the matter-of-fact mind? The difference between a Tennyson and a Dobson can never be made clear to one who insists that each Laureate had at his command an equal number of dashes and commas and used as many syllables and ideas. No one can learn by rote the difference between a pretty Lyric and Milton's "Sonnet on his Blindness," and the sublimity of architecture will never be made known to those who measure only by the foot-rule.

To some, true architectural greatness is beauty;



"THE INCOMPARABLE AND BEAUTIFUL MAJESTY OF THE CHOIR."—BEAUVAIS.

to others, it still means the ideal of the Middle Ages, religion. "One should come to Saint Peter's after the setting of the sun," counsels a writer who knows the Cathedral well, "and kneel in the back of the church, looking up into the apse. Shadows are already falling, and seem to cast a light veil over the details. But the four tiers of windows are clearly silhouetted in the softened light. The dark lines of the roses with their . . . circles and little columns become less boldly marked and seem like the threads of a vast piece of embroidery suspended between earth and heaven. . . .

"And when the shadows deepen, when the last lights in the uppermost windows die away,—when silence and night reign beneath the vaulting, the eye turns involuntarily to the Lamp which keeps watch before the Holy Sacrament."

This thought is æsthetically as well as religiously true. Although its exterior walls, its aisles, and its chapels are finely built, the supreme distinction of Beauvais and the qualities which make it a thing apart lie, as is most fitting, within the Sanctuary. Even those who, with facile pens, scoff at its real incompletion and its imaginary "rash" and "overleaping" ambition, might well be silenced at the sight of the incomparable majesty of this choir.

The mass of the enormous pillars of the crossing is disguised by their length, which reaches in one single thrust from the floor to the vaulting. To form the

first arches of the Sanctuary, strong, tall pillars rise; and the mind perceives—feels—without realising, the lofty height of the traceried triforium and the vast and harmonious expanse of the clerestory.

Here is pervading strength, quietly unobtruding because of its immense perfection; proportion and elevation, whose material glory is forgotten in the awesomeness of the spiritual ideal which they typify,—the tremendous beauty and sublimity of holiness, expressed in mere stone.

This is "the miracle of the Gothic," this French fragment which is as nobly inspired as the most complete of Cathedrals. It is only a choir,—but it has been well-named, and in more senses than one, it is the "High Work" of Beauvais.

The Flamboyant.

THE FLAMBOYANT.

Rouen. There are perhaps few more interesting places in France than the large, gay, and handsome city of Rouen. During the ten centuries which lie between the Dark Ages and our own day, it has built many architectural marvels of many differing kinds; and viewing it from the bridge or the opposite quays, as it lies in opulence on the banks of the Seine, spires and towers are reminders that in the streets beyond, there are three churches which represent an equal number of types of French mediæval art,—Saint-Ouen with its elegance and perfection of Gothic; little Saint-Maclou, gorgeous and Flamboyant; and Notre-Dame, which illustrates almost every phase, not only of the transitional, but of the Gothic schools.

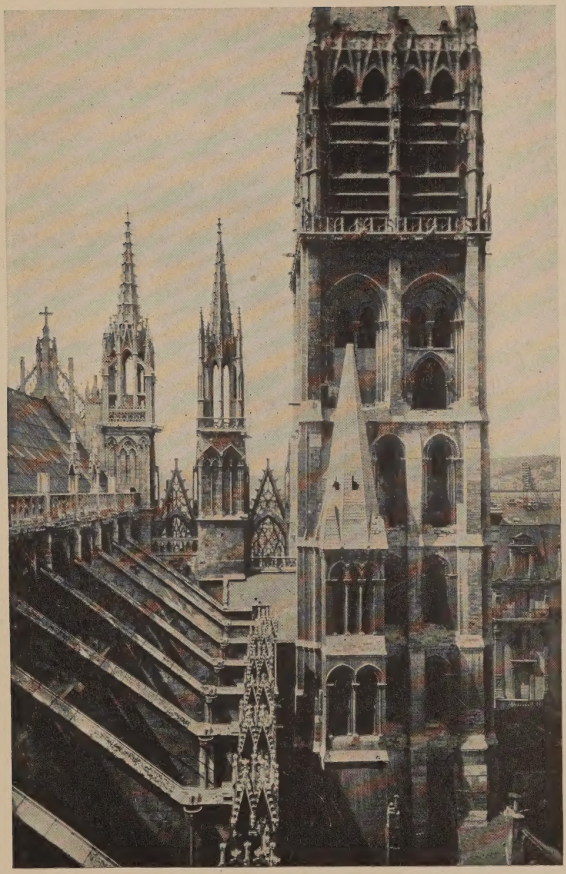
This Cathedral has no venerable architectural antiquity. The Norman invaders were hearty and stubborn in their paganism. The chronicler Flodoard writes that they were not converted in numbers until 911, and then the famous Treaty of Saint-Clair-sur-Epte revealed the quality of their spirituality when it stated that they consented to receive the Christian

Faith together with "certain maritime territory, the city of Rouen, and its adjacent country."

For many years both before and after this practical conversion, the Rouennais had his Bishop and the Bishop a church; but almost all the ecclesiastical architecture that had been spared by the storms and armies of the Dark Ages was destroyed in 1200 by the fire of Easter Night, which consumed the Cathedral "with all its bells, its books, and its ornaments, as well as other churches."

One part escaped this catastrophe, the Saint-Romain tower which to-day flanks the Northern end of the façade. In its juxtaposition with the florid Gothic of the Western wall, this structure seems in all essential qualities Romanesque. Built after 1150, it is a tall belfry of dignified outline,—with four similar stories of plain, almost regular windows, a taller story whose windows are more ornate, a final and rather decorative stage containing the bells, and a quadrangular spire or peaked bonnet which was added in the XV century.

It has often been compared with the "Old Tower" of Chartres, but to suggest the likeness is to evoke arguments and technicalities without number. The school of Viollet-le-Duc sees a specific relationship between the two types, the loyal Norman can detect only a general resemblance between his country's creation and that of the Isle-de-France and finds more real kinship with the home belfries of Jumièges and of the Abbaye-aux-Hommes.



"THE SAINT-ROMAIN TOWER WHICH FLANKS THE NORTHERN END OF THE FAÇADE."—ROUEN.

"Doctors should decide where doctors disagree"; to the layman's eye, resemblance exists between all these towers. Like those of the famous Abbeys, Saint-Romain's is absolutely separated from the body of the Cathedral. On the Western front, the dividing space of perhaps fifteen feet is masked by a wall of later date surmounted by arcades of the XIV century. But in earlier times, the isolation was obvious and significant. Not only did the tower rise to a great height, holding its bells so far above the neighbouring houses that their sound would carry far and wide and give the signal for all the other bells of the city, it was also an imposing, "tangible symbol" of episcopal magnificence, and as practical a refuge in time of strife as a castle donjon. Besides its necessary staircases and more rudely finished parts, it contains beautiful and finely vaulted halls; and is, both in its interior and in its strongly buttressed outer walls, a noteworthy product.

In 1200, this belfry alone stood above the smoking ruins of a Cathedral to which, probably, it had been architecturally akin.

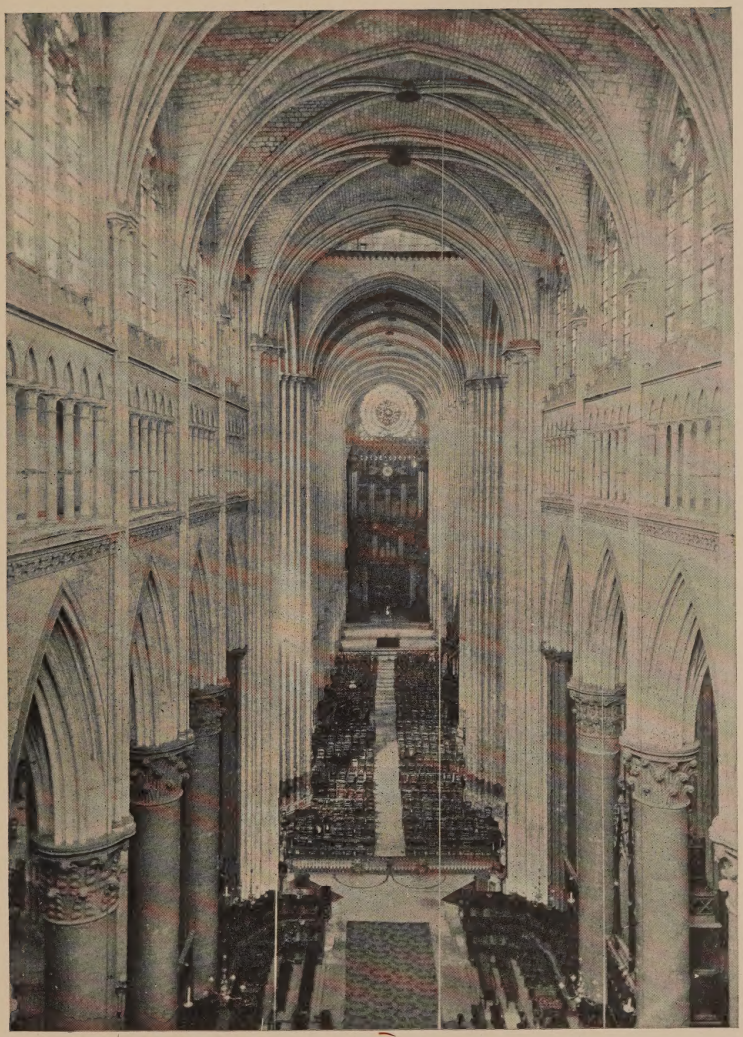
The mighty Archbishop, Gautier the Magnificent, appealed to his parishioners; to his Chapter; to the Duke of Normandy, John Lackland; to the Pope. The response was immediate. It was the XIII century, the finest epoch of Christian architecture. "Nothing in our day," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "unless perhaps the intellectual and commercial movement which

covers Europe with a network of railroads, can give an idea of the eagerness with which the people of the cities erected Cathedrals." Rouen also began again.

Enguerrand, or Ingelram, supposedly an ecclesiastic, but to us a name rather than a personality, was the man to whom the re-building of the church was entrusted; and within twenty years, he had constructed the walls of the choir, the transepts, and the nave. In 1280, the famous North and South portals were begun; and from that period to the commencement of the XVI century, prelates and Chapter and people made almost unceasing efforts to supplement by real adornment, by lavish decorations, and even by actual addition, the relatively moderate dimensions of the Cathedral's original plan.

Into this Cathedral of Enguerrand, during its years of change and growth, came a procession of noted personages,—Saint-Louis and Blanche of Castile; Charles V; Richard, Duke of York; Louis XI; James, King of Scotland; Napoleon; and many others whose aims and prayers were curiously dissimilar. A book might be interestingly and entertainingly filled with the story of the religious ceremonies, the popular meetings, and the plays and sermons which have taken place in every Cathedral; but here, on the disputed territory of Normandy, the scenes were sometimes passing strange.

In 1419, the city had fallen to the English and their Norman King; and after the siege, Rouen was a mass



"THE NAVE."—ROUEN.

of ruined houses and churches, "in every street corpses were lying, hundreds of people were crying out for bread, and for many days . . . such large numbers died that there was scarcely time to bury them." Through this ghastly, mournful city, the victorious King passed to the Cathedral. The chronicler of the day writes that Henry rode a great horse and wore a doublet of black damask. A golden Cross glittered on his breast, his cloak swept the earth, and he was followed by Bishops, Princes, and lords in resplendent armour. Having dismounted before Notre-Dame, the King entered its portal to the sound of trumpets; his Chaplains came to meet him, and the "Quis est magnus Dominus" was magnificently intoned. Henry assisted at Mass and made his thank-offering. "But there is no mention of the Canons and clergy of the Cathedral. There were doubtless some who were constrained to be present at the ceremony"; but, as was fitting, strange priests officiated at this English thanksgiving in a French church.

Thirty years later, the King of France returned to his own. Armed, mounted on a horse caparisoned with blue velvet embroidered in gold fleurs-de-lys, followed by the King of Sicily, the Chancellor bearing the Coffer which contained the seals of the kingdom, by Dunois, Xaintrailles, and the most splendid of his battalions, Charles appeared before a gate of the city. There he was received by the Archbishop and all the metropolitan clergy; and, quickly surrounded by crowds

of acclaiming people who shouted "Hail! Hail!" he proceeded to the Cathedral; and, kneeling where the Englishman had knelt, rendered solemn thanks to the "God Who protects France."

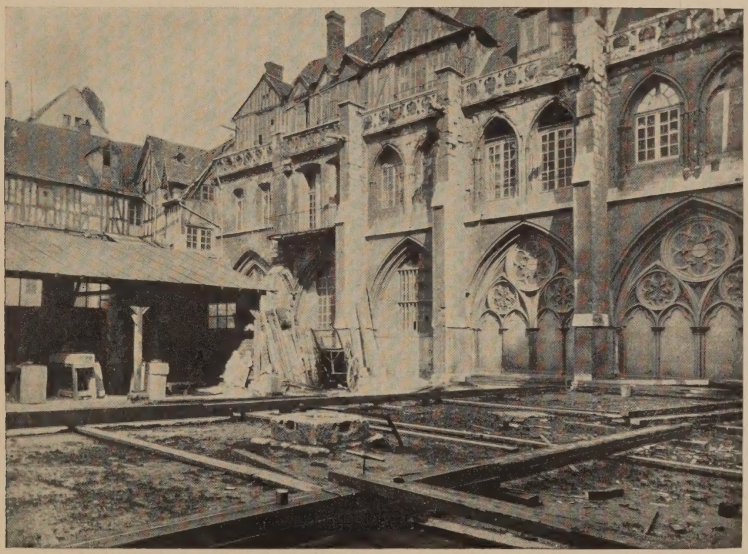
It may be questioned whether the weak monarch thought of the heroic girl who had made his triumphant entry possible. It is true that she had never stood with him in this Cathedral as she had done at Reims; but between the day of the Plantagenet's "Te Deum" and his own, Joan had been imprisoned in the strong tower of Rouen's castle, she had been led to the cemetery of the Abbey of Saint-Ouen, and there, confused and terrified by a show of horrors, she had been induced to abjure her "errors." She had indeed retracted this confession, but the English power found means to induce even French prelates to declare her "a renegade," and in less than a week, she was led to the open square where the stake had been set and the fagots laid.

"Oh Rouen! Rouen!" cried Joan, "must I die here?"

It is probable that no thought of the Maid entered Louis XI's mind when he approached Notre-Dame. More astute than Henry V, more determined than Charles VII, and as patriotic as Joan, he had come to the city to meet Queen Margaret who held Calais; and as his theology assumed that all earthly transactions could be influenced by heavenly powers, he was probably bargaining also with the Saints for the much coveted Northern sea-port. So, he knelt devoutly

before the doors of the Cathedral; then entering, went to the Altar, and kissed the Holy Relics.

At this period, the Cathedral had advanced far beyond the plans of Enguerrand. The façade had been constructed in the strong, plain style which is still exemplified in its side portals; the Cloister had



"THE CLOISTER."—ROUEN.

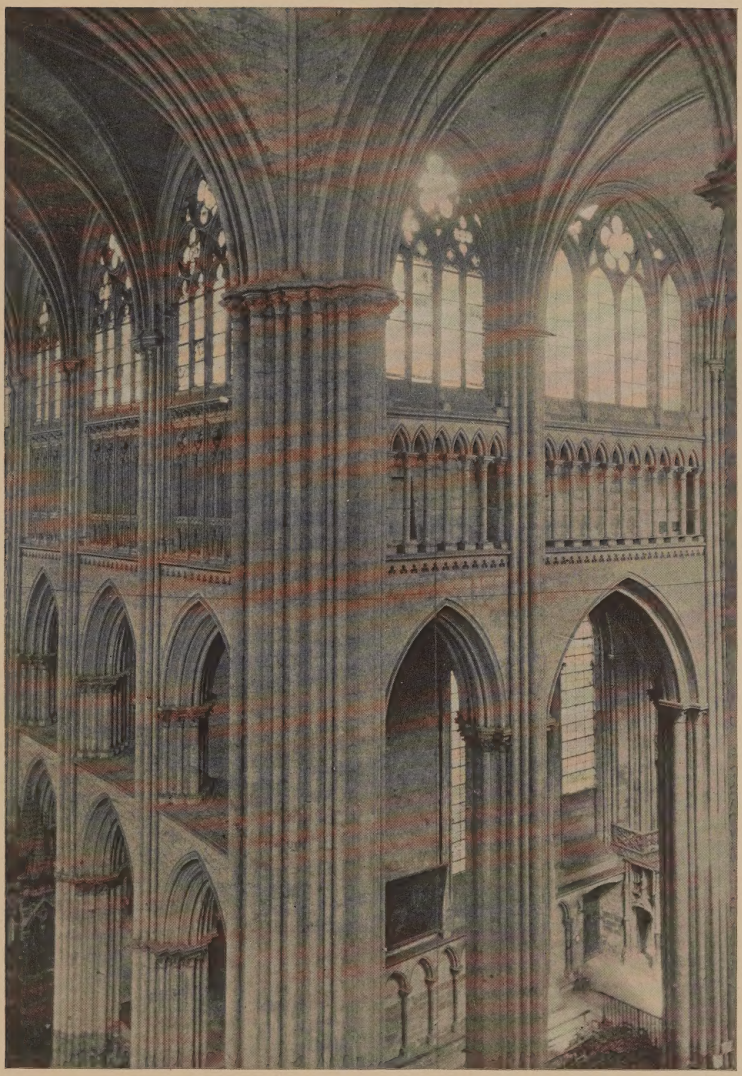
been built; in 1302, the Lady Chapel was founded; and in the same century, the lateral walls of the nave had been torn down, the buttresses prolonged, and eighteen chapels added to the side-aisles. Notre-Dame had became much larger and somewhat more ornamental.

Its chapels are at once very instructive and interest-

ing. The four minor ones about the apse, high and severe in finished dignity and purity, are of the relatively simple style of the XIII century. The Lady Chapel is, in size, a small church—or a great oratory—built with all the radiant elegance of the Gothic of the XIV century, a beautiful witness to what the Abbé Loth calls "the general sentiment" of that epoch that a Cathedral should be terminated by "a vast and spacious Chapel to the Holy Virgin which should give the edifice a tender and mystical prolongation."

The chapels of the nave, although often full of light, brilliantly ornamented, and built in the fine style of the XIV century, are symbolic of pomp and multiplied Offices rather than of architectural propriety. The clergy had become more numerous and low Masses were necessarily more frequent; the population was increasing and Masses for the Dead had to be faithfully celebrated; Confraternities and Guilds desired places for reunions and patronal celebrations; and the mere symmetry of plan, here as in many Cathedrals, was sacrificed to the growing exigencies of worship.

Within the circle of protecting chapels lie the nave, the choir, and the transepts of Enguerrand,—the original Latin Cross. This nave is divided into a central and side-aisles, the transepts are similarly planned, and the choir has an ambulatory whose walk is doubled until it reaches the absidal chapels. Three roses, spreading above the three principal entrances, add much to the effect of the interior. The light



"ANOTHER HYPOTHESIS . . . IS THAT THE SMALLER REPETITION OF THE GREAT NAVE ARCHES WAS A DECORATIVE EXPERIMENT."—ROUEN.

within the church is subdued and religious in tone, the colouring of the stone seems a deep, yellowed brown; the proportions are good; and looking into the choir and down the aisles, one sees harmonious and pleasing perspectives.

Part of the nave, however, is curiously constructed. Above its first pillars and arches, "runs another line of both in place of a triforium," writes Winkler, "above this again are two galleries, . . . and higher yet . . . is seen the clerestory with its windows, so that there are five horizontal divisions in the walls." The peculiarity of this conception lies in the second row of gaping arches. There is a theory that the architect planned a broad, upper walk like that of Notre-Dame of Paris and other noted religious edifices of the Isle-de-France, that he stopped "halfway" and that, instead of the vaulted walk, he substituted the simple, narrow passage-way which still exists. But another hypothesis, more generally admitted, is that the smaller repetition of the lower bays was a decorative experiment or technical expedient. Although it is scarcely a blemish, it is an artistic defect and it did not find favour in the Gothic schools or a single great copyist among mediæval builders.

Standing in the choir and looking first at the tall, unbroken arch of the transept and then at the doubled and comparatively stunted arches of the nave, the reason for the rejection of the latter form becomes apparent and reasonable. The columns which support

the stunted arches are, however, very gracefully clustered; and if the clerestory seems too low and the heavy frieze and the ornamentation of the triforium too changeful, the general effect here, as in all the interior, has a certain fine dignity and is less bewilderingly diversified than much of the exterior of the Cathedral.

The side-aisles, like those of almost all churches of secondary execution, are beautiful walks; the architect, who failed to cope with the larger and more exacting proportions of the central nave, has understood perfectly the exigencies of the lateral aisles. At Rouen, however, the double-arched construction of the nave has caused corollary expedients and compromises in the aisles. Above the capitals of the first pillars rises a story of long, flute-like columns, surmounted in turn by a second line of shorter but similar columns. Grinning heads and conventional patterns decorate these reedy shafts, and the whole execution is delicately and carefully worked; but in the larger architectural scheme, it is trivial and breaks with unjustifiable levity upon the stately perspectives.

Few parts of Notre-Dame are of the same period, and the choir is no exception to the rule. Its style, however, does not contrast unpleasingly with that of the nave, it is in itself a strong architectural conception; and Fergusson, who knew Rouen, must have been in a captious mood when he wrote that its "undivided piers" are too "simple for their adjuncts." For these

"THE ARCHITECT HAS UNDERSTOOD THE EXIGENCIES OF THE LATERAL AISLE."—ROUEN.

piers are firm, round columns which rise almost nobly to their heavy capitals, the arches are of good proportions, and the triforium with its heavy frieze is well formed. The clerestory was heightened in 1430, but it still seems relatively low; and the vaulting, although high, is not highly arched and its flattened oval destroys much of the appearance of imposing loftiness which a choir should possess.

Over the crossing rises another dignified structure, the lantern of the central spire; to climb to it is often an unwelcome task, and it is so far aloft that a study of its details from the body of the church is almost impracticable. Its isolation did not, however, arouse indifference in the mind of the mediæval builder, and in its heights, he placed much that deserves study. It has a very fine, tall Gothic gallery with ornamented bands or friezes; above this, there is another rectangular gallery; then, large windows; and over all rises the vaulting whose column-like ribs rest on giants' heads.

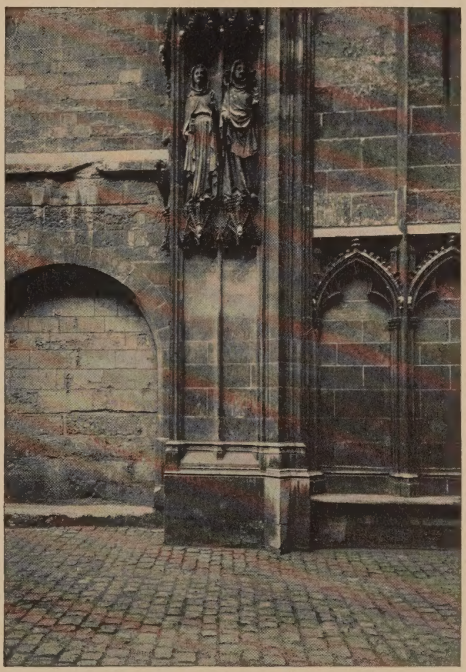
During the centuries, the exterior not only advanced towards completion, it was almost transformed. This was inevitable when a work like the Butter Tower, projected in the XIII century, was completed in the flowery period of the Flamboyant. It proved equally true when the lateral portals were begun in 1280 and terminated in 1488. Their style did not, as is too often the case, suffer from this lengthy prolongation of their building, and Viollet-le-Duc writes that "they

surpass in richness and beauty of execution anything which we know of this kind of their epoch."

The Place de la Calende, on which the Southern portal opens, was formerly called the Port of Ships and the Port of Our Lady, and it is claimed that vessels landed here and that the river, before being confined in its present channel, "almost bathed the foundations of the Basilica with its gentle ripples." The portal is part of a narrow wall which is flanked by the symmetrical and suggestive trunks of two unfinished towers. Three arches with elongated gables form the first story of this wall. Behind the central gable, there is a Gothic gallery and traceried windows, above spreads the rose, and the structure terminates in a richly decorated niche which contains the sculptured scene of the Coronation of the Virgin. The two narrower arches of the lower story continue as ornamented buttresses and end in delicate pinnacles.

The famous portal lies below the central gable, and has all the conventional forms of a fine Gothic door and all the subjects of the usual Gothic representation of the Passion. In an appreciation of its artist's peculiar merit, technique, and spirit, a comparison with other sculptured scenes of the Passion is interesting. The crude force and intensity of earlier creations have modified, and a new elegance has appeared; there is a loss of simplicity, although as yet there is no lack of virility. The Christ of the dividing pier is a noble figure and might well be called the "Beautiful God of

Rouen." Whether by accident or design, the resemblance between this statue and the famous Christ of Reims is marked; and an equally strong resemblance exists between the Coronation of the Virgin in the small upper gable and the same subject in the magnificent gable of Reims's façade.



"THE DARK, LATERAL WALLS OF THE 'PASSAGE-WAY' ARE ORNAMENTED WITH BLIND ARCADES AND STATUES OF SAINTS IN NICHES."—ROUEN.

The North transept wall is very like the Southern wall; but the tympanum, which represents the Resurrection and the Last Judgment, is unhappily mutilated and several of the larger figures of the Saints have been taken from their niches. The surroundings of the "Booksellers' Portal" are very unlike those of the Portal of the Calende. Instead of facing a sunny little square, it opens on a dark court; and Don Pommeraye, living in the XVII century, wrote that in his

day this was "a broad passage-way . . . bordered on either side by little shops, which apparently were built for booksellers in the days when persons of the same profession lived in the same quarter of the city, the booksellers having no need of large buildings before the College and the Palace had given vogue to the trade on account of the large number of men of letters which the past century and our own have produced."

This Booksellers' Portal still keeps its name, but the shops of Don Pommeraye's day are gone and the dark, lateral walls of the "broad passage-way" are ornamented with blind arcades and statues of Saints; and, as if to accentuate still further the difference between the surroundings of the two arms of the Cathedral's Latin Cross, the court is closed by a screen, a charming twin-arched entrance of the XV century, which formerly had handsome wooden gates and is still surmounted by its graceful, delicately carved gallery.

It was 1488 before the transept doors were finished, and the Southern tower of the façade was still a mere trunk, a defect rather than an addition to the Cathedral. Plans were made for its completion and money was received from many of the clergy and Faithful; but the most famous and, it is said, the most prolific source of revenue was found in the granting of Indulgences to drink milk and eat butter during Lent. The new structure accordingly received the name of "Butter Tower." The work was commenced in 1487 by a talented architect, and finished in the short space of twenty years

"A CHARMING, TWIN-ARCHED ENTRANCE OF THE XVI CENTURY . . . AND ITS DELICATELY CARVED GALLERY."—ROUEN.

by another whose sculptures in the upper stories go far to explain why the Chapter requested him, "for the reputation of the place," to live "far from the confines of the church."

Scarcely had the tower been built, well-proportioned, charmingly decorated, and pleasing to every eye, when a vexatious problem arose as to its terminating point. Should it be a pinnacle, a crown, a gabled roof, or a spire? The Chapter met, and experts, townsmen, nobles, and master-masons were consulted, and a dozen plans and projects were discussed. The new Archbishop, Georges of Amboise, desired the crown and offered to give it. Before his eyes was the incomparable diadem of the central tower of the Benedictine Abbey of Saint-Ouen; and although his gift does not equal its marvellous prototype, it is a rarely exquisite and delicate work admirably suited to the Butter Tower, which, with its four stories of traceried windows, is a beautiful creation of Flamboyant art.

Until the XVI century, the façade had been of the same style as its present lateral doors; but repairs became urgent and the art-loving Archbishop planned a transformation. The central porch and its huge gable, the rose and the seven blind arcades which end in pinnacles, the four little towers,—in a word, the great West wall with the exception of the two, smaller portals is the work of this favourite minister of Louis XII, the magnificent Cardinal of Amboise.

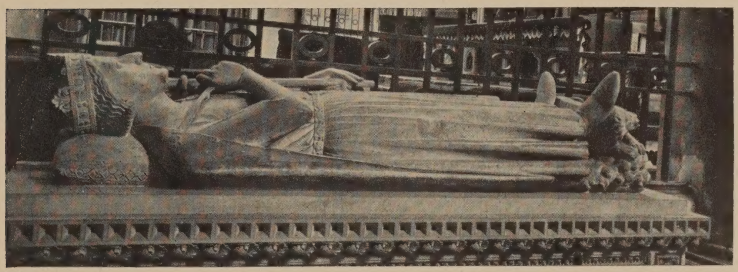
It is said that his ambition was to make this new

façade as imposing as the towers and to introduce between them a wall which would harmonise with both. In the latter ambition he did not succeed, for the Flamboyancy of the design which he approved is in glaring contrast with the simplicity of the old belfry and is not in perfect consonance even with the later tower. It is the richest, most florid effervescence of the Gothic spirit. Apostles, Angels, Bishops, Kings, Queens, Patrons and Protectors of the Church, a Tree of Jesse, designs innumerable, and almost a battalion of statuettes crowd its spaces and niches. It is brilliant, surcharged, almost blatantly ornate. For, in all its opulence, there is confusion, a certain decadence

"THE FIGURE OF A CORRECTLY MOURNFUL WIFE."—ROUEN.

of the artistic sense, and elegant caprice rather than taste. This intricate mass of lovely sculptures was sadly mutilated by fanatics of the Reformation and the Revolution; but Fergusson writes with much leniency that, "in spite of the ruin of some of its more important features and the intrusion of much modern vulgarity, it may be called a romance in stone, consisting . . . of the most playful fancies."

The tomb of the Cardinal-builder and his nephew

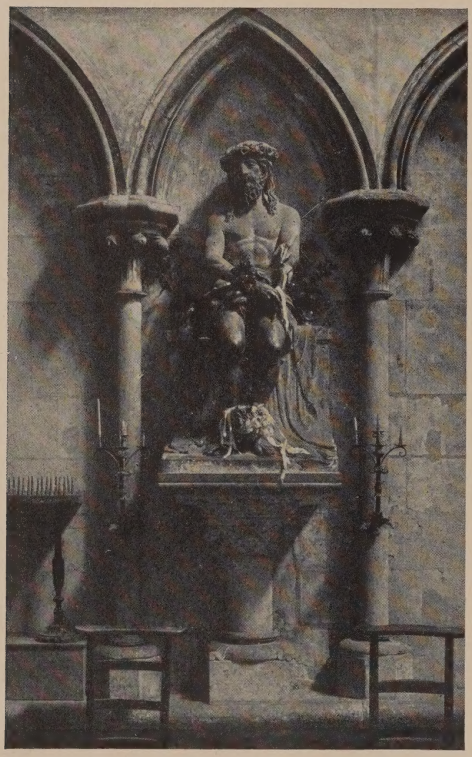


"THE GOTHIC TOMB."—ROUEN.

is in the Lady Chapel, and it is "a jewel of the art of the Renaissance." Ten years were spent in planning and in preparing its materials and sculptures; and, as has often been claimed, the monument has grace, dignity, and originality. But, like the façade, it has, perhaps, a too luxuriant fantasy, and it lacks that noble simplicity which should characterise the tombs of distinguished men.

Opposite this mausoleum stands another of the same period, built to the memory of the Grand Seneschal, Louis de Brézé, Governor of Normandy, by his more

famous wife, Diana of Poitiers. This has a psychological rather than an æsthetic interest. For at the head of the stark effigy of the Governor kneels a figure of the correctly mournful wife; and at his feet, as if in derisive juxtaposition, stands a statue of the Virgin. More appropriate in their fine severity are the church's Gothic tombs, more or less remade, with their long, recumbent images of Richard the Lion-Hearted and other Princes of the Norman line. Many details are hidden in the Cathedral's corners,—the pathetic "Ecce Homo," beloved of the Middle Ages, which still receives its homage of flowers and lighted candles; the sculptured reredos of Saint Stephen's chapel; the well-carved stalls, with the curious miséricordes which



"THE PATHETIC 'ECCE HOMO,' . . . WHICH RECEIVES THE HOMAGE OF FLOWERS AND CANDLES."—ROUEN.

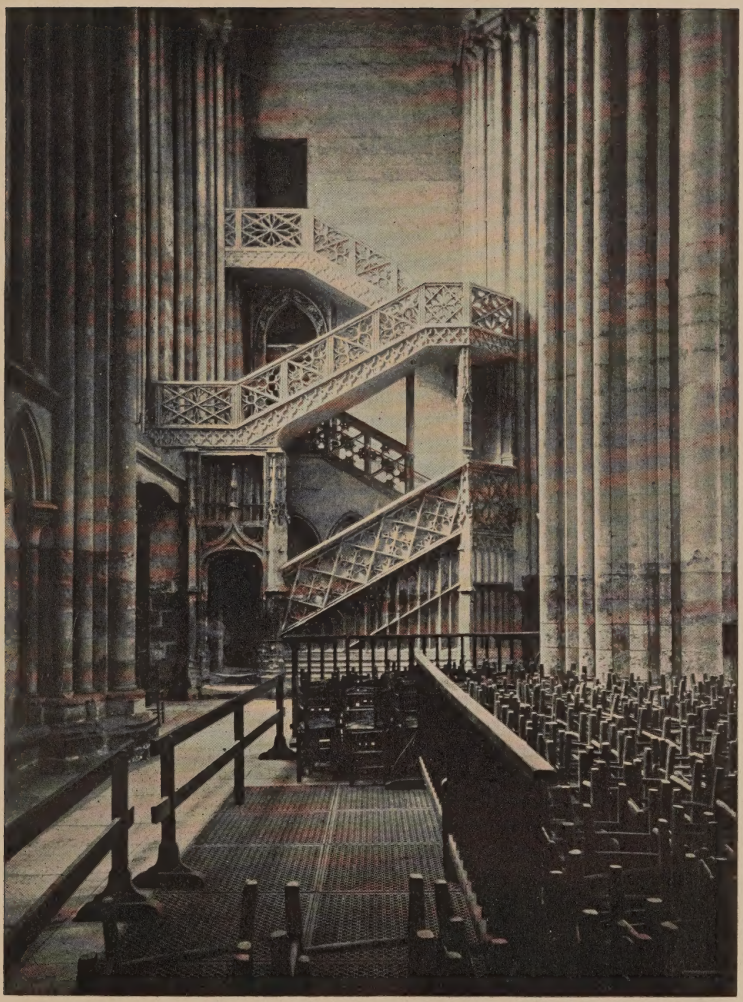
represent the most diverse scenes, from a school-master and his pupils, a pretty doorway, a barber at work, and a surgeon binding a wound, to skilful pictures of

"THE SCULPTURED RETABLE OF SAINT STEPHEN'S CHAPEL."—ROUEN.

Rouen's arts and crafts; and, last but not the least among the treasures of Notre-Dame, the graceful, light, and delicate stone staircase of the XV century, which leads to the Library of the Canons.

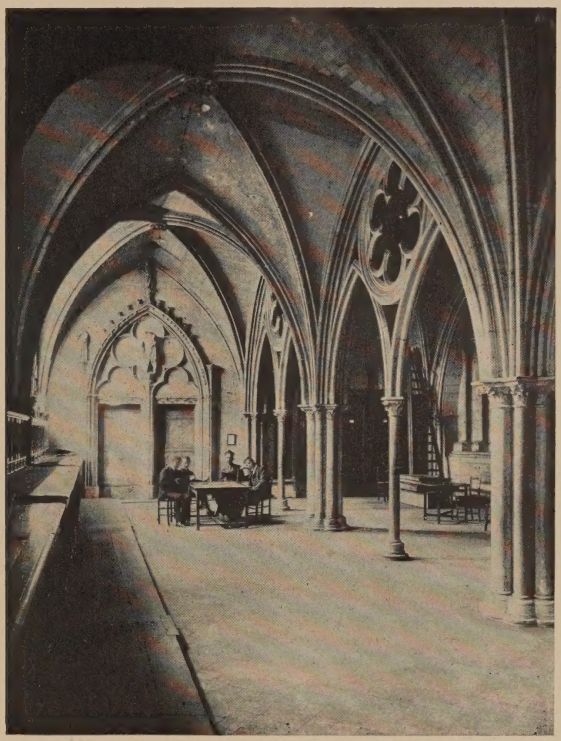
At the head of the steps, a door marked "Bibliotheca" opens into this noted historical portion of the metropolitan foundation. The preservation and collection of manuscripts during the early centuries was one of the cares of the Church, and the gradual extension of the privileges and use of these collections is one of the most interesting phases of literary evolution. At Rouen, as elsewhere, the manuscripts were at first destined for the clergy who, being almost the only persons who could read, were the only persons who used them. Later, an Archbishop, François de Harlay, "wishing to leave to the ages to come a signal mark of his . . . affection for the service of God and the defence of Christian doctrine, . . . and to make known his faithful devotion entirely given to the honour and welfare of his church," bequeathed the large number of fourteen hundred books and an annuity of six hundred "livres" to the Library, stipulating that it should be "open to Canons, and also to learned and studious persons and foreigners, from the rising to the setting of the sun." The Chapter, also, decreed that "considering the Library of this church was instituted for the profit of the greatest possible number of persons, after much deliberation and notwithstanding the statutes which grant the keys only to Canons, we decide that they can be given to well-known persons who shall ask for them."

Like the "Bibliotheca," the Gothic Cloister stretches along the North side of the Cathedral, and as in the



"THE GRACEFUL AND DELICATE STONE STAIRCASE . . . WHICH LEADS TO THE LIBRARY OF THE CANONS."—ROUEN.

case of Noyon and Tulle, it has been allowed to fall into decay and sordid misuse. Built in the last half of the XIII century and the beginning of the XIV century,



"SOME OF ITS BAYS WITH THEIR DELICATE COLUMNS AND CARVINGS . . . FORM A . . . SACRISTY CHAMBER."—ROUEN.

it is, writes Viollet-le-Duc, "the finest of two-storied claustral buildings." Some of its bays with their delicate columns and carvings have been enclosed and form a sacristy chamber; but the large close is a stone-

mason's shed, a repair shop which is used by the workmen of the diocesan architect. Each broad arch of this abused Cloister has its oculus and two smaller arches, and each small arch has in turn an oculus and two little arches. Projecting buttresses flank each bay; and between them, in the upper story, there are worn windows, and the structure ends in a pretty balustrade and a picturesque, old-fashioned roof.

The wall of the church with its tall, gabled windows beautifies one side of the close, Saint-Romain's belfry rises nearby, and with architectural restoration and the return of an atmosphere of meditation and quiet, the Cloister, instead of being melancholy and suggestive, would become one of the glories of the Cathedral.

Besides this Cloister, numerous important dependencies clustered about Notre-Dame,—the Archbishop's Palace, the Library, the sacristies, the Capitulary Chambers, and the Treasury; and in the middle of the XVI century, it had reached the apogee of its architectural magnificence.

The long, great era of construction had scarcely ended, when vandalism began. It was the period of the Huguenot uprisings; and one day in 1562, the Reformers rushed into the church during a celebration of Mass and, madly shouting, began to hack the pulpit and the confessionals and to hurl the statues from their pedestals and break them against the stone flooring. At first, the Faithful were aghast; then,

with cries of fear and despair, they fled from the scene of profanation.

Within the choir there was silence. The heavy wrought gates were closed. Canons and priests remained in their stalls until the sacred vessels were removed; then they sadly left their places and the holy

"WITHIN THE CHOIR."—ROUEN.

edifice was entirely given over to its invaders. These "religionists" mockingly placed the Host in the mouths of animal figures and, holding them aloft, marched derisively about the aisles. In the new square outside, huge bonfires were fed with Crosses, Missals, and all kinds of religious ornaments. Not a church, not an Abbey in Rouen was spared the

repetition of these impious orgies, and six months elapsed before Mass was again celebrated within the walls of Notre-Dame.

With the return of peace and order, services of the Church were magnificently resumed. For the proper celebration of the Cathedral's regular Masses alone, a large number of priests was necessary. There were the Archbishop, and his six archdeacons, forty-nine Canons, and more than a hundred chaplains, priests, and choir-boys; and in the XVII and XVIII centuries, archiepiscopal Rouen had the most admirably ordered ritual in France.

Such a powerful Chapter and See were logically possessed of many rights and privileges. Of these, the "Privilege of Saint-Romain," which took place on every Ascension Day until the Revolution, was one of the most spectacular; and to see it, people flocked from all parts of Normandy and the neighbouring provinces and even from England.

Explained in a word, the Privilege of Saint-Romain was the pardon and absolution of a criminal who had been condemned to death,—the explanation is simple, but the ceremonial was long.

The selection of the prisoner belonged to the Cathedral Chapter; and in the XII century, the Canons went in procession to the jail, the convicts were lined up before the gate, their records were heard, and a choice was made. In the XIV century, the proceedings had grown more complicated. During the three Rogation

Days, delegates from the Chapter examined candidates; the Parliament of Rouen, in turn, considered the Chapter's decision, and ordered the release. The news was then carried to the Canons, who assembled in the Capitulary Chamber; a Te Deum was chanted; and the Archbishop commanded that all the Cathedral bells should be rung to announce the glad tidings to the people. The Portal of the Booksellers was opened wide, and the procession, still singing, left Notre-Dame. It paused at the Church of the Augustines and at Saint-Maclou and was received with honours; then it went on its way to the scene of the ceremony, the Place de la Haute-Vieille-Tour; and as the prelate entered on one side, the happy prisoner, accompanied by the Chaplain and the Confraternity of Saint-Romain, approached from another.

The crowd pressed them closely; every window of the high, surrounding houses was filled with onlookers; the silence was breathless.

The Archbishop stood in the glory of his pontifical robes, mitred, Crozier in hand, surrounded by his Chaplains and by the officers of his household. Kneeling, the chains still dangling from his arms, the convict devoutly kissed the Reliquary of the Patron Saint, and listened to the prelate's brief admonition; he then recited the Confiteor, and, with Monseigneur's hand on his unworthy head, he received the Miseretur and the blessed Indulgentium. The solemn ceremony was finished; and in token of his gratitude to the heavenly Patrons

of the city, Our Lady and Saint-Romain, the liberated man raised the Reliquary three times and the people shouted again and again, "All hail! All hail!"

The long procession then re-formed. There was the company of the "Cinquantaine," bravely mounted, dressed in blue, silver-trimmed cloth, with white plumed hats, and cockades and swords; there was also a company of sergeants who carried the effigies of two horrid serpents, Saint-Romain's monster and the "infernal dragon" whom Our Lady had crushed. Many Confraternities and the people of the thirty-two parishes of Rouen, with their Reliquaries, banners, insignia, and their numerous clergy, swelled the ranks. The most revered of the Shrines were received with deep respect. That of Saint-Blaise, Patron of Wool-carders, was followed by members of his Confraternity who walked two by two and carried bouquets; that of Our Lady of Pity, belonging to the Orange Venders of the Church of Saint John, was hung with golden chains and collars of pearls; the Reliquary of Saint-Sever was borne by the Hat Makers; there were many other holy Relics, and last but not least, the renowned Shrine of Notre-Dame. Trumpets flared, and haut-boys played, and the great bells of the Cathedral, continuously booming, led the smaller bells of all the churches of the city.

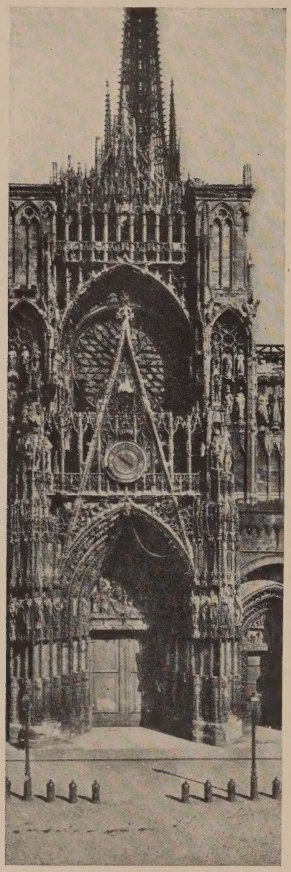
Preceded by banners, the metropolitan clergy marched together and they were about two hundred in number. It was their day of glory. The whole

procession was conceived in their honour and in honour of their Archbishop. Those who were at once Canons and Counsellors of Parliament wore cottas of red silk beneath embroidered surplices, those who had no civil dignities wore the same kind of beautiful surplices and cottas of violet silk.

After the Chapter, walked the magnificent Archbishop, who blessed the crowds that pressed about him. In his train came the nobility, the heralds, the Mayor, and the Parliament, and the large multitude of civic and religious bodies. There were men gaily dressed in red robes, blue robes, ermine mantles, and cloth of silver and gold; there were the grey cowled friars, the brown monks, little children carrying posies, the black-garbed priests, and finally, the prisoner himself, crowned with white flowers in symbol of the new innocence which is bestowed by absolution. He was the man whom the Church had saved from death, the cynosure of all eyes; to the people he seemed the "Elect of Mercy," the symbol of the Penitent Thief of the Cross. Arrived at Notre-Dame, he advanced and bowed in thanks to the Canons, the organs played, and the Mass was sumptuously celebrated,—and later, dined and wined, he was allowed to go in peace.

Nothwithstanding the continued pomps and glories of the XVII and XVIII centuries, the period of the Cathedral's architectural decline had begun; and from the invasion of the Huguenots until the Gothic

Renaissance of the XIX century, its history is that of successive vandalism and gradual decay.



"THE MAIN PORTAL" OF THE CATHEDRAL.—ROUEN.

Not less iconoclastic than the mad heretics, were the reverend Canons of Louis XV's day. They commanded that the mediæval choir-screen and the royal tombs, which were displeasing in their sight, should be taken from the church; they introduced tawdry ornaments; and, after the fashion of Canons of that epoch, they removed some of the fine, stained panes of the great windows, which they termed "thick and obscure," and replaced them with "fair, white glass."

In this work of destruction, they were succeeded by the Revolutionists. During 1793, Notre-Dame remained in these violent hands; and on its main portal in letters of gold, the following sentiments were written:—

"Liberty. Equality.
"Temple of Reason.

"If man is created free, he should govern himself;
"If he has oppressors, he should dethrone them."

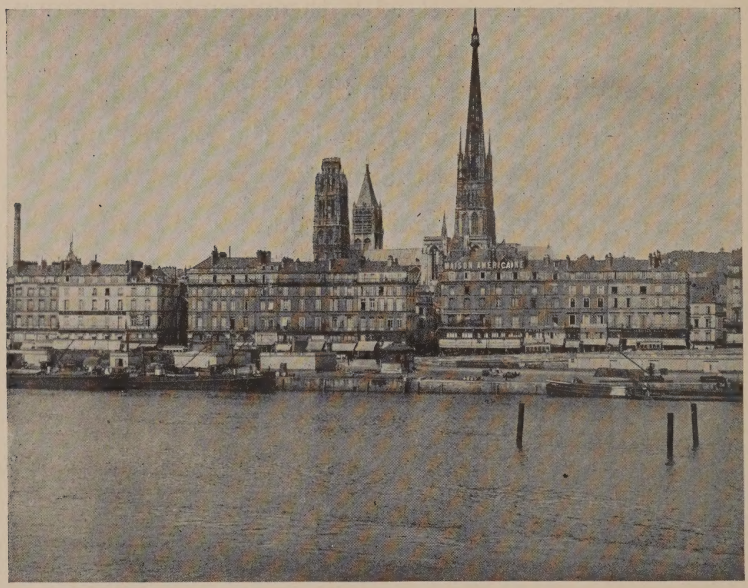
The rule of "reason" was followed in the next year by one which, if expressed with amusing assumption, was at least a step toward common sense. This, in turn, found its expression on the Cathedral door:—

"The French people recognise the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul."

The destructive element that succeeded the Revolution was the fire of 1822, which burned the central spire and injured the vaulting so seriously that for nearly a year the Archbishop celebrated in Saint-Ouen. Ten times, the "needles" which had been successively built above the crossing had been struck by lightning, and different traditions of their beauty and slender height still remain. One is said to have resembled the "Old Tower" at Chartres, another was a "miracle of grace." No truly artistic ideals disturbed the minds of the XIX century builders. They remembered only the perils of lightning and fire, and raised a spire which has every justification of sense and economy, but which, from an architectural point of view, is a hideous monstrosity. Unfortunately, it is of iron and will probably persist, to show to succeeding generations that the early XIX century was no less barbarous in its utilitarianism than the XVIII century in its pseudo-classicism.

The dark and melancholy spire is the last of the

many additions which the Cathedral has received, the greater number of its towers are still unfinished, and a complete restoration would exact so vast an expen-



"FROM THE BANKS OF THE SEINE, . . . ITS THREE TOWERS, WHICH ARE AS DISSIMILAR AS TOWERS MAY WELL BE, RISE PICTURESQUELY ABOVE THE LONG ROOF LINE.' —ROUEN.

diture of money and time and labour that it seems a Utopian vision.

Perhaps this plan of Rouen is not so sublime that its abandonment should cause, like that of Beauvais, the liveliest regret. The key-note of the church seems to be a simple and utter lack of symmetry; and the insistent impression which it produces is that of a mixture of styles and of architectural accommodations

and irrelevancies. From the banks of the Seine, its exterior looms large and magnificent; and its three towers, which are as dissimilar as towers may well be, rise picturesquely above the long, long roof-line. The interior, too, seen from the beginning of the nave, is large and high, and seems, with the strong, round pillars of the choir in the distance, of almost imposing dignity. But a close study of both the exterior and the interior reveals many varieties—it might almost be said, a pellmell—of forms, shapes, manners, proportions and disproportions which, in union, are necessarily displeasing to the eye accustomed to the infinite consonance of more consistent Gothic creations.

Notre-Dame is Norman-French, and Viollet-le-Duc writes that the Normans had "first, riches, then a spirit of continuity which most of the French peoples did not possess." Of their wealth, there is, indeed, much worthy display, and in proof of the "continuity" there is the immense amount of labour that has been constantly expended on the complexities of the structure. But apparently this "spirit" does not include in any sense the kindred feeling of eternal harmony and fitness. It seems to consist of an infinity of labour expended in the materialisation of exquisite, but vagrant fancies; and it is not unfair to call the Cathedral of Rouen a school of Gothic architecture rather than an architectural entity.

It is never entirely flawless, never entirely unworthy; it "exhibits," as Fergusson has well written,

"most of the beauties as also, it must be confessed, most of the defects of each style. It was erected with a total disregard to all rule, yet so splendid and picturesque that we are almost driven to the wild luxuriance of nature to find anything to which we can compare it"; and this juxtaposition of many clearly differentiated examples of Gothic styles, by familiarising the beholder with fine forms in detail, enables him to recognise and to appreciate the works of greater masters where these details are submerged in a more perfect whole.

Tours. "Château Neuf," the town which grew about Saint Martin's Abbey, and Cæsarolumum, the old Roman city fortified during the Middle Ages, which lay East of the Cathedral, were finally united under the name of Tours in 1354. There, less than a hundred years later, Jeanne d'Arc ordered a workman to make her famous banner, and there, in 1163, Pope Alexander III excommunicated an Anti-Pope, and the proud German Emperor, Henry IV; but, in spite of these and many other venerable memories, Tours, like Orléans, presents the appearance of a modern city, and even the basilica is new which enshrines the relics of the holy Saint Martin.

If the remains of its antiquity are few, its traditions are many, and one of the most curious is the theory that the appellation "Huguenot" grew out of a popu-

lar native superstition. It has been claimed elsewhere that the name given to the French Reformers was derived from a German word, "Eidgenossen"; or, even more oddly and circuitously, from "Hugues Capet," because, in their aspirations to political power and royalty, the direct descendants of this King were supported by the French Protestants. The true origin of the word will perhaps never be discovered, but Tours advances a natural and reasonable hypothesis. It was believed by the mediæval inhabitants that nightly, after all honest folk were in bed, a certain evil gnome named "Le Roy Hugon" prowled about the streets. The heretics of the XVI century, often persecuted, were also obliged to go about the streets by night and to meet under cover of darkness; and the orthodox of Tours, remembering their goblin, derisively nicknamed the new religionists, "Huguenots," subjects of the gnarled King, Hugon.

However widespread its holy associations and long before the days of the national movement of French heterodoxy, the city had its keen, dissenting son, Bérenger, a pupil of Saint Martin's Abbey, who had quickly imbibed all the learning of his time. Born in 999, Bérenger, still a baby when the fearful year 1000 was safely passed, was not warped by its terrors. He belonged, however, to a period when scholarship was inseparable from theology, and when theological tenets were in the throes of formulation. He protested against Pascharius Radbert's definition of the

doctrine of the Eucharist and declared that "the Real Presence was spiritually conceived." As he had no idea of founding a new sect, or even of leaving the Church, many who inclined to his beliefs dared to follow him.

"On the other side," writes Milman, "in the vast European hierarchy, there were minds of equally powerful logical subtlety who would repress all rebellious intelligences and were conscientiously jealous of any approach to the unsettling of great religious questions or the diminishing of the sacerdotal power, then the bulwark against brute force and blind ferocity, and they espoused the established creed with all the ardour of churchmanship. Such was the great Lanfranc. Jealousy too may have lurked between his 'upstart university at Bec, among barbarous Normans,' and the . . . long distinguished school at Tours, where, by the account of the Bishop of Le Mans, the virtue, austerity, and sanctity of Bérenger were deeply honoured."

From their respective schools, the two eminent Churchmen haughtily opposed each other. At the Roman Council of 1050, Lanfranc obtained the censure of his antagonist. Summoned to a later Council at Vercelli, the assailed priest refused to present himself; but the Church at Tours sent representatives for the defence of its scholar. Words ran high, and a Canon of the city "in the name of Almighty God declared him a liar who had branded" his fellow townsman "with the name of heretic." Bérenger himself ap-

pealed to Henry I of France; and the perplexed King, unable to divine which view would in the end be orthodoxy, imprisoned him, as the easiest means of bestowing the royal protection. Two more convocations met in stormy session, and finally the mighty Cardinal-subdeacon, Hildebrand, "came to France, boldly summoning a Council in . . . the very stronghold of his adversary."

Bérenger steadily opposed the material interpretation of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. He declared that, after consecration, the bread and wine were in reality the Body and Blood of Christ, but that this was a spiritual, not a carnal change; and he maintained that his enunciations were but repetitions of Duns Scotus, the learned Erigena, the theologian of Charles the Bold's Court whom all France revered, and that as these views were expressly set forth in the works of that venerable Doctor, Saint Augustine, their orthodoxy was indisputable.

For the moment, lesser theologians were aghast; and even Hildebrand "became persuasive and conciliatory," and, returning to Rome, left Bérenger without fresh rebuke.

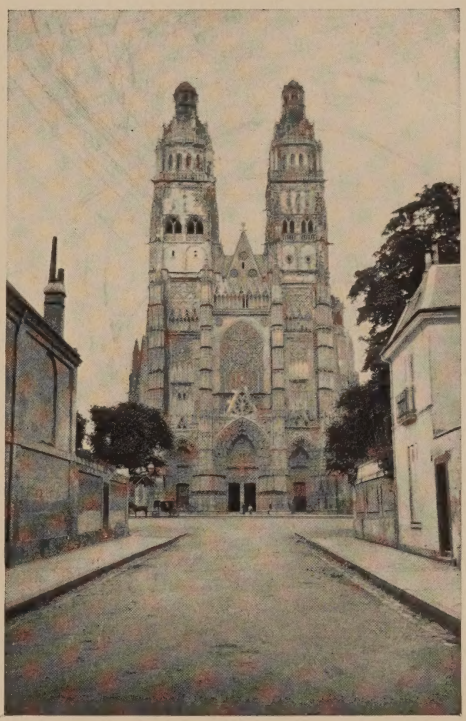
The controversy was, however, far from ended; and, in 1059, the heresiarch was either persuaded or compelled to appear before the Second Council of the Lateran. He now faced the choice between death and the recantation of his belief. It has been well said that "logic makes no martyrs." Bérenger

frankly confessed that fear extracted from him a humiliating admission of error and, until he reached home, he accepted a creed which permitted some equivocation of meaning.

Twenty years later, at the age of eighty, he again went to Rome. "In vain had three Councils, Paris, Vercelli, Rome, issued their decrees; in vain had one Pope committed himself to actual censure, three others to repudiation of the tenet, . . . in vain had Lanfranc, now Primate of England and first theologian in Christendom, promulgated his refutation. Bérenger either treated them all with scorn or attempted to prove by his subtle logic that, while they censured, they acceded to his doctrines. He had recanted all his forced recantations, which were said to be threefold, or denied that he had in truth recanted. He would not give his life for his beliefs; but while he lived, he would assert and defend what he believed to be the true and early doctrine of the Church."

What could be done with such a tenacious and learned priest? Gregory hesitated,—and had recourse through the fasts and prayers of a friend to the Blessed Virgin, and, "through that friend, learned from the Blessed Virgin that Bérenger's views were scriptural." He allowed the Frenchman to live with him. Was this leniency the result of conviction, or was it wise pity for the old, old man whose life was at his disposal, yet who, in his last days, dared at such a risk to reaffirm his views to an opposing world?

No one can truly say; but even when the Pope himself was attacked as a harbourer of heretics and "an infidel and despiser of the Blessed Sacrament," he dismissed the aged priest, not only uncondemned, but with recommendatory letters in which he wrote that all "those who call Bérenger, the son of the Roman Church, a heretic" incur the papal anathema. Nine years later, Bérenger died in peace, in full possession of his ecclesiastical dignities;—a strange ending of a strange dissenter, whose convictions were sincere and in whom intellectual pride and persistency seem to have surpassed spiritual and physical courage.



THE FAÇADE OF "THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL OF TOURS."

Notwithstanding the exploits of a famous and "unconquerable heresiarch" and the nightly wanderings

of Huguenots, the history of Tours is more celebrated for its Saints than for its heretics; and if, for centuries, the diocese was little distinguished by any ecclesiastic as administrator, diplomatist, or even royal confessor, its ancient churchly record is rich, and it can claim Saint Martin, "the Apostle of France" and the founder of Western Monasticism, and Saint Gregory, the wise and holy Bishop and the "Father of French History."

Saint Martin, "the glory of Gaul in the IV century, the light of the Church of the West," was born in Sabaria, a town which now lies in ruins on the River Gunez in Lower Hungary. Step by step the exigencies of life brought him from that far-off country into France. During his childhood, his parents moved to Pavia, from which place military duties carried him further and further North until he reached Amiens, Poitiers, and Tours.

The story of the great Saint resembles that of many early Christians of the Empire; and although his family was pagan and objected strongly to his religious tendencies, it is said that he persisted in going to church and at a very early age asked to be received as a catechumen. When he was only twelve years old, he ardently desired to retire to a desert and live as a hermit; and "thoughts of the Church and monasteries . . . filled his mind and heart."

To his father and mother, the child was a strange and perplexing problem; and when the Emperor commanded that all sons of Officers should bear arms, they enrolled

him and hoped that his new profession would give him aspirations which were more usual, and which they considered more rational and suitable.

At the age of fifteen, the young Martin obediently entered the service and took the military oath. Saint Sulpicius Severus tells us that on a bitter winter's day about three years later, the young soldier met a shivering beggar, and, having no money, threw off his cavalry cloak, cut it quickly in two, and gave half to the poor man. Some of the bystanders jeered. But the next night in a dream, Martin saw Christ clothed in the mantle, and heard Him say to the adoring Angels of heaven, "Behold! It is Martin, as yet but a catechumen, who has clothed Me with this garment."

In due season the young cavalry man received Baptism, retired from the army, and founded, near Poitiers, the first monastery in France. Miracle after miracle became connected with his name; and one day, as was very usual, a sick man presented himself before the door and begged for the Abbot's blessing. Suspecting no evil, the good monk hurried to the gate and a band of strangers immediately seized him and carried him away.

Far from being brigands, these persons were admirers of the Saint; and, knowing his devotion to claustral life, they had devised a "pious stratagem" to gain possession of him and to place him bodily upon the episcopal throne of their city, Tours.

Seeing the Hand of God in this extraordinary act of

men, Martin capitulated. He persisted, however, "in monastic life, constructing for himself a cell in a rock near the city. Soon others were grouped around him,—and thus was originated the famous Abbey of Marmoutiers."

From this retreat, he aided actively in the Church's work of humanisation, and "it is with justice that he is praised for the dignity of his connection with the Emperors and for the courage with which he protested against the first capital punishment pronounced and inflicted for the cause of heresy."

Two centuries later, the See was ruled by another Saint of very different character. "Martin," writes an early biographer, "had clear thought, courage, and a logical mind, but he was not a man of learning and his enemies made much of this fact." Saint Gregory, on the contrary, a successor and reverend disciple of the blessed thaumaturgus, was a writer of no mean distinction. "Descendant of one of the first martyrs of the Christian Faith in Gaul, united with several churches by relationship with their Bishops, brought up in Auvergne, the last place of Gallo-Roman independence and the birthplace of the Emperor Avitus, Gregory was prepared for a historian both by position and by intercourse with the greatest persons of his time.

"His literary instruction is very superficial, his language is rude and incorrect, and nearer the 'common talk' of his contemporaries than classic Latinity. But the rusticity he excuses has a native charm, his

style does not fail of colour, nor sometimes of eloquence. If critical sense is lacking, he has . . . a sincerity which allows him to correct by recital the very errors of his judgment. If the barbarity of his age sometimes clouds the delicacy of his moral sense, one admires the ardour of his piety, the courage with which he defends what he believes just, and the tenderness of heart that made him true father of the sick, poor, and oppressed."

It is Saint Gregory who tells us that the Cathedral of Tours in his day was "glorious," and that those who worshipped there seemed "to breathe the air of Paradise." Unfortunately, no significant traces of the architecture of this early century can be discovered. A tooth of Saint Martin is preserved at Tournai, another relic is still found at Saint Martin of the Fields in Paris; but of the churches which first sheltered his body there are only faint traditions. Even the "white robe of churches" which, Raoul Glaber tells us, covered the land of France after the passing of the year 1000, several centuries after the death of the two Bishops, disappeared in its turn; and, far from suggesting early Christians of the Empire or even mailed prelates of the Middle Ages, the first glimpse of the present Cathedral of Tours and of its towers recalls the day of the later Valois and the declining Gothic.

In inception, however, this building is much older, and its story goes back to the age of Louis VII and of his good "cousin" and rival, Henry II of England.

When not able to "take the Cross," according to the devotional habits of the times, the monarchs and their peoples piously desired to contribute at least their money to the deliverance of the Holy Land, and these contributions were sent for safe-keeping to the Cathedral of Tours.

As Metropolitan, the Archbishop Joscian claimed that the right to send the moneys to their final destination was vested in him. Louis sustained these claims. Henry II opposed them; and as he was too proud and powerful to brook submission to his overlord and as the suzerain could ill afford to establish the precedent of ceding to a vassal, war was declared, and in 1166, the Cathedral was burned.

In 1170, the first stone of a new church was laid. It was the period of the early, the sturdily strong creations of the greater Gothic, and if its building had been rapidly continued at that time, Tours might have had a structural kinship with Noyon and Paris. But the work dragged until 1225; and, in fifty-five years, the art had undergone an essential transformation. Its strength was no longer massive; the shades of its stained-glass were becoming less mysterious and more brilliant; and the first suggestion of the Gothic, that of the over-powering majesty of religion, which is so impressively embodied in Notre-Dame of Paris, had given place to the materialisation of another religious ideal, the beauty of holiness.

"In the XIII century," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "Tours

"ONE OF THE FEW CLOISTERS WHICH REMAIN TO NORTHERN FRANCE."
—TOURS.

was a very important city; but we do not find among the people of the banks of the Loire that brave and bold spirit which characterised the population of the Isle-de-France, of Champagne, and of Picardy. Wiser and more prudent, the river-folk . . . built their monuments within the limits of their resources; and in its restricted dimensions, the Cathedral is a remarkable example of this fact. . . . Chartres and Amiens . . . seem to have been built with feverish haste, . . . as if their architects had a presentiment of the ephemeral character of the movement which they followed. At Tours, there was study, care, and deliberation in execution, the choir of the Cathedral is the work of a matured mind which knew its art and built only according to the means which were at hand, . . . and the pleasing edifice follows step by step the progress of the style of the time; but it is not impregnated with the inspiration of a genius which gave life to stone and used it in the expression of new ideas."

Near the North wall, there still exists, in ruin, one of the few Cloisters which remain to Northern France. The graceful arches of the lower story are partially blocked by stones; above them, an open gallery with a balustrade extends beneath a pointed, wooden roof. In one corner, a little Renaissance tower has a spiral stairway and, among other interesting rooms, the building contains a vaulted hall of the XIII or XIV century.

The exterior has the pretty style of the late XV century; and, with the weeds which grow bushily

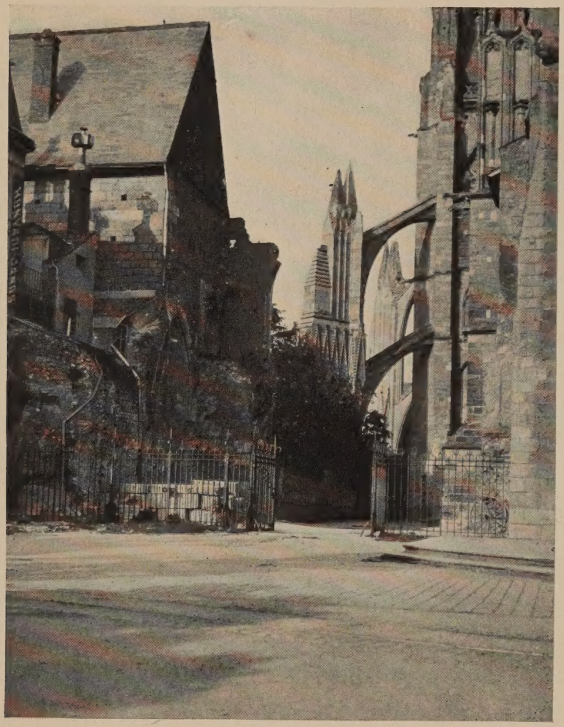
about its base and spring from out the wall, with the tree of the neglected close, and its own decaying forms, it has a quaint elegance. In its Renaissance and late, feeble Gothic, it is not unlike a small, deserted château, and its charm is perhaps less meditative and more worldly than that of many Cloisters.

The choir with its numerous chapels, the transepts, and two bays of the nave of the Cathedral itself, which were finished in the first half of the XIII century, are more truly Gothic than the Cloister, and more nearly akin to the architectural spirit of Saint-Pierre of Troyes; but, before 1400, the work had begun to lag disastrously and Gothic styles had been materially modified. The West façade was not completed until 1440, one tower was built in 1507, and it was not till forty years later that the other was finished. Long before this was accomplished, however, the construction of the Cathedral had become a byword in the province; and, to this day, the inhabitant of Touraine who wishes to show his disgust at the interminable slowness of any task, shrugs his shoulders and says, "Bah! It is like Saint-Maurice."

In Gothic architecture, the dangers of slowness were as great as those of niggardly or lax construction; and to those who do not know the edifice, the dates portend a confusion of forms, a museum like Rouen, a juxtaposition only less startling than Saint-Julien of Le Mans, or some new kind of failure or compromise with the original ideal.

ENTRANCE OF THE "MANY CHOIR CHAPELS."—TOURS.

Built at a time when the rudimentary rules were fixed, determined, the church naturally has the form of a Latin Cross. The general outlines of the exterior are not always admirable. Seen from the river,



"THE ARMS OF FLYING-BUTTRESSES STRETCH FROM THE CATHEDRAL TO THESE . . . SUPPORTS."—TOURS.

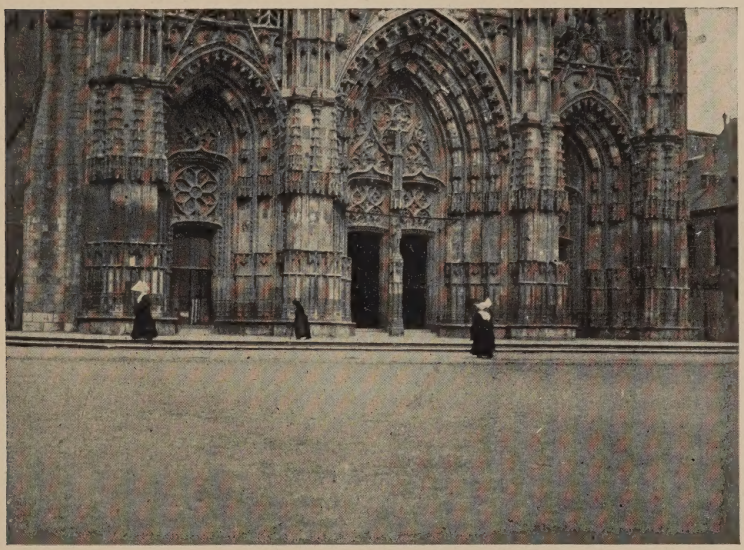
the stretch of the roofs is long and monotonous; the façade is too elongated; and as at Bourges and Viviers, structual defects have necessitated awkward and ugly reinforcements. On the North side, at a short dis-

tance from the wall, there are three heavy piles whose ornaments and ragged peaks fail to disguise their inappropriateness, and the arms of flying-buttresses stretch from the Cathedral to these practically necessary but artistically inopportune supports. The North transept also is similarly propped; its portal, which now has no sculptured figures, is walled in; the high gable is bare and unfinished; and, in spite of the pretty traceries of the rose in its square casing and the lines of the windows of the triforium, this Northern wall, hidden in a deserted side-street, merely suggests its original symmetry and plan.

One part of the exterior is particularly well-conceived and well-finished,—the apse with its group of chapels, its stories of tall, slender windows, and its double row of strong, firm buttresses. It is dignified and conventional. There is no meanness of proportion nor of ornamentation; the plan included all the forms of a great apse on a simple, bold, but somewhat smaller scale, and this worthy conception was brought to a fitting completion.

Although it is unduly elongated, the narrow, grey, Flamboyant façade is another noted part of the church. The whole character of the plan indicates that Gothic art had ceased to be a medium of religious thought and that architects cared only to express beauty of form. There is no magnificence of sculptured figures, no profusion of holy scenes,—the one large statue, that of Saint-Gatien, stands on the dividing-pier of the

central door, and no religious lesson is to be learned at these portals. The period of the "Bible of Amiens" has passed; the Renaissance has come, and the pagan spirit invades even the architecture of the Church. This spirit is incarnate in the façade of Tours. Smaller figures of Saints stand in the niches of the vaulting,



"THERE IS NO MAGNIFICENCE OF SCULPTURED FIGURES, NO PROFUSION OF HOLY SCENES—NO RELIGIOUS LESSON IS TO BE LEARNED AT THESE PORTALS."—TOURS.

but the tympana are filled with pretty, unmeaning traceries, and the window above the central door is surmounted by a crown which is primarily artistic and but vaguely suggestive of the Kingship of God. Even the lines of the archiepiscopal Cross above Saint-Gatien's niche become gracefully confounded in a

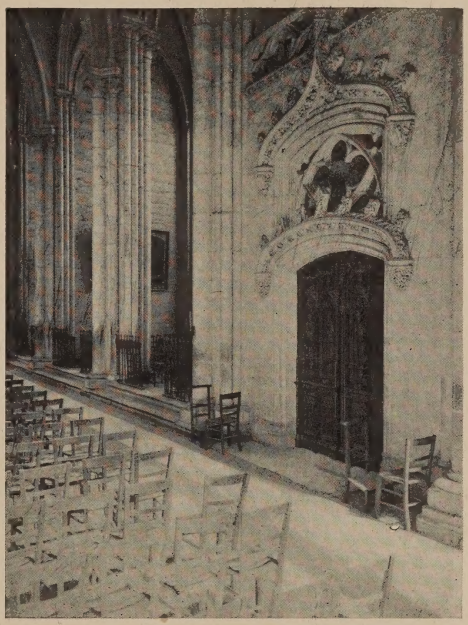
multitude of lovely arabesques. Garlands, crowns, roses, canopies, and pinnacles are arranged in rich and orderly profusion, and the art of the XVI century is manifested in all its luxuriant, gorgeous decadence and exquisite workmanship.

Each of the large Flamboyant portals is differently decorated, the central wall is ornamented by an immense window, and a rose, a gallery, and the terminating pinnacle. The flanking towers, essentially alike, differ in little, fanciful details; their upper stages are not improved by the admixture of Gothic and Renaissance adornment nor by the pagoda-like structures which surmount them, but the lower stories are covered with slender, carved designs, and, in the light of the sunset, the delicate, lace-like effect of the whole façade is radiantly and irreligiously lovely.

If this sentiment of the pagan spirit of art has not penetrated the interior of the church, technical flaws are here apparent. Some of the bays of the nave are Flamboyant; their arches are of proportionately good height and the clustered form of the pillars, if not extraordinary, is also pleasing, but the whole effect is spoiled by a diamond-shaped stone which is inserted above the point of the arch. In order that the aisles could be built on a more economical basis, the pillars of the crossing have been so disposed as to form a trapezium, the narrower axis of the nave is a gross defect, and the clear glass of its clerestory is glaring.

However, the exquisite beauty of the interior is much

more obvious than its defects, and Viollet-le-Duc writes, "this charming edifice is executed with special care, and in none of its parts are those negligences discovered which are so frequent in our great Northern Cathedrals." With the exception of Reims, no interior Western wall is so richly effective. It is almost transparent, almost a wall of glass upheld by delicate traceries of stone; and, like the façade, in the glowing light of the setting sun of Touraine, it is resplendent, and it sparkles as if set with jewels.



"A GRACEFUL LITTLE DOOR OF A LATER EPOCH."—TOURS.

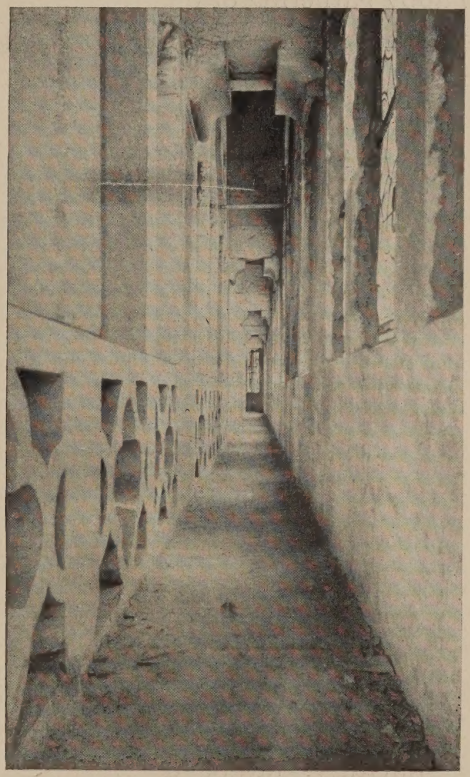
The low side-aisles are conventionally well-formed; but the high, narrow nave, with the whiteness of its stone, has the pure and stately loftiness which is the sublime peculiarity of the French Gothic. Handsome red and blue glass in the clerestory and the windows behind the triforium bathe the far perspective of the choir in a dim, low light; and both here and in the

nave, the forms of the upper stories have dignified proportions.

The finest ornamentation of the Cathedral is its glass. The roses of the transepts are magnificent; and in the choir and the chapels, there are windows of the latter part of the XIII as well as of the XIV, XV, and XVI centuries. Lesser details also add to the charm of the church. A small door in the transept leads to the Psalette or room of the singing-school, a chamber of the XV or the XVI century which is ornamented with delicate sculptures, and a curious staircase. The North tower also contains the pretty, spiral "royal stairway." There is a large sacristy of the XIII century, a graceful little door of a later epoch, and, among the rather uninteresting furnishings and monuments of the church, the tomb of the tiny children of Charles VIII is the most quaint and touching.

"THE TOMB OF THE TINY CHILDREN OF CHARLES VIII."—TOURS.

But to see the Cathedral in its most splendid aspect, it is necessary to climb narrow stairs, to cross the roofs, and entering by a window, to follow the dusty walk of the choir-triforium to its Easternmost end. Here, above the High Altar, one tarries long,—looking into the nave. In their hemicycle rise the arches of the choir, their angles softened by the dark tones of the stained-glass; beyond, in clearer light, the sheer line of the nave falls from the high, delicate capitals, and it is as if white veils had been drawn aside and hung straight on either side to show beyond the radiant vision of the Western wall and its glowing glass. Here, in spite of the change of axis, are well-proportioned dimensions, symmetry, and grace

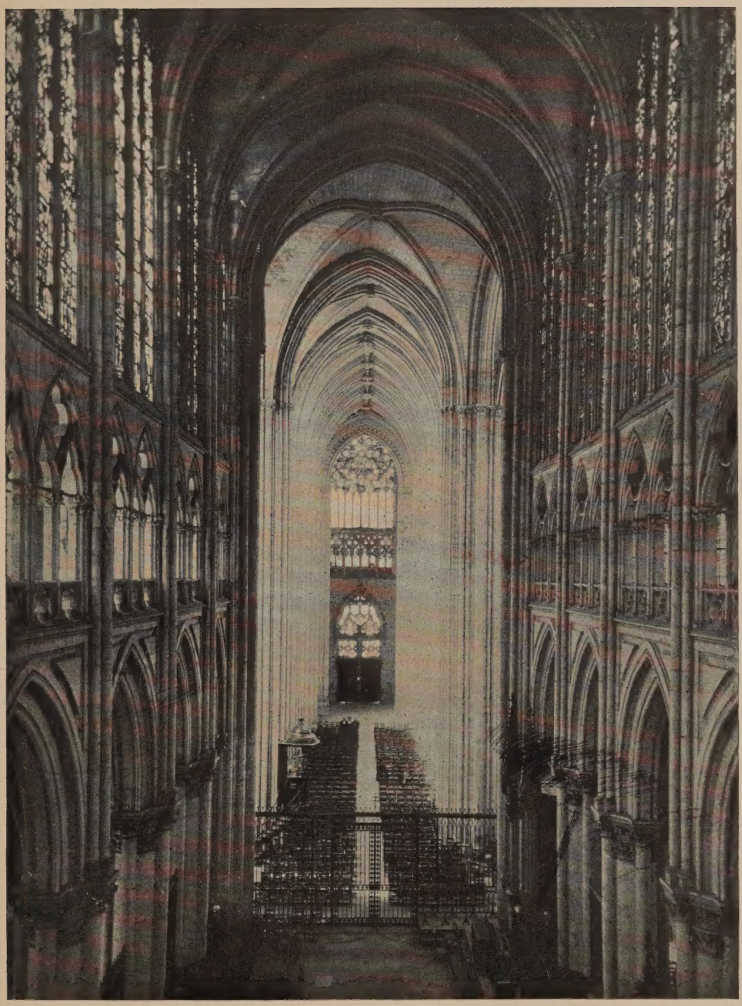


"THE DUSTY WALK OF THE TRIFORIUM."
—TOURS.

in happy accord; and if "the true beauty of an edifice," as the genial Abbé Bourassé writes, "consists neither in its mass, nor in the immensity of its extent, but in the happy gathering of qualities which delight," this central nave and choir of Tours can be ranked with the most irreproachable works of Gothic art.

With its more formal lines, the apse is one of the fine architectural details of the Cathedral; the façade, in its abundance of delicate and graceful ornament and its lack of religious meaning, is one of the best examples of the dying ecclesiastical art of the XVI century; and these, with the stained-glass and the lovely, ruined Cloister, are the treasures of Tours which make it one of the most interesting among those Cathedrals of France which are beautiful rather than awe-inspiring.

Meaux. The Cathedral of Meaux in which the great Bossuet so often preached had, during his Episcopacy, much the same appearance that it presents to-day; and although it has large portals, a nave, transepts, side-aisles, and ambulatory, although it should have two towers and did possess a lead-covered, wooden spire which fell into ruin and was demolished in 1640, it has always been an inferior materialisation of "the classic plan." It is "a one-towered church" which can scarcely stand a close comparison with others of its kind, with Sens, Auxerre, or Soissons.



"THE SHEER LINE OF THE NAVE FALLS FROM THE DELICATE CAPITALS."—TOURS.

Viollet-le-Duc believes that a new Cathedral was begun in the last years of the XII or the beginning of the XIII century, other authorities claim that an old edifice was almost entirely re-built at that period. The lower arches of the choir and the windows and arcades of the Northern arm of the transept betoken the epoch before 1350; but the general effect of the church is that of a later Gothic development. The chapels and the upper stages of the choir were not finished until the beginning of the following century, the construction of the transept portals and of a part of the Western façade did not take place until the XV century, and 1500 had long passed before the ornamentation of the nave and of the North tower had been completed.

In its façade, the Cathedral shows a good, if unoriginal plan, a fine Gothic wall of secondary importance developed in an incomplete and almost haphazard fashion. A broad flight of steps leads to three doors of minor artistic value, which are flanked and separated from each other by four, straight, decorated buttresses. The central portal is adorned with carvings of John of Burgundy and Saint John the Baptist, and Philip of Valois and his Patron, Saint Philip. Below these holy and popular personages, the Damned and the Elect are grouped, and Saint Peter introduces the Queen into Paradise, while an Angel takes the King by the hand. All the entrance-ways have deep embrasures, and high niches which are despoiled of their statues. Two portals end in large, pointed pinnacles,

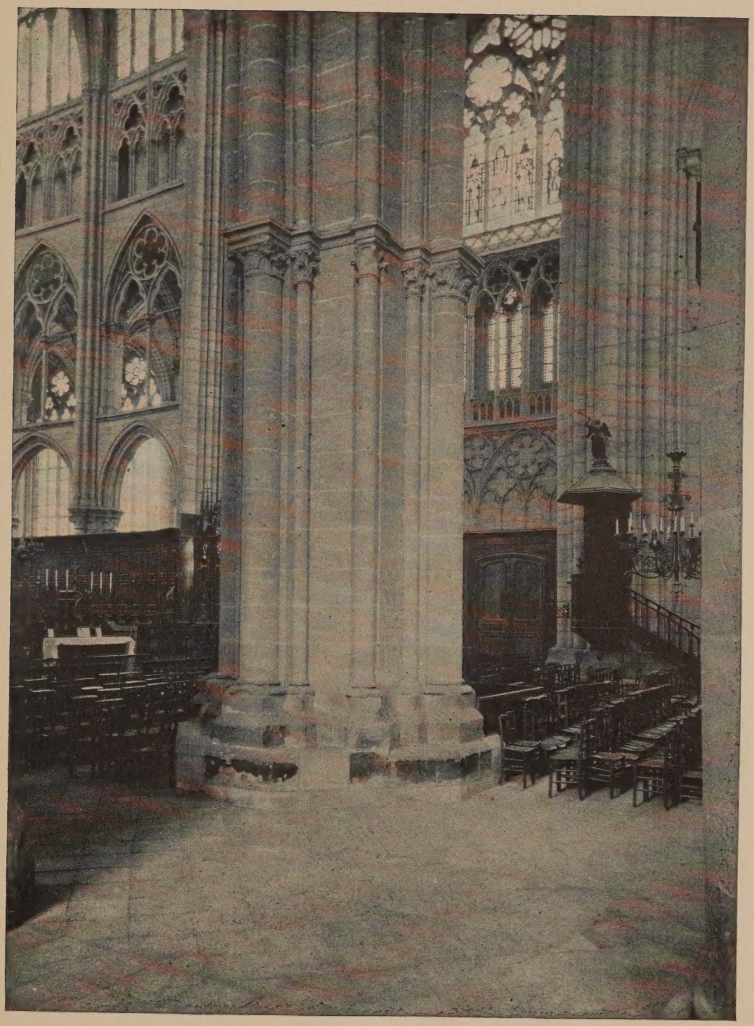
cut in foliated patterns of the style of the XIV century, but the Northernmost door has a low gable of the poorer proportions of the XV century.

On this side of the façade, the second stage is completed by the blind arcades of the tower. The traceries of a Flamboyant rose, whose interstices are partially filled with bits of stone, extend between the central buttresses and below a great Gothic arch; and in the highest story, behind an uninteresting balustrade of the XVI century, an ugly gable contains the white dial of an equally ugly clock.

The construction which terminates the Southern end of the façade, and suggests melancholy ruin, is a sort of patched wall with a heavy, squat belfry and an ugly, peaked roof scarcely higher than the central pinnacle.

The tower, large, angular, and massive, is badly mutilated. Above its decaying arcades of flowery style, the faces of an upper story contain two, long, Gothic lancets, a last stage of two broader Gothic openings is finally surmounted by a Flamboyant balustrade, and the entire structure reaches a height of two hundred feet. Within its walls, during the Middle Ages, there hung a tocsin-bell engraved with the text, "Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchers will watch in vain"; and, in time of war, a sentinel lived continually in a little compartment of the tower and kept his food in one of its corners.

The nave is much too short; and its outer walls, which are flanked by chapels, show this defect and have



"LOOKING ACROSS THE CHOIR, . . . WITH ITS ECCENTRICITY OF CONSTRUCTION."—MEAUX.

no essential distinction. The apse, with its two rows of flying-buttresses, the pinnacles of the straight piles, and the gallery of the roof, has more agreeable and satisfying lines. It can sustain no comparison, however, with the luxuriant richness of the apse of Orléans, nor is it as impressive as that of Auxerre.

The outer walls of the transept are severe and angular in spite of the ornate traceries of their windows. The history of Saint Stephen is depicted about the Northern portal and his statue stands on the dividing pier. The sculptures of the South portal also portray scenes from the life of the Martyr and are replicas of those of the Southern transept of Notre-Dame of Paris. Copied in the beginning of the XIV century, fifty years after the creation of the original, this portal, writes Viollet-le-Duc, was carved "by less skilful hands." Contrasted with the simpler lateral walls, it has a real exuberance of decoration; but, as a poorer imitation of a conception which was itself stiff and uninspired, it is additionally and intrinsically formal and conventional, and the lions' heads which have been recently added to its ornamentation—apparently to justify the popular name of "Lions' Doorway"—add nothing to the value of the original design.

With the exception of the five large portals, the exterior of Saint Stephen is rather dryly severe. It was built of poor material, it was shockingly mutilated by the Huguenots when they pillaged the Cathedral in 1562, and it has never been fittingly restored. In

close study, therefore, its exterior shows many imperfections and patches; but from a distance, and particularly from the shady walks which border the little river, the church rises with dignity above all the house-tops of the town and suggests most strongly

"THE CHURCH RISES WITH DIGNITY ABOVE THE HOUSE-TOPS."—MEAUX

the real and essential worth of the plan which never reached completion.

Its finest inspiration is that of the interior, which consists of a broad nave with five bays of Flamboyant decoration, high, narrow side-aisles, transepts, and a choir whose double ambulatory extends to the entrance of the Sanctuary and is there continued by a single walk and radiating chapels. It is said that the transepts

are as broad as the central aisle; and their Northern and Southern walls are adorned with the graceful traceries of blind arcades and a higher, open, windowed gallery; and, higher still, instead of the usual rose, the terminating arch of the wall is filled with a very large and beautiful Gothic window.

"A HIGH, NARROW . . . AISLE."—MEAUX.

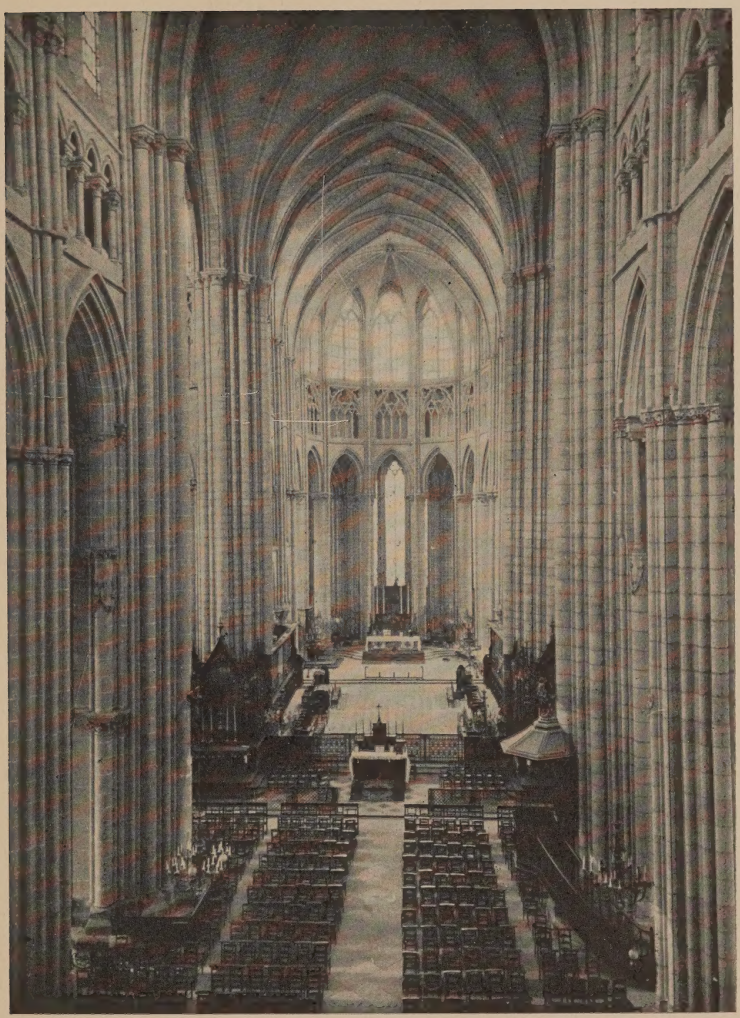
In looking across the choir, the eye is immediately impressed by an eccentricity of construction. The lower arches of the first bays are scarcely thirty feet high, and their squat and stumpy pillars support a story of charming, but open and gaping, arcades which have the architectural defect of pretty uselessness. These lower arches are the oldest portions of the Cathedral and recall the peculiarly artificial construction of the nave of Rouen. It is said, however, that, in its inception, the ambulatory of Meaux, like Laon, Paris, and

Senlis, was surmounted by a large gallery to which the second tier of arcades belonged, and that the low arches of the first story indicate the height of the primitive aisle.

With succeeding years, the forms of this broad, upper gallery and the low, dark aisle became obsolete, and the vaulting of the one and the floor of the other were removed to fulfil architectural canons of the late XIII century; and during the next hundred years, the pleasing stories of the triforium and the clerestory were added.

The Lady Chapel, built in the XIII century, is not larger than its neighbours, and its high windows are filled with the rich glass of the "paisley shawl pattern"; all the apsidal chapels are as lofty as the ambulatory; tall and shapely columns form the Sanctuary; and this gracious elevation, with the spacious breadth of the arches, gives the choir of Meaux a peculiarly harmonious lightness and elegance. The plan of the choir has been well carried out and is, in itself, far more complete than the nave. The Gothic triforium shows better development, and almost every proportion is more judiciously adjusted.

The central aisle has the clustered columns and the ornamentation of an advanced Gothic period; but it is marred by one grave and glaring defect,—its extreme shortness. Unfortunately, the organ-loft occupies one of the five, slender bays and encroaches on a second; and the aisle, thus deprived of part of its meagre length,



"THE CENTRAL AISLE HAS THE CLUSTERED COLUMNS AND THE ORNAMENTATION OF AN ADVANCED GOTHIC PERIOD."—MEAUX.

seems like the half of a lovely picture. This unhappy proportion destroys much of the effect of the general perspective; and, in juxtaposition, the large choir appears that which it is not, top-heavy and unpleasantly large.

There are four narrow side-aisles of equal width; and clustered columns and two, tall, rounded pillars divide each aisle from its neighbour. The lateral chapels are very obviously foreign and disturbing to the Cathedral's original plan; but if they can be ignored, it becomes evident that, in spite of the different styles of the triforium and other defects in execution, the whole nave has in itself a fine beauty which lies in the exceeding comparative elevation of the vaulting of the side-aisles, the slenderness of the columns, and the exquisite height of the slim arches.

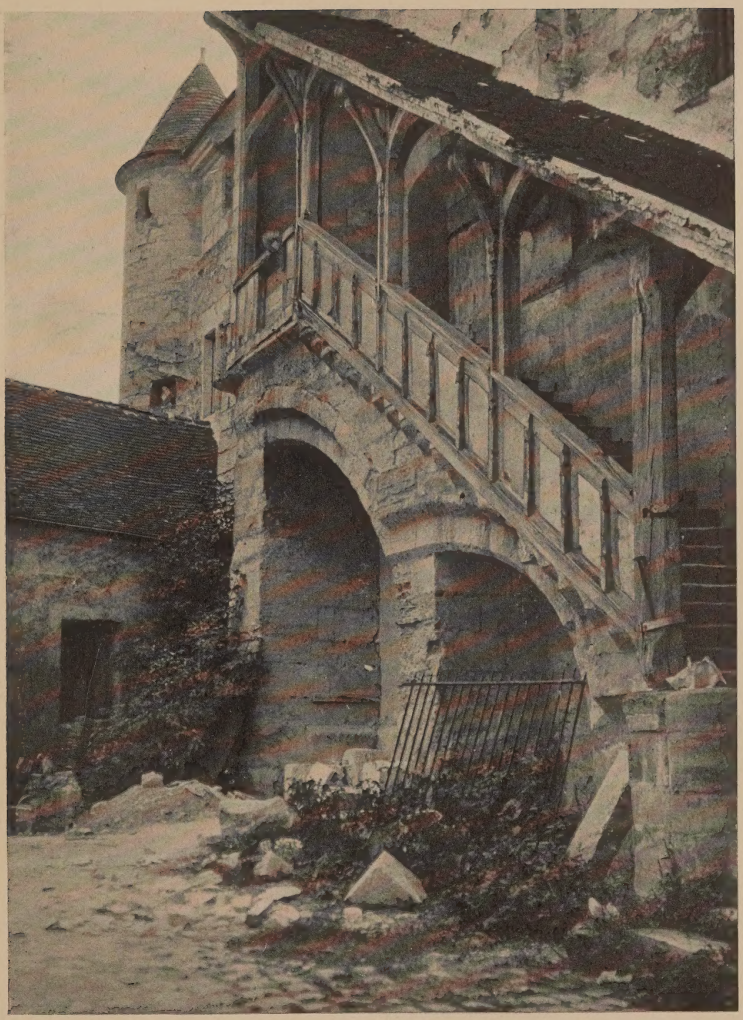
Its stone is richly yellow, that of the choir is a white slightly tinged with pink, and the interior is completely flooded with radiant light. In form and in a certain severe delicacy, it has a character which is individual and a charm which is quite unique. It does not silence nor astound, but it pleases the æsthetic sense by an innate dignity, an elegance, and a noble simplicity which in the XV and XVI centuries was no longer as universal as in the earlier Cathedral-building ages.

Except the tomb, the pulpit, and the statue, which recall the memory of the great Bossuet, the church has few interesting details. There is the stone organ-

loft, rather gracefully ornamented and certainly less obtrusive than the usual wooden support. There is the curious keystone of the vaulting of the choir, which represents the crowned head of Jeanne of Navarre, the wife of Philip the Fair, who died in 1304; and the keystone of the next bay which is formed by the sculptured head of the Bishop who was the executor of her will. There is also an artistic composition of the XV or XVI century, a portal which opened from the nave into the Cathedral's little Cloister and was called the "Ill-furnished Door" because, to the intense anger of the Chapter, a Bailiff of Meaux once dared to hang a criminal before it.

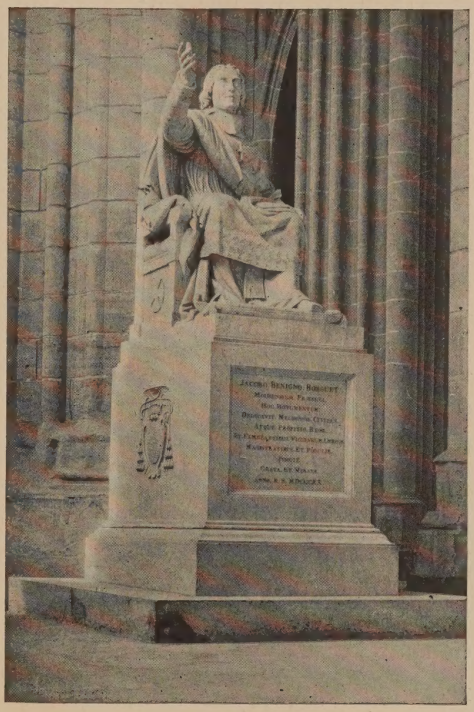
In the XVIII century, in making the Bishops' burial-vault, the remains of an ancient crypt and two of its columns were found; but the discovery was not followed by any attempt at restoration, and it is scarcely probable that there will be any further excavations.

There is, however, a quaint trace of the old canonical dependencies, a building which stands in an almost ruined state near the Northern wall of the apse. It seems to be a construction of the XII century; and as, after 1123, the Chapter did not live in community, it was used as a store-house for the vast casks of wine from Pontigny and as a barn for the tithes from Provins; and here also the Chapter held the sessions of its temporal jurisdiction. The vaulted cellar was upheld by four columns, the second story had Gothic



"THE OLD COVERED STAIRWAY WHICH LEADS INTO A WEEDY AND NEGLECTED COURTYARD."—MEAUX.

arches, and short, squat pillars whose capitals were ornamented by big, grossly-cut leaves. Above this room, there was another hall whose beamed ceiling upheld the roof without interior supports. These dispositions have been somewhat changed and the Capitular building has fallen into much decay, but it is still worthy of restoration; and the little towers and the old, covered stairway which leads into a weedy and neglected court-yard are most picturesque.



THE STATUE OF "THE EAGLE OF MEAUX"—BOSSUET.—MEAUX.

The See of Meaux possessed two Bishops who, in vastly different manners and degrees, left a deep impress on the Reformation and the history of France. The earlier prelate was William de Briçonnet, the trusted spiritual adviser of a Queen of Navarre of doubtful orthodoxy, Margaret of Angoulême, the sister of Francis I. De Briçonnet

was "singularly amiable and attractive," and really and mystically pious. In 1521, he made an open effort to introduce reform into the Church at Meaux; and it is said that, in this instance, there was no room for a charge of irregularity, for the attempt was made under "the immediate direction of the Ordinary of the diocese." The desire of the Bishop was to promote religious knowledge among the people of his charge. Finding the monks, who were the principal preachers of the day, unfitted for the work, he dispensed with their services and mounted the pulpit himself. The novelty of this spectacle drew multitudes to the Mass, but he soon found that, among a large population, the labours of one individual, however indefatigable, were of too limited a scope; and to correct this defect he invited his aged preceptor, Faber, and Farel, a regent of the College of Le Mime, and two doctors of theology to assist him in public preaching and in private instruction. To aid them, in turn, the Bishop, at his own expense, printed and circulated a French version of that portion of the New Testament which is yearly read in Latin in the services of the Church, the "Psalter, Epistles, and Gospels according to the usage of Meaux."

These things were viewed with suspicion by members of the Sorbonne; the monks of Meaux complained to the Court; and the Bishop, summoned to the King's presence and sharply reprimanded, lost courage. Unwilling to risk persecution for his convictions, he

still gave them partial utterance in his letters to the Queen of Navarre, and assisted her "in living her singularly double life as the half-hidden protectress of reform . . . and the daughter of a bad and superstitious mother," Louise of Savoy.

The memory of the good but weaker Bishop has almost vanished, and there are few Sees—or indeed towns—whose mere name brings so clearly to reader, theologian, or historian alike but one figure,—and that a man who, long a power in the Church and State and the first divine in Europe, found his highest satisfaction as a pastor of souls in a small and comparatively unimportant diocese. In this vocation, the Eagle of Meaux, as Bossuet was styled by admiring contemporaries, contrasted strangely with many a high ecclesiastical dignitary of his time, and he was also the leader and example of a band of clerics and laymen who, amid a corrupt, luxurious, and utterly worldly generation, strove to preserve the purity of the Christian Faith.

It is as such a leader, as Bishop, that Bossuet appears in the history of Cathedrals. His eloquence belongs to literature, his writings to theology, his triumphant defence of the liberties of the Gallican Church enters into national history; but it is profitable as well as interesting to know the duties, aims, and habits of the Bishop, for he gives us the opportunity of seeing what, even in a licentious and self-indulgent age, the life of a Christian priest could be.

Unlike some ecclesiastics of all times and many of his own epoch, Bossuet did not long for the trappings of churchly greatness, the Mitre, the Crozier, the Red Hat, and the sonorous titles they comport. He had no desire to succeed rapidly from one ecclesiastical honour to another; he felt within himself the stirring of certain powers which were the natural outcome of his mighty intellect; and he saw about him a field in which they would have full and ample scope.

The story of his dignities is truly unusual. He refused the Deanery of Metz in favour of a good old Canon who wrote that "he wanted it so much and was so old, and promised not to live over two years and keep Bossuet out longer"; and when, later, the noted preacher was again elected, one vote against him was recorded, his own as Archdeacon. Created Bishop of Condom, he found that he could not reconcile his ideals of episcopal duties with those to which the King held him as preceptor of the dull Dauphin,—and he resigned the See. Other cities asked for his nomination; Bishops tried to obtain him as Coadjutor; and, upon the marriage of the Dauphin, he was appointed to the vacant charge of Meaux.

As he was a leader of the famous Gallican Assembly of 1681, Bossuet was unable to leave immediately for his episcopal city; he did not preach there until the Ash Wednesday of 1682, and it was not until June that he began to live permanently in his Palace.

At the time, however, the non-residence of prelates

was so usual as to be unworthy of popular comment; and if the good people of Meaux felt any surprise when they gathered to welcome their arriving pastor, it was that of really seeing him among them. They were destined to more lasting astonishment, for, in his first sermon, Bossuet announced that on all solemn festivals he would himself preach in his Cathedral-church.

"The Faith does not depend on individual Orders, —it lies rather with the Episcopacy," Bossuet once wrote; and at fifty-five years of age he reached Meaux and the position to which he attached such grave importance. The sublimity, the practicality, and the immense labours of his ideal were illustrated in his life; and in studying the work of this great priest, laymen can realise the responsibilities—both vast and minute—of a proper fulfilment of episcopal duties. The Seminary called him to the encouragement of young candidates for the priesthood; he felt that the parochial hospitals demanded his personal care and supervision; every year, he met his clergy in Synod and issued Ordinances and Statutes, discussed, commended, and gently rebuked; he addressed fathers and mothers, directed Missions, and made a new Catechism and a Manual of Prayers for his people.

With almost all the religious communities in his diocese, the Bishop had no perplexing experiences; but to this rule Jouarre, in the person of its Abbess, the Princess Henrietta of Lorraine, proved the exception. She had acquired the habit of treating the revenues

of her Convent as if they were her private fortune, she rarely came to Jouarre, and, on these rare occasions, she lived with the pomp of her worldly rank rather than in the religious spirit of her Order.

Bossuet protested kindly, the Abbess resisted; and mistaking his persisting gentleness for weakness, she openly defied him,—only to find that it was more convenient to resign than to revolt. Her successor, the young daughter of one of Louis XIV's favourites, a Princess de Soubise, also began a career of insubordination, but the old Bishop continued to reason gently with one Abbess as with the other; and the younger nun, more easily touched, submitted to his wise decrees.

Nothing was too large, too small, or too tedious for Bossuet's patience. He had little taste for ceremonial visits and rich living; and he was the busiest of men, "his chief object being that the whole diocese should look to him and feel to him as a real father, and he trusted to no one such inquiries and investigations as belonged by right to him personally." He was unwilling to waste a moment; and, throughout every night of winter and summer, a lamp burned continually in his room. In cold weather, he slept during the first hours of darkness; then, wrapped in two dressing-gowns and tucked into a bag of bearskins, he said Matins and Lauds, read books and prepared papers; and after that, slept again for the few remaining hours before dawn.

He worked enormously, but he also pondered and

meditated much. Wishing to speak to him one morning before a Mass at which he was to preach, the Abbé Fleury entered the study and found him kneeling before the open Bible. It is said that the genuineness of his devotion impressed even the most indifferent, and a biographer writes that "he was indulgent in judging and used much tact in dealing with the faults of others. Gentle, courteous, and dignified, he had a very royal gift of remembering and acknowledging any kindness or attention shown him."

One of the strongest proofs of his assiduous fidelity, more convincing than any compliment or honour, occurred after his death, when the Chapter sued his nephew and heir, the Abbé Bossuet, for five thousand francs "for dilapidations on account of the best vestments receiving so much wear by reason that the late Bishop officiated so often himself."

The one stain on Bossuet's memory is his persecution of Fénélon,—the perplexity of his Episcopacy was the Huguenots. For these were the days of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In writing of this too famous document, the Abbé Guettée says, "Judged after the ideas of our times, it was a bad act and worthy of being branded with dishonour; but, taking into account the politico-religious system which then reigned, one understands it perfectly, and is not astonished that the most remarkable and gentlest men have applauded it."

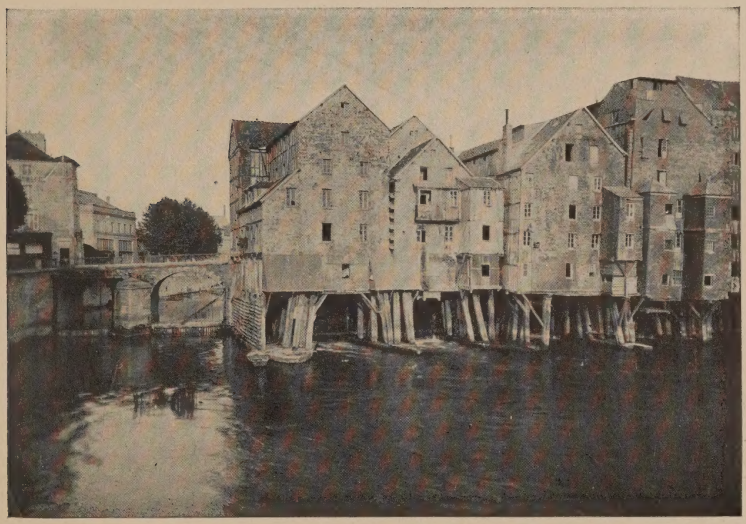
"The politico-religious system" under which one

has lived from childhood without deep knowledge or experience of other forms has its inevitable effect upon the calibre of one's thought. "The ideas of our times" are far from being those of the XVII century. Then, in France, toleration was no virtue. Religion was orthodoxy, and religion must be maintained at all costs and against evil in all disguises. In the eyes of many truly devout and intelligent persons, the "Revocation" was a necessary pruning. Doubtless neither they nor the King foresaw its disastrous industrial consequences; but if they had, those who were genuinely religious would have remembered that, if the right hand offends, it must be cut off, and that it is better to destroy the material comfort and welfare of a kingdom than to jeopardise its spiritual safety. It does not seem strange that under the domination of these ideas, eminent Churchmen who, perhaps, would never have suggested the Revocation and who would naturally have turned to other means, accepted it without protest; but it does seem strange that "the most remarkable and gentlest men . . . applauded it," and that Bossuet, one of "the most remarkable" of his age, should also have extolled it.

In his diocese, the direct result of the new law was the emigration of more than twelve hundred families who carried their savings and the knowledge of their industries to other countries. Yet it is not this crushing, but material, blow which makes his sanction inexplicable; it is his seeming assent to measures of

persecution and apparent belief in their spiritual efficacy which show the unexpected limitation of his insight and of his prophetic vision.

In his own personal and official treatment of the heretical inhabitants of his diocese, however, Bossuet showed the natural fairness of his mind and the innate



ONE OF THE "INDUSTRIES."—THE MILLS OF MEAUX.

kindness and tenderness of his heart. He was willing to discuss without rancour the differences of the two Faiths. From the position of an unshaken orthodoxy, he stated that the right of decision belonged to the Church, but that he personally did not object to the restoration of the Cup to the laity. He studied the new tenets and wrote a number of explanatory books

for the instruction of inquiring Protestants, his persuasions brought many into the Church, and he established new schools and sent out preachers. For Meaux had been one of the strongholds of Calvinism, it was the first place in France in which the Huguenots had built a church, and in the episcopal city alone there were nearly three thousand heretics.

With its Bishop, the conversion of all who were erring was an ever-present thought, but the harshness which characterised many applications of the terms of the Revocation was repugnant to him, and he worked consistently through reason and faith alone. During his Episcopate, no military executions took place in the diocese, and he allowed the Protestants as much liberty as a broad interpretation of the prescriptions of the law would admit. When the leaders of the riot of Lissy were condemned to death, he relied on Catholic reverence for his holy office and commanded that the execution should be at least postponed; and, during the time of respite, obtained the pardon of the heretical prisoners.

Bossuet's belief was real; he deplored schism, but he also hated pretence, and he spoke with contempt of those who were so devout that "on a country walk they were tormented by the fear of treading on two sticks lying in the figure of a Cross." His spirit was reasonable, conciliatory, and persuasive; he was neither a prophet nor a visionary, but a worker, a great and indefatigable Churchman.

Whether this illustrious prelate wrote and studied

in the little "Pavilion" which bears his name is a disputed question, and the exact position of the apartments which he occupied in the big, massive, episcopal Palace is not known; but one may still see where he sat in the stately gardens, and the large, overhanging yew-trees under which he walked and meditated themes of eloquence.

The Cathedral bears but modest reminiscences of its most eminent Bishop. His statue, sculptured in 1820, rather awkwardly adorns a side-aisle, the wood of the pulpit of the present day forms part of an older pulpit from which he preached, and his tomb lies beneath the Sanctuary and is covered by a simple stone of black marble which bears this inscription:—

"Here lies, awaiting the Resurrection,
James Benignus Bossuet,
Bishop of Meaux,
Counsellor of State,
Preceptor of the Most Serene Dauphin.
Almoner
First of the Most Serene Dauphiness,
And later of the Most Serene Duchess of Burgundy.
Protector of the Apostolic Privileges of the University of Paris,
And Superior of the College of Navarre.
He died in the Year of Our Lord, 1704,
The twelfth day of April,
Aged seventy-six years, six months, and sixteen days.

He was renowned for his Virtues, his Eloquence, and his Doctrine
During an Episcopate of thirty-four years,
Of which he passed twenty-two on the throne of Meaux.
James Benignus Bossuet,
Abbot of Saint-Lucien of Beauvais,
And Archdeacon of Meaux,
Mourning his venerated Uncle, has had this stone placed over his tomb."

Orléans.

Some historic places, like Le Puy and Arles, bear signs of their antiquity, but the few corners of old Orléans lie hidden behind a mask of bustling modernity.

The strategic position of the city on a great high-road, a position which created its first importance, brought also the concomitant peril of invasions, and from the time when Cæsar sacked the ancient town and left it in ruins until 1870, when, with more modern methods of spoliation, the invading Germans levied immense indemnity, it has suffered the misfortunes of war.

The most celebrated investment of Orléans was that of the English. Three times during the Hundred Years' War they presented themselves before its walls; in 1428, it capitulated; and everyone knows the story of its deliverance by the Maid with whom its name is eternally united. To the credit of the rescued citizens, it should be said that they were less ungrateful than

their King. When, in 1439, the false Pucelle under the protection of Joan's brothers came to the city, the municipality received her with gifts of fine wine and much honour. In the following year, the mother of the true Joan arrived, and an annual pension was willingly bestowed upon her; and no sooner had the King's conscience urged him to the rehabilitation of the Maid, no sooner had her "Judgment" or "Sentence" been pronounced "ill-founded, iniquitous, and utterly null," than Orléans in consistent loyalty and Rouen with tardy justice began to celebrate the event by a yearly sermon and procession. In their finest square, the Orléanais of the XIX century have erected a monument to their deliverer; and on it, her angelic visions in Domrémy, her triumphs, her sad imprisonment, and her death are portrayed with touching pathos.

Besides warlike memories, this apparently commercial and modern city is renowned for its venerable religious and educational history. Some writers claim that the earliest Bishop was a disciple of the Apostles, others believe that he belonged to a later period and "made his initial entry" in 344. Less than two hundred years later, Clovis convoked the first of the Councils of Orléans, famous for their part in the formulation of the rights and privileges of the Church in France; and in 1309, a University was founded which was distinguished during the XV and XVI centuries for its Faculty of Law, and especially for the exposition of the Roman Code forbidden at Paris.

Shortly after the time of Calvin, who was celebrated as a clever and orthodox student of the University, the Wars of Religion broke out in full fury. When Condé's troups took the city, pandemonium reigned. The cries of the conquering Huguenots filled the streets, soldiers rushed to the Cathedral to sack and destroy; some of them conceived the awful notion of

"THE ANGELIC VISIONS IN DOMRÉMY."—ORLÉANS.

laying mines beneath its pillars, and the climax of horror was reached when explosion after explosion occurred, and, to the savage and exultant joy of the Protestants, the great structure disappeared in a mass of flames.

Unfortunately, neither "religious" party could claim immunity from the passion of revenge. When

Orléans again surrendered, it was to the Catholics and the King; and during its "Saint Bartholomew," which was planned by no less a person than Charles's confessor, the vengeance wreaked on the Huguenots was bloody and frightful and the disgusting, relentless butchery of heretical human beings lasted a week.

The zeal of the orthodox did not reach the Cathedral, however. For thirty-one years it stood in charred and gaping ruin.

This Church of the Holy Cross was not the original Cathedral. In a dim Christian antiquity, the Bishop had officiated pontifically in a Basilica of Saint Stephen; but when an angel descended and proclaimed the heavenly will that a new edifice should be erected on a new site, the work of building was obediently begun. In a short time it was finished, and an immense crowd had gathered to assist at the Mass of Consecration. The priests were at the Altar, the people on their knees, and the censers had swung sweet-smelling incense, when a beautiful, shining cloud appeared above the head of the celebrant and, from this cloud, a Hand emerged Which, with benign and awful solemnity, blessed the shrine, the clergy, and the prostrate worshippers.

It was to commemorate this mystery that the new building was placed under the Invocation of the Holy Cross.

In the centuries which followed, several re-constructions of the Cathedral took place; and it was the large

Gothic church, begun in 1287 and not yet completed, which the Huguenots destroyed in 1567. A portal, the absidal chapels, and a portion of the choir, which were left standing, remained in lamentable neglect; and the Bishop celebrated in Saint-Aignan, a church near the banks of the Loire. This building, which had also been mutilated by the "religionists," had been, and is to-day, poorly restored; but, as its interesting old crypts testify, it had a venerable Christian tradition, and the harassed prelate was happy to sit beneath a roofed church and to pray before its holy Altars.

The petitions for the restoration of the Cathedral were answered in a way which must have seemed strange and wonderful to the Faithful of Orléans, and through the generosity of peculiarly ill-assorted patrons, the gay and one-time heretical Henry of Navarre and his Holiness, the always orthodox Clement VIII. It has been claimed that it was in order to fulfil a penitential obligation imposed by the Pope when he absolved the King from excommunication that Henry placed the first stone.

The great heretic had solemnly abjured his errors in 1593, but the Supreme Pontiff seemed obdurate. Perefine writes, "What made the Pope delay so long was that he said 'he alone had the power of restoring penitents'; and he was much displeased that the prelates of France had taken it upon themselves to absolve the King, even though they had done it only provisionally, 'ad cantelem.'"

THE CATHEDRAL OF "THE RESTORATION."—ORLÉANS.

It was 1595 before Clement relented. Then Messieurs du Perron and d'Ossat, the "procurators of Navarre," went to Rome as Henry's proxies to receive the papal absolution in solemn, public ceremonial.

"At each verse of the Miserere, the Holy Father lightly touched their shoulders with the penitential crook"; and this led the Protestants, sore over Henry's disaffection and unused to customs of Catholic ritual, to say with bitter malice that he had fallen so low as to accept blows and lashes from the triumphant Anti-Christ. But in reality, the gentle taps of the crook were only a symbol, and Henry was received into the Church with the regular and prescribed forms.

Many of the conditions and penances imposed upon an absolved heretic were necessarily special and adapted to the Pope's conception of the penitent's temporal and spiritual state. Henry was enjoined to "exclude Protestants from all employments and dignities and to use his utmost endeavours to suppress them entirely; to restore the Mass in Béarn and compel the Huguenots to return all effects taken from ecclesiastics; to prevail on the Prince of Condé to embrace the . . . Faith; to re-establish the Jesuits in France; and to cause the decrees of the Council of Trent to be received and published."

Besides these more general religious benefits, the Holy Father, mindful of his penitent's particular and personal welfare, ordained that, in addition to the regular duties of a Catholic, Henry should assist at a

number of extra Masses, repeat the litany every Wednesday, fast on Friday, say the chaplet every Saturday, the rosary every Sunday, and confess and make public communion at least four times each year.

The Protestants, however, were unmolested, the decrees of the Council of Trent remained in desuetude, and history does not record the actual number nor the fervour of Henry's oraisons. Although the King's rosaries and litanies were specifically and generously counted out to him, and his penances were not made light, there is no mention among them of a re-building of the Cathedral of Orléans; but, as the church had been destroyed by the soldiers of his cousin of Condé, perhaps it may have been urged upon him as a duty, a work of reparation.

However that may be, Henry undertook the work; and on the eighteenth of April, 1601, the new corner-stone was laid. This magnificent ceremonial, which must have been gall and grief to every true Huguenot heart, was for the Catholics a joyous event. Orléans was crowded. The Court had come; the Queen, the orthodox and resplendent de Médicis, stood near her husband; priests in gorgeous vestments sonorously intoned the beautiful Latin of the Church; and soldiers and the excited people pressed about the Cathedral.

There was a moment of silence as, amidst the ruins caused by his former faithful followers, Henry arose to lay the first stone of a building which, to them, was a "Temple of Baal." What his feelings were no

"A SPACIOUS SIDE-AISLE."—ORLÉANS.

one can say; but, true to his innate character of impulsive good nature, tact, and "profound theological indifference," he cried as he finished the ceremony:

"God be praised!—But to begin this edifice is not enough unless we have care to continue and finish it."

These words were naturally received with the enthusiasm which they were intended to arouse, and the work of building was pursued with energy. But many fortunes must be spent before a Cathedral can be completed. Henry was assassinated in 1604, revolutions and lack of funds retarded the holy enterprise, and it was not till the days of the Second Empire that the central spire was finally terminated.

The absidal chapels had escaped the Huguenot flames in 1567. It seemed as if a suggestion of what the future Cathedral should be had been left for the architects, and those of Sainte-Croix endeavoured to be faithful to this inspiration of the XIII century. They planned the usual Western towers, a vestibule which should extend across the whole façade, a broad central nave, double and spacious side-aisles, a spire, transepts, and a choir with ambulatory and chapels,—a large and generous conception.

The façade, which was finished in the reign of Louis XV by the well-known Gabriel, shows well-defined admixtures of the Renaissance and of a late Gothic. The Western wall has three stories; three other and separate stories form the towers. Finely arched door-ways, with columns and capitals of an imitative

Corinthian type and slender traceries which suggest the Flamboyant, have a worthy dignity; but, in spite of their dignity and size, they cannot compare with the tiny "Bishop's Portal" of the Northern wall. Above these doors are three roses filled with delicate but mechanically traced carvings. A tall and elegant Gothic gallery and a lace-like balustrade terminate the wall.

The first tier of the towers rises heavy and square. A large window, with a statue in a niche on either side, decorates each face, and a spiral staircase rises at the angles. The last two tiers are in pleasing contrast with the base. Seemingly built only of high, light columns and little arches, the graceful square stage bears the highest, rounded story which is formed of similar colonnades and terminated by the colossal statues of four winged angels and by a crown-shaped gallery that is carved with exquisite detail.

Unlike Tours, where there is a consistency of overluxuriant decoration, the façade of Orléans is a wall of architectural surprises and contradictions. There is a delicacy which is prim and precise, there is a knowledge of art without purity of form, there is a correct taste that rises to beauty but never reaches inspiration; and as a whole, the conception is full of handsome imperfections. Of truer style than the towers, the spire, which was built by the senior Boeswillwald, does honour to the conscientious, imitative skill of the XIX century and to its growing sense of the reasonableness of architectural homogeneity.

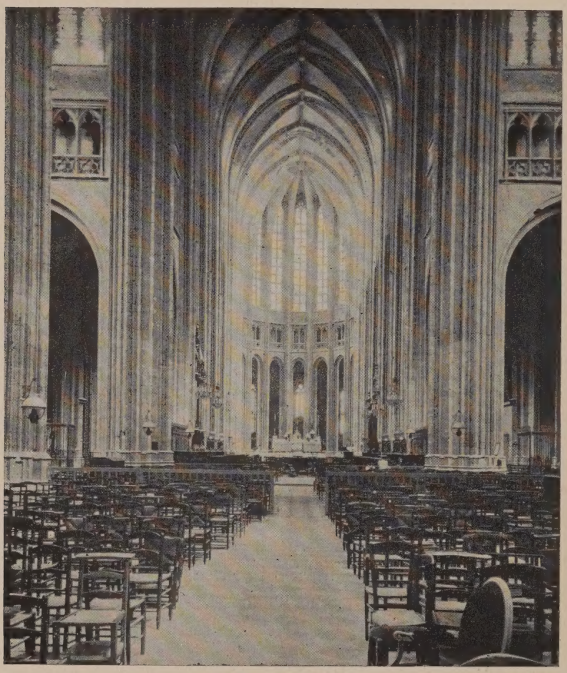
The earlier constructors of the transepts were not troubled by these ideals, and their North and South walls have the most miserable and machine-made appearance. Angular buttresses and three poor, Renaissance doors in a broad expanse of masonry form the first story; between the buttresses which support the second stage, a rose spreads forth its stiff, geometrical lines; and in an ill-considered burst of exuberance, the terminating gable and the little pinnacles are profusely decorated.

Turning to the right or the left of these ignoble walls, one is confronted by a forest of tall pinnacles, slender arches, and channelled columns which adorn the flying-buttresses. Luxuriant in the freest sense of the word, graceful, and seemingly fragile, they are too tropically abundant for so Northern an art; but the apse still shows its origin and recalls agreeably, if imperfectly, the fine form and symmetry of Amiens.

The interior of the Cathedral is an interesting study. The defects in the development of its plan are small, but recurring, and, as it were, persistent. In comparison with the mechanically patterned decoration of the triforium, the columns of the high arches, which have no capitals, are too severe; and the little triforium itself is so stunted that the proportions of the nave would be more impressive without it. The rose-windows are travesties of the art. In the side-aisles, the soft tones of stained-glass mellow the severe aspect of the grey stone, and take from it that dreary

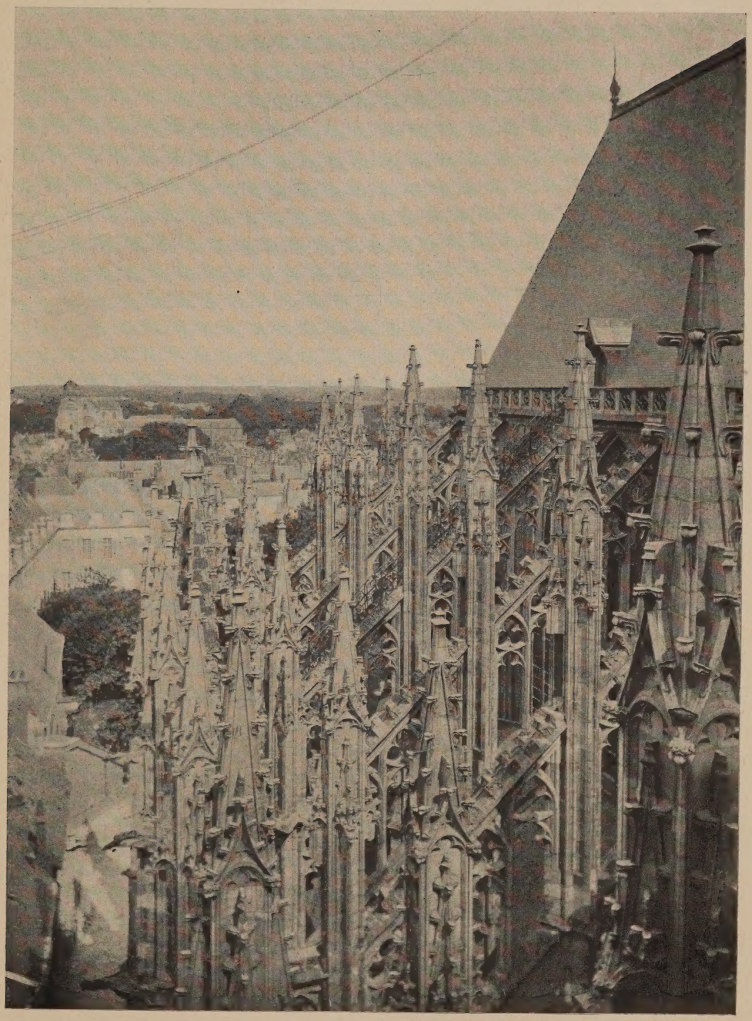
aspect of drab-coloured asceticism which gives the central nave, in its hard light, an appearance of stiffness and coldness.

Here, the style is essentially free from artificiality



THE CENTRAL NAVE "HAS A DREARY ASPECT OF DRAB-COLOURED ASCETICISM, OF STIFFNESS AND COLDNESS."—ORLÉANS.

and its qualities are large and important. It has all the constructive attributes of a Gothic church, its great columns are deeply channelled and rise to goodly height, its aisles are spaciously broad, and its clerestory of large, tall windows would be impressive if it



"THE RICH MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ELABORATE AND IMPRESSIVE BUTTRESSES."—ORLÉANS.

were not filled with grey glass. In spite of its lack of inspiration, the nave has impressive dignity, and many of the perspectives of the interior are admirable in their cold simplicity.

It is astonishing that architects who were building at the beginning of the XVII century, when the most enlightened contemporaneous taste was turning in disgust from the Gothic to the Neo-Classic, should have shown such measured judgment. Yet it is not possible to agree with Mr. Fergusson when he writes, "As far as regards size or richness of decoration, the Cathedral of Orléans deserves to rank as one of the very finest in France"; for, even without the charmed circle of the Isle-de-France, it is surpassed by many comparatively unknown churches,—in "richness of decoration," by Bayonne, Rodez, and Lyons; and in "size," by Albi, Poitiers, Périgueux, and the remote and majestic Cathedral of Auch.

In further appreciation of Orléans, Fergusson very justly and truly writes, "It is remarkable as the only first-class Gothic Cathedral erected in Europe since the Middle Ages. . . . Considering the epoch in which it was constructed and the contemporary specimens of so-called Gothic art . . . in France and England, it is wonderful how little of classical admixture has been allowed to creep into the design . . . and how clearly it adheres to every essential of the style adopted." Its irretrievably bad details are the transepts, the triforium, and, perhaps to a lesser degree,

the portals of the façade. Its most pleasing effectiveness is found in the rich magnificence of the elaborate and impressive buttresses, the fine and simple severity of its nave arches and clerestory, and the light and graceful stories of the towers.

"Still," continues Fergusson, "there is a wide difference" between this impressive church of the XVII and XVIII centuries and one of the Cathedral-building ages, and this difference "consists in the fact that the old edifices were built by men who had a true perception of their art, while the modern example bears evidence only of a well-learnt lesson, distinctly repeated, but without any real feeling for the subject. This want betrays itself in an unmeaning repetition of parts, in a deficiency of depth and richness, and in a general poverty of invention." The style becomes less broad and bravely bold, the details tend to the infinite, simplicity more nearly approaches plainness, and the satisfying fulness of perfect taste becomes architectural gluttony. "In plan, in arrangement, and in many details, it is correct," but it is also dry. Amiens, Reims, and Laon are manifestly its superiors, even Clermont and Moulins outrank it; for, although it is a fine—perhaps a very fine—Cathedral, it is of the third rank of architectural power.

The Pseudo-Classic.

Blois.

If ever a monarch believed himself to be King by divine right it was Louis XIV. "He was," says Michelet, "both in his own eyes and in those of the nation, nothing less than a miracle. He was nourished in the Romish religion at an immense distance from humanity, and was possessed by the belief that God was in him. The adoration which he received did not turn his head, simply because he received it as his due. Mazarin had kept him in profound ignorance of state affairs, and this ignorance remained with him during his whole reign. In his instructions to his son, he counsels him to 'confide in God, to know little, and to be resolute.'" He believed himself to be not only the State, but the Church; never perceiving that he was only the docile child of the Jesuits, whose authority he imposed on his people, Court, and family.

In 1666, Anne of Austria, the granddaughter of Philip II of Spain, exacted from her son, this strange Louis, an oath to abolish Protestantism in France; but the King did not at first abandon the policy of the two great ministers who ruled his mother and father and governed his own minority.

At La Rochelle, Richelieu had destroyed the political power of the Huguenots, after which they had turned from all participation in administrative affairs to commerce and manufacture; and, during the "Fronde," they had taken the part of established royalty so thoroughly that, in 1652, as a reward for this fidelity to the cause of the boy King, Mazarin issued a declaration confirming the Edict of Nantes and revoking the many "Orders" of Council and Parliament by which its ordinances had been gradually and considerably diminished. "I have," he said, "no complaints to make of the little flock. If they browse in unwholesome pastures, at least they do not stray."

In his memoirs, written in 1670, Louis himself says, "I had long considered that the best way of dealing with the so-called Reformed was not to press with new rigours, but to observe what my predecessors had granted them, only restricting the same within the narrowest limit warranted by justice and benevolence." But when Louis, prematurely aged by vice, became anxious to expiate his sins, confessors recalled his oath to his dying mother and urged him to a holy atonement through the enforced conversion of his unfortunate and heretical people.

These Huguenots, a mere handful in the midst of sixteen million subjects, stripped of their natural leaders among the higher nobility by Catholic alliances, by abjuration, and by death, deprived of political power by Richelieu, excluded little by little from the

offices of the government and from nearly every civil employment, were industrious and prosperous; they were none the less helpless subjects, who could only trust for their lives and their faith to the obligations imposed upon Louis by the sacred oaths of his father and his grandfather.

Rumours of a revocation of the Edict of Nantes became general. Knowing the King's bigotry and his gross ignorance of all matters pertaining to Protestantism, and fearing that extreme measures were being considered, the Marquis de Ruvigny, Deputy General of the Reformed Churches, begged an audience with his sovereign. In an interview lasting several hours, the Deputy General endeavoured to make the King realise the numbers, wealth, and industry of the Huguenots, assuring his Majesty that he was greatly deceived if he supposed that all would become Catholics;—many, on the contrary, would leave the country and carry their wealth abroad; many would remain and suffer; the rest would be precipitated into desperate courses, and much blood would be shed.

The King allowed this exposition to continue to some length; although he listened attentively, he asked for no particulars and no explanations, and the Marquis soon perceived that he had produced no real impression.

At the close of a complete and faithful exposition of the case, Louis replied with grave, impersonal dignity, "Monsieur, we take your freedom in good part since

it flows from zeal for our service; and we believe with you that what we are about to do may be to the material prejudice of our kingdom, although we do not think that it will go to the shedding of blood. But whether this occurs or not, we consider ourselves so absolutely bound to accomplish the conversion of all our subjects and to extirpate heresy that if the accomplishment of this object should require us with one hand to cut off our other, we would do it."

The news of the Revocation, which was signed shortly after this interview, gave much satisfaction to every party save the Huguenots. Not only the Court and Clergy but all classes, the Academy, the provincial circles of wit and fashion, the devout, and the Jansenists, joined in the general Te Deum. A prize was offered for a poem which should celebrate the auspicious event,—it was written by Fontenelle. Even Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux, stooped to glorify the act and the monarch; and, in his funeral oration over the eminent Chancellor, Le Tellier, he cries, "Let us pour out our hearts in rejoicing over Louis's piety. Let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Charlemagne, that which six hundred and thirty Fathers formerly said at the Council of Chalcedon, 'You have established the Faith; you have exterminated the heretics;—this is the mightiest work of your reign.' "

Fénélon, "the saintliest man of his age," sent to convert the Reformed because of his inherent, peculiar

"THE FAÇADE OF THIS EDIFICE."—BLOIS.

"earnestness, gentleness, and piety," allowed little children to be separated from their parents, and honestly believed that it was better for the innocent young daughters of Huguenots to live in a Reformatory with nuns and the fallen women under conventual charge than to remain in the most moral of non-Catholic homes.

Two only protested,—Boisguibert, and Vauban, the greatest engineer in Europe, to whom Louis owed many of his victories and the impregnability of the French fortifications. In 1689, this far-sighted man dared to address a paper to Louvois, in which he stated that the Revocation had proven more than a crime, that it was a national blunder. He pointed to the loss of sixty thousand useful and law-abiding citizens, of nine thousand sailors and the officers and soldiers exiled and practically forced "into the armies of the King's enemies." Vauban perceived not only the loss which France had already sustained, he realised that such men as the Huguenot exiles would not fight for their religion like mere hirelings of the camp, and that Louis might yet feel the effect of their hatred and vengeance, as his cousin, James II, was to feel it when the valour of the French heretics brought victory to William of Orange in the Battle of the Boyne; and the famous engineer boldly proposed that the Revocation should be rescinded, the Edict of Nantes restored, and the exiles recalled.

It is doubtful whether this extraordinary and wise

paper ever reached the King; but, if it had, the course of events would not have been changed,—the King had chosen.

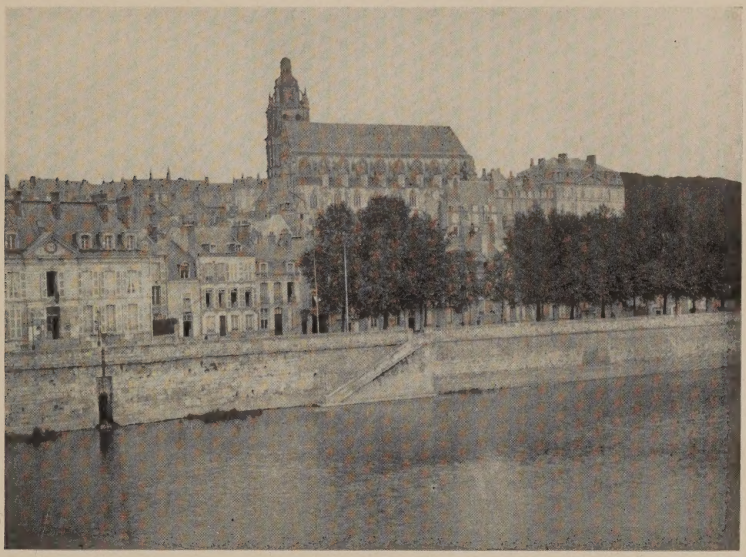
Many ways were tried for the conversion of the erring, and perhaps the mildest of them all was Louis's petition asking the Pope to create the Bishopric of Blois.

In 1693, the request was granted; and "for the further extirpation of heresy," a prelate came to the city and the Church of Saint-Louis was raised to the rank of Cathedral.

The façade of this edifice contains fragments of a construction of the XII century, and the base of its tower bears an old proclamation of Thibault the Good, Count of Blois, remitting various of his onerous rights and endeavouring to suppress crime. The upper stages of the tower are said to have been completed in 1609; but the rest of the church was re-constructed in 1678 by the King's famous architect, Mansart.

Like almost all the important buildings of the time of the Grand Monarch, the Cathedral is surrounded by open spaces, pleasant gardens, and promenades; every prospect pleases,—except only that of the church. It "offers," writes a polite author, "the curious specimen of a church constructed under Louis XIV in the bastard Flamboyant style." The façade is Neo-Classic; the portal and the tower have the forms of the Renaissance. In the interior, the nave has a low clerestory and no triforium, its heavy pillars are ornamented

with banded capitals, and its three aisles are low, dull, and white. So modest a nave would not seem to require the support of the flying-buttresses of the outer walls, but architects of the XVII century appear to have considered that to place upon a structure a



"SAINT-LOUIS . . . IS PICTURESQUE ONLY AS IT APPEARS IN THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE, ON THE BANKS ABOVE THE LOIRE."—BLOIS.

few Gothic ornaments, gaping gargoyles, and stunted buttresses, was to create a Gothic church.

To enter into all the details of these architectural abominations would be but to describe a large, uncouth, badly-proportioned building. Saint-Louis of Blois, like Saint-Louis of Versailles, of La Rochelle, and of La-Roche-sur-Yon, and like many other churches

placed under the vocable of the holy King, was condemned to architectural hideousness; and it is endurable only as it appears in the enchantment of distance, on the banks above the Loire.

Versailles. The Traveller had gone to Notre-Dame of Paris in search of Monsieur Peyroux. It was almost three o'clock, the hottest moment of a hot afternoon; and coming out of the glaring sunshine into the comparative blackness of the church, the Traveller had great difficulty in distinguishing anything smaller than the choir screen.

He walked once around the nave, and was about to begin again when he discovered Monsieur Peyroux sitting in the extreme and darkest corner of the narthex, apparently asleep.

The Traveller touched his shoulder.

"Ah—ah—it is you, my friend! You thought I was dozing, sleeping perhaps?" His words came in low, excited whispers. "I am recovering."

"Recovering?"

"Yes—yes, that is just it. The surprise,—the perplexity,—the mystery! I must say, my dear friend, I must allow myself to say it,—your countrywomen can be enigmas."

"My countrywomen?"

"Yes—or—well, I can't say exactly, but they spoke English,—that is certain. Young, pretty—well-dressed—almost distinguished. It was a pleasure

to show them every tomb. However, all earthly pleasures come to an end, and we were about to walk down this very aisle when we heard a dull sound—the dull sound of the week-day,—you know.

"'What is that?' asked one of the young ladies with interest.

"'That, Mademoiselle,' I replied, 'is a funeral,—the funeral of an indigent person, it will come before one of the chapels.'

"Immediately, the young lady said, 'Let us run and get into the chapel before it does,—I never saw a foreign funeral.'

"You know, my friend, how these unimportant obsequies are conducted,—a few, quick, metallic raps of the Sacristan's stick, the Sacristan himself dressed in very second best, and four hastening men who carry the poor, yellow coffin, followed by the handful of mourners. To get these people before the priest at the chapel gate, to have the necessary prayers, to be escorted to the street again—all this seems careless and hurried enough. But to be stared at—ah, that is hard for the poor who are sensitive."

"The young ladies were not rude, I hope?" asked the Traveller.

"They did not talk—they did not speak,—but they looked—and they looked curiously. The mother of the dead girl saw them. The young do not always understand. For this reason I do not want to see the most amiable tourist at present,—so I am hiding in the dark."

"I am sorry," the Traveller said, "I wanted to ask you to go to Versailles."

"To Versailles?" repeated the old man dubiously.

"It would be a great favour."

"A favour?" echoed the old man again, a little less doubtfully.

"Yes, a real kindness. I have to go out to the Cathedral, and if it is as bad as I am led to believe, I shall need some one to cheer me."

"Ah—" said Monsieur Peyroux slowly, "you will pardon my crudeness, my friend—I may say 'my friend' since we have now seen each other a little—I expect you will pardon my crudeness, but this is not, as one might say, a—a proposition of business?"

"It might be called an invitation, I think, my dear Monsieur, simply an invitation."

"Very good," the little man replied, rubbing his hands, "the time to find my hat—and we are off."

They were soon in the train and passing along the Seine, past one and another of the beautiful bridges of Paris.

For a few moments they watched in silence;—then the guide asked:

"You have seen many great cities?"

"Not so many—a few," said the Traveller.

"But any so fine as Paris?"

"None, I think, with so many real charms."

"Ah!" The old man leaned back with satisfaction and the train whirled past pretty suburbs.

"And you, yourself, Monsieur Peyroux, have you seen a city which you like better than this?"

"Ah," the old man sighed, "I have seen little and that little makes a long story. I was born in Oloron —perhaps you do not know it?—a large town of the Pyrenees;—in comparison with Paris, a village.

"I was a dreamer;—as a boy, I saw on winter nights strange and awful sights on the mountain-sides. The old Cathedral of Oloron-Sainte-Marie was my refuge for pleasant thoughts and long, childish meditations of heavenly visions; and as I was delicate, I was allowed my way. I was not adventurous, but the hill-streets of Oloron are often empty, and I wandered about them and about the aisles of the church and wove my fairy-tales. In short, I became a poet,—and, to my ruin, my poems were published—more, they were favourably commented upon—by the best newspaper of the department.

"I had read little verse, my friend, except the pious canticles of my school-days. I had no means, perhaps no power, of comparison—I thought myself inspired."

He paused and shook his head, smiling whimsically.

"When I was twenty and left alone with four thousand francs, I started out to make my greatness known to Paris. It was then I saw the places which I know,—Toulouse, Montpellier, Nîmes, Arles, and Avignon, the capital of the Popes. Those cities further North seemed more strange to me, and I pushed on quickly—I had to make myself known.

"Ah well! Paris teaches us much—shows us what we are. Men sometimes call it cruel,—but I am not so sure of that. Perhaps it is as well that each should take the measure of his little stature. I might, indeed, were it not for Paris, be a respected Pyrenean grandfather—but who shall say that I would have been happier? That the first refusals of my verse brought me sad days I will not deny,—but they brought also desire to understand the reason; and it was then I began to haunt the quais, to read, and, parbleu! I soon forgot to mourn my lack of genius in admiring the genius of others. Ah, the number, the inexhaustible number of masterpieces still to be read——"

The train pulled into Versailles, and they were soon plodding along its dull streets.

"And as for the people of the world," continued the old man, "I believe that Talleyrand and the Reverend Fathers of Jesus know them better than I, but the Jules Verne and the wonderful travellers do not. For what does a tourist see? Many different peoples, it is true; but each in his native life, in his peculiar circumstances. That, I assure you, is the outward form, it is not psychology. I, on the contrary, see the near-sighted and learned German in my Cathedral of Notre-Dame, I see the pious Spaniard who buys her candle and prays before each Madonna, I see the American, the Russian, the English, and many others, —but always in my Cathedral. I am not going to publish their foibles, for I live too near the confessional

not to have learned a little discretion and a little charity, too, I hope, but——"

They turned into the Cathedral-square of Versailles, and stopped speechless.

"It is very ugly," said the Traveller at length.

"It is very ugly indeed," assented Monsieur Peyroux; "as for myself, I prefer the statue of the good man here in the square, it inspires me with more pleasant thoughts."

Leaning against a convenient wall, the Traveller pulled out a book and began to read, "'Versailles was a little burg of the XVII century whose new quarter, commenced during the reign of Louis XIV, was peopled but slowly. According to the profoundly religious convictions of the times——'"

"H'm," grunted the guide.

"Did you speak?" asked the Traveller. "No? Well, then, according to these convictions of which I was reading, 'an essential element was wanting—there was no church.'"

"Very beautiful," commented Monsieur Peyroux.

"'Louis XV,'" continued the Traveller, "'whose religious sentiments cannot be denied, . . . desiring that his royal city should lack nothing spiritually, wished to remedy this insufficiency; . . . and chose as architect Jacques Hardouin Mansart de Sagonne, grandson of the celebrated Mansart, who immediately began the work. . . . The laying of the foundations was commenced on the eighth of May, 1742; . . . and

in the Register of Baptisms of the church, these words may be read, "1743, the twelfth of June, the King placed the first stone of the new Church of Saint-Louis which his piety and his liberality led him to build for us in our pressing need."'"

"I am not surprised," said Monsieur Peyroux, who was standing with folded arms looking at the Cathedral, "a barren wall."

"My book says nothing about the ugly doors and columns and those pagoda-like travesties of towers; but it does say that above that clock, the Arms of France and the royal crown were once carved, and that when the Revolution removed these insignia and tore Saint-Honoré from his medallion above the transept door, they replaced the holy statue by that of a hero of the Wars of the Republic."

"Let us look at the transept," said Monsieur Peyroux.

As they walked about the walls, he continued meditatively, "All this stiff, poor construction, unworthy of the name of architecture, suggests to my mind several old memoirs I have picked up on the quais. One reads much which one thinks might as well—or better—be forgotten; but, after all, is that ever true of history? At any rate, this church reminds me of certain memoirs which picture the superb King Louis XIV at dinner with Madame de Montespan; he is vexed,—and he playfully throws a dishful of soup over her brocaded dress; to tease another lady, he places hairs in the food,

"A BARREN WALL."—VERSAILLES.

—I could multiply the instances, but I think these are more than enough. Now Louis XIV was great grandfather to the royal rake who built that church. I have heard of pearls cast before swine, but never of swine creating pearls. How could one expect those who lived in the coarse, gilded, and debased Court of a later Louis to build other than this?"

"But," objected the Traveller, "how can you sustain that thesis when you think of the rough coarseness of the people of the Cathedral-building ages?"

"Ah, my friend," cried the old man, "I did not speak of coarseness alone, but of coarseness that comes with ideals deliberately perverted, with religion that is made as an ample cloak to hide a multitude of sins, with the Doctrine of Probabilities, and another Doctrine unknown to the XII and XIII centuries. Then, people were too much engaged in worshipping bones not authentically saintly. Ecclesiastics also propounded doctrines,—but doctrines which made theology more difficult, not lax living more orthodox. They seem to have been times when many, tonsured and untonsured, sinned heavily; but the sin, if tolerated, was called a sin. They were not, my friend, times of refined subtlety, but of plain speaking and belief; and, through the veil of their narrowness and their coarseness, those ages looked with immense aspiration towards a spiritual ideal. Their great Cathedrals were a materialisation of this longing, and remain to attest it."

They went into the church, a cold, grey interior which has three aisles, chapels, and semi-circular transepts. Round arches are decorated with key-stones, there is a clerestory with rounded windows, and a dome, like an inverted bowl, covers the crossing. Multitudes of giddy little black and white candelabra, filled with shining, white, porcelain candles, hang in the nave; and behind the High Altar, the Madonna and Child appear in a golden sunburst.

"It is," muttered the old man, "a setting worthier of the vaudeville stage than of the Blessed Mother and a Cathedral."

The Traveller and his companion walked about the dull, plain aisles. They looked at the comparatively uninteresting paintings, and they read the inscription on the absidal chapel:

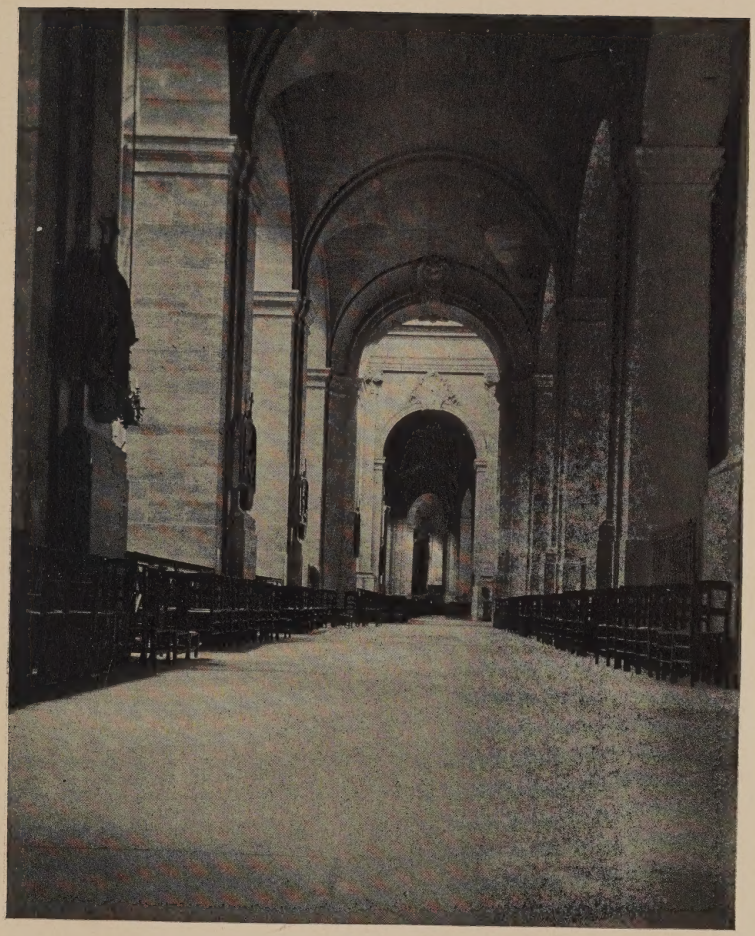
"To Mary, their Helper, in testimony of preservation from the epidemic of 1832, the faithful inhabitants, in their devotion and their gratitude, have erected this statue of marble and entirely decorated this chapel in 1847."

They walked about the ambulatory; and stopped at the transept to look at the gaunt perspectives.

"The church is not very large," said the old man politely.

"Yet it has a real semblance of spaciousness," contributed the Traveller.

"And it is not without sobriety of line and detail."



"A DULL, PLAIN AISLE."—VERSAILLES.

"There are perhaps poorer churches at Brest, at La-Roche-sur-Yon, at La Rochelle——"

They looked at each other and smiled, and the Traveller was about to add, "Shall we not go?" when a large, dignified person, who was carrying a huge vase filled with silver roses, stopped and said, "These visitors are interested in the Cathedral? I have been watching them for several minutes, and, if they care, I could tell them a few things."

"The Sacristan, I suppose?" asked Monsieur Peyroux politely.

"Yes," answered the big man, "and I have tried to hurry to you because from just where you are standing, if you will raise your eyes to one side and then to another, you will see"—he pointed to rounded galleries in the upper part of the transepts,—"where, during the days of our Kings and indeed during the Second Empire also, personages of the Court, as well as the Bishop and certain of the clergy, used to assist at Mass and other ceremonials."

"That is very interesting," said the Traveller, "we did not know it."

"As I said, if you are interested, I could tell a few things—merely time to place this in a corner for the moment, and I am with you."

The two visitors watched him as he placed his vase behind an altar.

"It may not be so bad, my friend," said Monsieur Peyroux with a little smile, "human nature has many sides."

"To speak the truth," continued the Sacristan, hurrying back, "it is not too often that we have the honour of visitors. The Cathedral is young, I will admit,—begun in 1742, it was not consecrated until its centennial anniversary in 1843. Yet it is of great interest; it is, as one might say, unique—a royal church rather than a—a——"

"Than a religious church, perhaps," suggested Monsieur Peyroux.

"Just so, just so," replied the unsuspicious Sacristan, "I thank Monsieur for the word. Its story is also, as Monsieur the Canon truly says, 'an epitome of the sad history of our country' during the last hundred and fifty years. In 1774," he was now fully launched upon his recital, "in 1774, a meeting was held to establish an annual Mass in memory of our Cathedral's earthly patron, Louis XV. The most beautiful language was used,—all appropriate pomp was to be observed, and the King was referred to most properly as his Majesty of 'Glorious memory,' the 'august founder.'

"But—figure to yourselves, only twelve years later, less than the life-time of a dog, the clergy and the Third Estate met in this same church, after the Oath of the Tennis Court. It is true that a solemn Mass preceded the deliberations of the Assembly, and that they took place under the guidance of the good Louis XVI. But on that day how much evil did our True Religion shelter! And the proof is not far to seek—for soon Saint-Louis of Versailles became a mere 'Temple of

Abundance,' and on her walls devices were placed as stupid as they were blasphemous."

"Can you tell us what they were?" asked Monsieur Peyroux.

"Certainly. On the high gable of the church, the figure of a miserable workman was painted, and above the left door of the grand portals, this ridiculous inscription was placed,

'Justly honoured by our Republic,
The art of agriculture again appears,
And the inhabitant of the country regains
The rights refused by a despotic king.'

"The verse above the right door was of the same order; and, worse even than this, Versailles was unrighteously made a See and two unholy, constitutional priests came as Bishops. It appears, however, that the Holy Father thought well of the idea,—for, at the time of the Concordat, the church duly became a Cathedral.

"Our history is now peaceable,—but you can see that Saint-Louis has played a part in some of the most important, if also the most melancholy, events of our great national history."

He paused, and finding his two listeners attentive, continued, "It is, too, an extraordinary building; in itself unmatched among Cathedrals, or, at least, among Cathedrals of this region. You have plenty of Gothic churches, Gothic by the handful, as one might say;—it was really a common style, found in

almost every city. But this is the classic, the Renaissance,—we have here Ionic, there Doric, also Corinthian; pagan conception, but serving the True Religion.

"Then we have allegorical subjects depicted here as well as real Saints. Let me show you the Chapelle de la Providence, with its Temperance, Strength, Religion, Justice, and Prudence. A gentleman who once came here said that he found such subjects as pagan as the Ionic columns,—but I find these virtues very Catholic and do not fear to show them to visitors.

"Much of the royal character is gone, I am obliged to tell you. Once fleurs-de-lys were painted, strewn as it were, everywhere. But even after 1830, the vestry were importuned to remove those which the Revolution had spared on the ornaments, vases, and woodwork of the church and on the baldric of the Suisse. Some remain, but many were destroyed as dangerous reminders of a fallen régime."

For an hour, the Traveller and his old friend, almost half interested, went from chapel to chapel, and aisle to aisle. They looked at the mediocre paintings and the mediocre carvings of the sacristy, they heard of the burial crypt which lies beneath the Virgin's Chapel, and of its fine, circular vaulting which rests not only on the outer walls but on one central pillar. At length, weary of the monotony of a collection of treasured commonplaces, weary of the bastard form of architecture which exists here in dreary primness, they

found themselves again on the steps of the Cathedral, again in the sunshine.

"We have escaped," exclaimed the Traveller joyously.

"And we are alive," added Monsieur Peyroux in a tone of grave surprise.

"A café now seems more cheerful than a Cathedral?" the Traveller suggested tentatively.

"Then let us go, my friend."

They were soon sitting before a little round table.

"Facilis descensus Averni," murmured the old Frenchman a few minutes later, as he looked into his glass.

FRANCE
SCALE OF MILES
0 20 40 60 80 100
Cathedral Cities and Towns.... Orleans
Railroads
ENGLAND
ENGLISH CHANNEL
CHANNEL
ATLANTIC OCEAN
BAY OF BISCAY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Gulf of the Lyon
SPAIN
ITALY
SWITZERLAND
BELGIUM
GERMANY
Dover
Brighton
Southampton
Portsmouth
Weymouth
Plymouth
Bill of Portland
Start Pt.
St. Ives
ISLE OF WIGHT
Strait of Dover
Calais
Dunkirk
Boulogne
Ostend
Ghent
Bruges
Antwerp
BRUSSELS
Liege
Meuse R.
Coblenz
Rhine R.
Moselle R.
Luxemburg
Sedan
Charleville
Arras
Cambrai
Lille
St. Quentin
Amiens
Dieppe
Pte. de Barfleur
Fecamp
Neufchatel
Havre
Seine R.
Rouen
Rheims
Soissons
Beauvais
Compiegne
Chalons
Verdun
Bar le Duc
Nancy
Strasburg
Luneville
Toul
Epinal
St. Die
Metz
Mezieres
Sedan
Paris
Versailles
St. Denis
Meaux
Bonneuil
St. Vincennes
Evreux
Elbeuf
Caen
Bayeux
Coutances
Avranches
St. Malo
Morlaix
St. Brieuc
Carhaix
Rennes
Laval
Le Mans
Orleans
Chartres
Troyes
Sens
Auxerre
Langres
Dijon
Gray
Besancon
Basel
Lausanne
Geneva
Lake Geneva
Macon
Bourg
Chalon
Autun
Nevers
Bourges
Moulins
Montlucon
Roanne
Thiers
Clermont
Lyon
Vienne
St. Etienne
Firmini
Annonay
Valence
Le Puy
Privas
Die
Gap
Embrun
Grenoble
Chambery
Annecy
Aix les Bains
Moutiers
St. Jean Maurienne
Turin
Digne
Carpentras
Puget Theniers
Nice
Cannes
Aix
Arles
Nimes
Marseille
Frejus
Toulon
Montpellier
Cette
Beziers
Narbonne
Carcassonne
Perpignan
Toulouse
Auch
Agen
Montauban
Cahors
Rodez
Mende
Vivier
Orange
Alais
Tulle
Brive
St. Flour
Aurillac
Limoges
Angouleme
Cognac
Saintes
Rochefort
La Rochelle
Lucon
Niort
Poitiers
Chatellerault
Chatelleraux
Tours
Loches
Blois
Angers
Nantes
Cholet
St. Nazaire
Beauvoir
St. Gilles
Lorient
Vannes
Quimper
Pte. de Penmarch
Pte. de Raz
Pte. de Brest
St. Mathieu
Ushant
Belle I.
Noirmoutier I.
I. de Re
I. de Oleron
I. d'Yeu
Arcachon
Bordeaux
Le Verdon
Gironde R.
Dordogne R.
Garonne R.
Libourne
Perigueux
Mimizan
Dax
Aire
Bayonne
Pau
Tarbes
Pamiers
Foix
Quillan
Luz
Maulcon
Andorra
Ax
Arles
Bilbao
Santander
Seine R.
Loire R.
Rhone R.
Saone R.
Isere R.
Durance R.
Vienne R.
Allier R.
Cher R.
Channel Islands
Alderney
Guernsey
Sark
Jersey
Ile de Re
Ile d'Oleron
Ile d'Yeu
Belle I.
Noirmoutier I.
Ushant
Pte. de Raz
Pte. de Barfleur
Pte. de Penmarch
Pte. de Brest
St. Mathieu
Start Pt.
Channel Islands
Les Iles d'Hyeres
Monaco
Turin
Basel
Geneva
Lausanne
Lake Geneva
Andorra
A 4° Longitude B West from 2 Greenwich O 0 D Longitude 2° East from E Greenwich 4° F 6° G

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